Aug. 3, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

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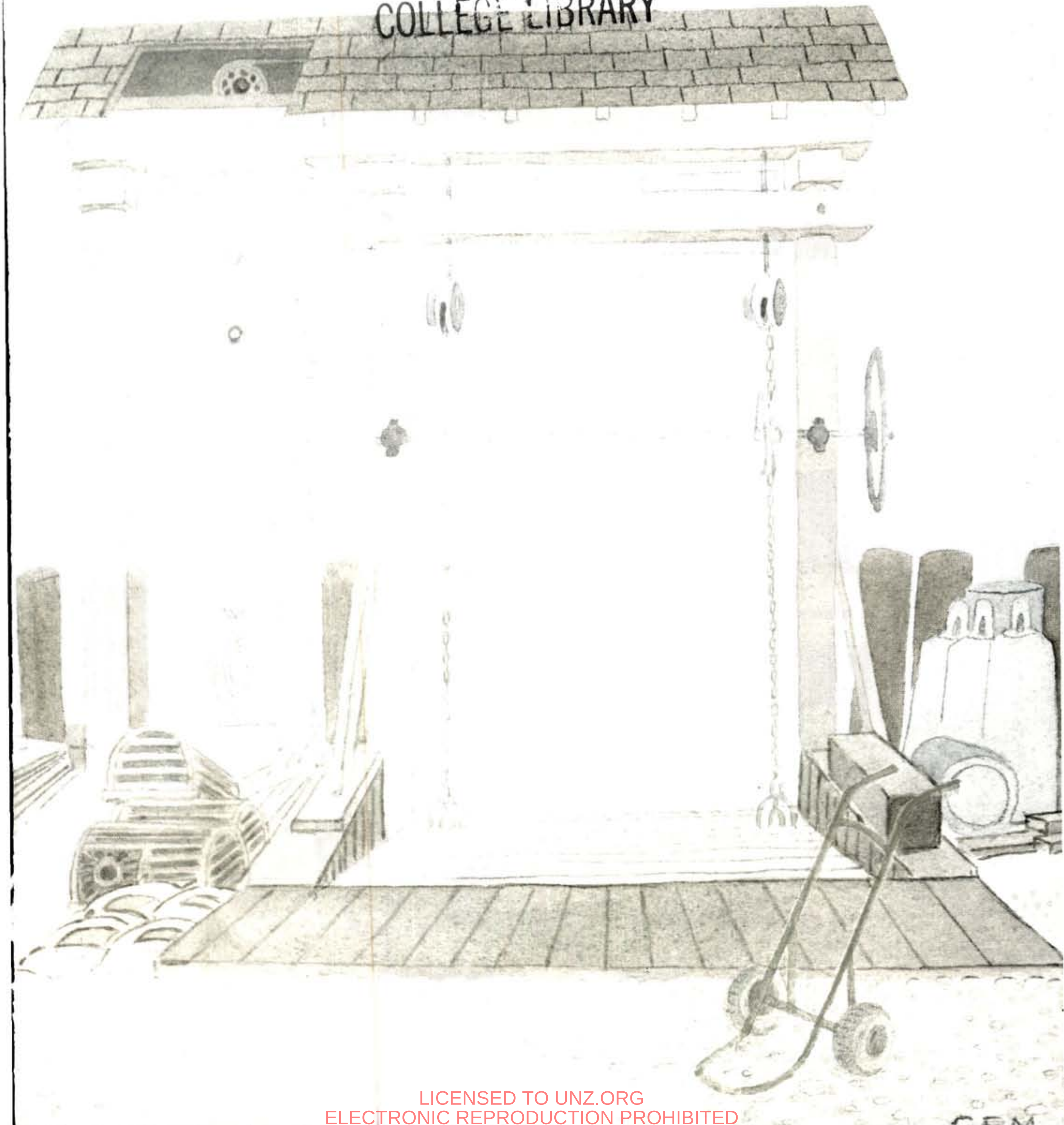

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly. With Peter Firth as Mozart. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. Thomas Waites and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Body Bags—A play by Tee Saralegui. Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. Opens on Thursday, July 30, at 6:30. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Mondays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Bravo!—A musical about a Puerto Rican Robin Hood in New York's Barrio. The book is by Jose Fernandez and Thom Schiera, and the music and lyrics are by John Clifton. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in a limited engagement of a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 23.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 2: **the sorcerer**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 5: **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—A superb cast, headed by Elizabeth Taylor and including Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, carries out a searing battle of wits in this spellbinding story of venomous family life in a turn-of-the-century town in the South. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Misalliance—Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott at the head of the cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse.

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THE NEW YORKER

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ESTĒE LAUDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steal Away—A play by Ramona King. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2.)

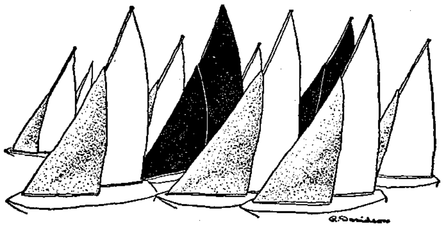
The Supporting Cast—A comedy by George Furth, with Hope Lange, Sandy Dennis, Jack Gilford, Betty Garrett, and Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews Friday through Wednesday, July 31-Aug. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 6. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zora and **When the Chickens Came Home to Roost**—Two one-acters by Laurence Holder. The first is a monologue, spoken by Phylicia Ayers-Allen, in which Zora Neale Hurston, broken in spirit, waits for the bus that will take her back to the South and reminisces about past joy in Harlem. The second is a dramatization of the crucial breach between Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, with Kirk Kirksey as crusty, irascible Muhammad, and Denzel Washington (fine performance) as the idealistic Malcolm. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: A Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,840 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (Lyceum, 149 W 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Diana Canova and Ted Wass. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 4, Marsha Skaggs and Victor Garber will replace Miss Canova and Mr. Wass. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Ice Show—"World on Ice": This summer's show will have Linda Fratianne joining a Disney lineup (Mickey and Minnie and Donald Duck and Dumbo and Goofy and Pinocchio and T. S. Eliot). Opens Friday, July 31, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 16. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays at 1:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

DANCE

La Scala Opera Ballet—Presenting "Romeo and Juliet," in the final performances of the engagement. Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and Carla Fracci will appear as guest artists. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Wednesday through Friday, July 29-31, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 1, at 2 and 8.)

Kazuo Ohno—The seventy-five-year-old Japanese avant-garde dancer in his first appearance here. Wednesday, July 29, and Saturday, Aug. 1: "Admiring La Argentina." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 30-31, and Sunday, Aug. 2: "My Mother." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

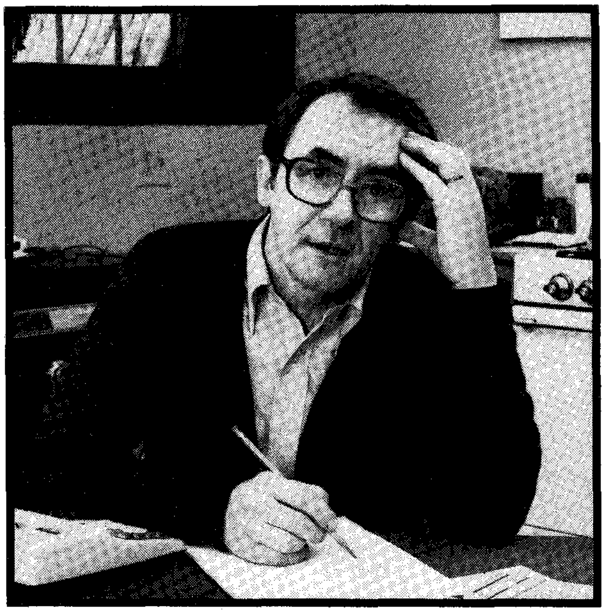
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. The weekend-trio roster: pianist Adele Foster and her trio on Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1; and pianist **KENNY BARRON'S** trio on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—**JOANNE BRACKEEN,** a swirling pianist, performs with a bassist through Saturday,

Some people feel...

"My house was robbed. My neighbor says I should 'pad' my insurance claim. Why should I have to lie to come out even?"



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There is an important difference. "Replacement value" means the actual cost to replace—brand new—the stolen item. "Cash value" means the current *depreciated* amount the item was worth *at the time of* the loss.

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Policies are available that offer "replacement value" or "agreed value." But, of course, these kinds of coverage are more expensive than the conventional homeowners policy. Which kind of coverage is right for you? Most people opt for the conventional homeowners policy. In the event of a major disaster, like a fire or a windstorm, it enables you to put your home together again. And in the event of a burglary, it will give you the fair "cash value" of the item you lost.

For more information, consult your insurance agent. Review your present coverage and ask about the kind of protection you feel you need. Determine costs. Check to see if your standard homeowners policy provides limited coverage on items such as paintings, prints, cameras, jewelry, silverware, or furs. If so, you may want additional coverage, or "floaters," for those valuables.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 1; on Monday, Aug. 3, **DARDANELLE,** a singer and pianist who has no faults, will come in with bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER.** On Sunday, Aug. 2, bassist Neal Bodner will lead a trio. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The current lineup: Wednesday, July 29, rock and blues singer **TRACY NELSON;** Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, the Flamingos, the Teenagers, Fourteen Karat Soul, and the Steinettes; Sunday, Aug. 2, blues and rock guitarist Roy Buchanan and the Charlie Midnight Band; Thursday, Aug. 6, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his 1981 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** and drummer **JOE MORELLO'S** quintet; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, Latin-jazz alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his quintet and pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI'S** combo. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. **FRED HERSCH** works with a bassist through Saturday, Aug. 1; on Monday, Aug. 3, **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a fine pianist—first as a hard-bop sideman, then as Ella's accompanist, and in the last several years as a beautiful duo player—will take charge with his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** who has taken on her usual summer slot here, is always lively and energetic, and seems totally unbothered by the T.H.I. She leads a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD,** Mr. "Canadian Sunset," is playing nightly, except Sundays, from about the time of a Manhattan sunset (around eight) until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, July 29, Nikko Toy, the Moberly's, Balboa, and the Words; Friday, July 31, Sic F*cks and Mystery Dates. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN** is here singing her R. & B. biggies—"Teardrops from My Eyes" (1951), "5-10-15 Hours" (1952), and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" (1953)—in addition to creditable versions of standards like "Skylark" and "Here's That Rainy Day." She's accompanied by a trio and by her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing. Mondays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Sundays, also at nine and eleven, one can listen to the singing and piano playing of **DARDANELLE,** a wily mainstream-jazz musician who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She just plays and sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, July 29, the New York Packet, a sea-chantey quartet comprising David Jones, Dan Milner, Charlie O'Hegarty, and Frank Woerner; Saturday, Aug. 1, Diamonds in the Rough, a bluegrass band; Sunday, Aug. 2, guitarists Jonathan Kalb and Guy Davis; Wednesday, Aug. 5, Father Charlie Coen, an Irish folk musician, and the Derby Ram, a trio that performs British folk tunes; and Saturday, Aug. 8, banjoist Tony Trischka and his band. Music from about eight-fifteen on Saturdays; from nine on Sundays; from nine on Wednesday, July 29; and from eight-thirty on Wednesday, Aug. 5.

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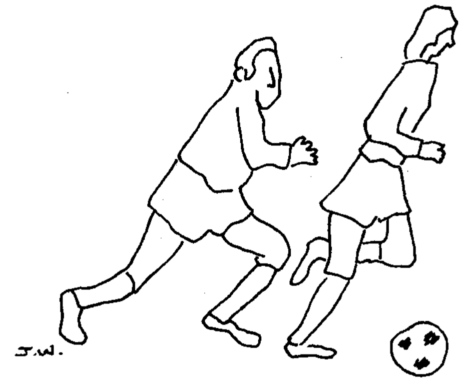
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. Sunday, Aug. 2, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Altoist **PHIL WOODS** plays soaring solos with his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 2; on Tuesday, Aug. 4, **CECIL TAYLOR,** the long-distance pianist, will arrive with his unit for a none too commonplace night-club gig. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Wednesday, July 29, singer Connie James; Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe; Monday, Aug. 3, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** and guitarist Rodney Jones; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 4-5, pianist **ANDY LA VERNE** and vibraharpist **DAVE SAMUELS;** and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 6-8, **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto player who can make his listeners grateful for the era of the long, extended solo. On Sundays **CLAUDIO RODITI,** a crisp, high-flying Brazilian trumpet soloist performs with a sextet. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays, from seven to ten, Stephanie Nakasian sings to the accompaniment of Mr. O'Brien.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **RAY BRYANT** is the jazz pianist through Saturday, Aug. 1; on Tuesday, Aug. 4, the keyboard will be handed over to stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD.** The Sunday-and-Monday man is bebopper **JOE ALBANY.** Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.



Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** and his heavy-duty sidemen—three of them are trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON,** tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK,** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN**—will be at work on Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1. The following Friday and Saturday (Aug. 7-8) will be devoted to the jazz-funk music of organist **CHARLES EARLAND** and his sextet. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be at about two or three in the morning—Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. One of the most animated piano-bass duos in town, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** will be here through Saturday, Aug. 1; on Tuesday, Aug. 4, **JIMMY ROWLES** will turn up with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Sundays and Mondays are given over to singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from about ten.

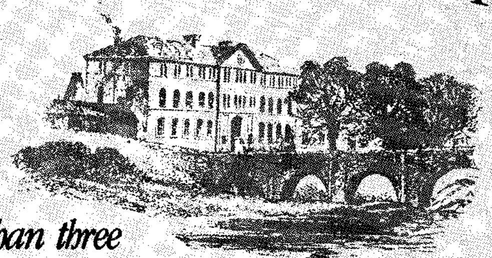
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30, folkie Livingston Taylor; Sunday, Aug. 2, singer and guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN,** who'll play blues, rock, and maybe even some good old acid rock; Monday, Aug. 3, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **SON SEALS.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

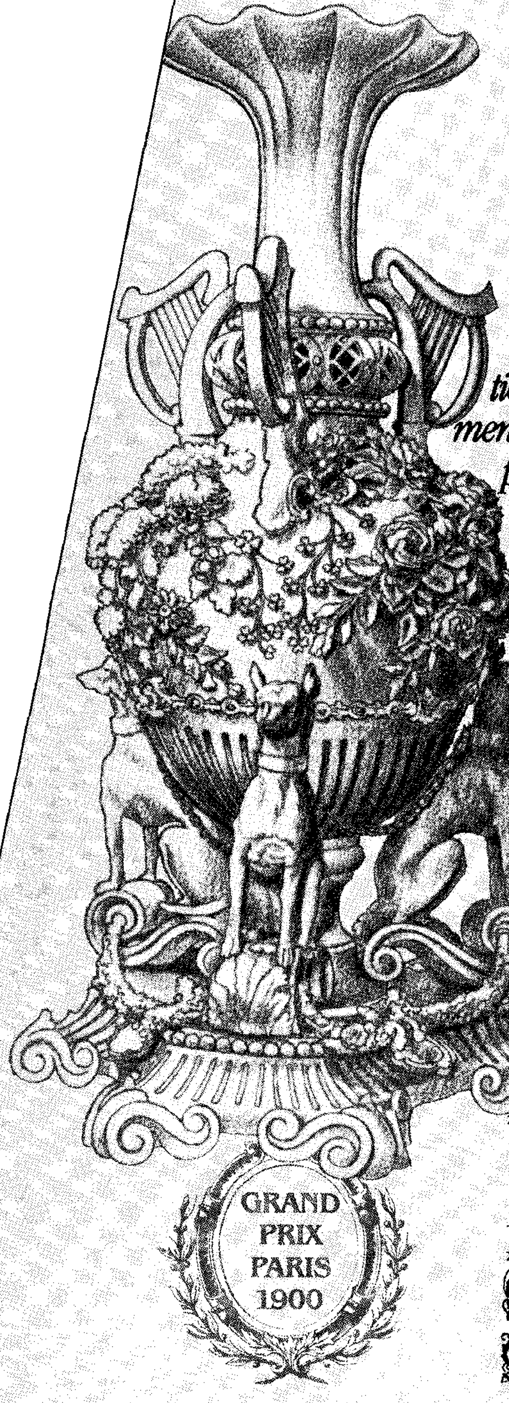
Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. Singer and actress Sally Kellerman is the current entertainment. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, July 29, Hooks, the Points, and Hi-Fi; Thursday, July 30, U.X.A., the Undead, and the Even Worse; Friday, July 31, the Fast and Ozone; and Saturday, Aug. 1, Von Lmo and Phosphenes. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** are at the twin pianos (there are now twin pianos on this bandstand) through Saturday, Aug. 1. On Tuesday, Aug. 4, a rather special engagement will begin: **BLOSSOM DEARIE** will sing and play at one piano, and composer **DAVE FRISHBERG,** who is responsible for two of the high points in Miss Dearie's repertory—"Peel Me a Grape" and "I'm Hip"—will sing and play at the other. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at

OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY INTO THE HEARTS OF COLLECTORS.





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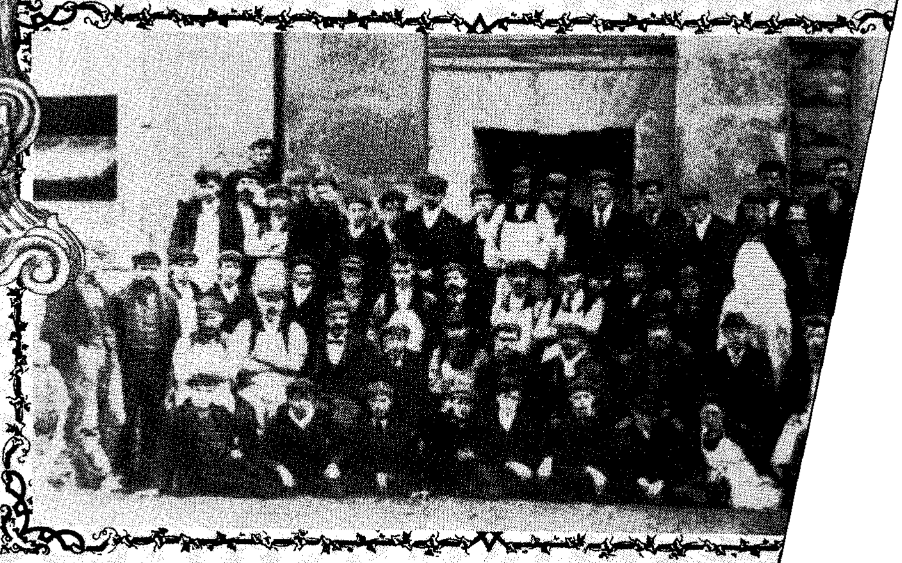

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nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, funk, and, lately, reggae bands. Wednesday, July 29, Catalina; Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, the stunning R. & B. guitar soloist **ERIC GALE** performing with a reggae band; Tuesday, Aug. 4, bassist **JERRY JEMMOTT'S** reggae band, which features guitarist **ARLEN ROTH**; Wednesday, Aug. 5, Solar Caravan; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 6-8, singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose set list is a celebration of sixties soul music. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday, July 29, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and his group, the Golden Dragon; Thursday, July 30, Prisoners of the Beat and China Shop; Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, hard-bop bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and blues and jazz guitarist **JIMMY PONDER**; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, the **WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVUE,** which will include **HAPPY** and **ARTIE TRAUM, JOHN HERALD, PAT ALGER,** and other adroit musicians who play Overlook Mountain / Esopus Creek music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible not to want to dance Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Sort of a big bustling rec room with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Wednesday, July 29, reggae singer **PETER TOSH** at eight and eleven; Sunday, Aug. 2, at midnight, raucous-and-roller **IGGY POP**; Monday, Aug. 3, at eight, and Tuesday, Aug. 4, at midnight, Kraftwerk, the West German synthesizer band.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," the current tribute, is under way. The participants are Susan Bigelow, Kenneth Kantor, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: **CARLA BLEY,** an occasional wild-and-crazy-and-witty jazz composer and pianist, leads her ten-piece band, with **MIKE MANTLER, STEVE SWALLOW,** and **D. SHARPE** in its ranks, through Sunday, Aug. 2. On Monday, Aug. 3, saxophonist Ed Palermo's big band will occupy the stand; on Tuesday, Aug. 4, trumpeter Tom Browne and saxophonist Bob Franceschini will co-pilot a quartet; on Wednesday, Aug. 5, Marilyn Redfield will sing with a quartet; and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 6-9, will be turned over to pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS.** Music from ten to two.

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Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and live jazz. **PATTI BOWN** is at the piano on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Singer **JOE WILLIAMS,** who still does a lot of his Basie-blues classics, will pack up his suitcase and move on down the line on Sunday, Aug. 2. Monday, Aug. 3, will be claimed by pianist Mark Minchello's jazz-rock group, Lip Service. On Tuesday, Aug. 4, **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON,** who has been a stirring blues singer and alto saxophonist for nearly forty years, will come in with his band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

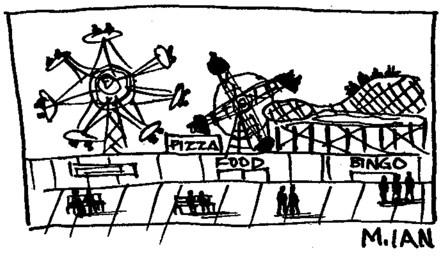
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae lineup. Wednesday, July 29, Chicago-blues slide-guitar master **J. B. HUTTO**; Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, **OTIS RUSH,** another exciting Chicago-blues musician; and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 5-6, **ALBERT COLLINS,** yet another important bluesman, who will sing "Mastercharge" and his other blues tunes. Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue local octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights around nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, July 29, Nantucket and John Galt; Thursday, July 30, Heros, Joe Bidewell, and Justin Trouble; Friday, July 31, Sterling and Philip d'Arrow; and Saturday, Aug. 1, VHF. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays the barnlike downstairs room is given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty on Tuesdays after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** heads a quintet through Sunday, Aug. 2; on Tuesday, Aug. 4, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will descend the murky staircase with *his* quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Harris Simon Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty.



West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Wednesday through Friday, July 29-31, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY'S** Jazz Sultans; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1-2, trumpeter **LOUIS METCALF**; and Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-9, trombonist and sometime vocalist **DICKY WELLS.** On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France's quartet is present; and Tuesdays are claimed by master drummer **JO JONES** and his band. Music every night from nine. Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 1, at 10: Clifford Jordan-Barry Harris quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Palladium—Tuesday, Aug. 4, at 8: Tubes. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8: Foghat and White Snake. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Savoy—Wednesday, July 29, at 9: Al Jarreau. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 9, and Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30 and 11:30: Stephanie Mills. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 3, at 9: Peabo Bryson and Ullanda McCullough. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 5-6, at 9: Grace Jones and Eddie Murphy. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, at 9: Roy Orbison. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Luis Benedit—Drawings and plastic sculptures by an Argentine artist. Through Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Dan Flavin—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Art on the Beach—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (fabric pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Videotapes—A show of videotapes by painters, sculptors, photographers, and musicians: Robert Cumming, Brian Eno, Charles Frazier, Donald Lipski, Howardena Pindell, Judy Rifka, Allen Ruppersberg, and Irvin Tepper. Through Sept. 10. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: New paintings, constructions, photographs, and prints by gallery artists, among them Sarah Canright, Ira Joel Haber, and Jeff Way. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The twentieth annual Old Master Print Exhibition features more than twenty etchings by Rembrandt and ten engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. The total number of works is more than three hundred. Through Aug. 21. . . . **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works on canvas, works on paper, works on the wall by seven artists, including Po Kim, Grace Knowlton, and Sylvia Wald. Through Aug. 14. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St. (the

"I'm a chemical industry engineer in charge of my plant's air quality. We breathe that air. You can be sure I keep it clean."

Tom Neal, Process Control Coordinator for a major chemical company, with his daughter Kimberly in their backyard.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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initials stand for Clara Diament Sujo, director of this recently opened establishment): Botero, Marisol, and Robert Indiana are among the eighteen artists represented in a show of drawings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by thirteen young artists: colored pen-and-ink scenes of New Wave night clubs by Marc Lida, pastels of beach chairs by Nancy Ring, and figures by, among others, Baldo Diodato, Nachume Miller, and John Germain. Through Aug. 12. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A group exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Chagall, Renoir, Moore, and others; also a solo show of works in several mediums by Fritz Scholder. Through Sept. 4. . . . **YORK**, 21 E. 65th St.: Some fifty oils, watercolors, and drawings by American artists, ranging from Albert Bierstadt to Ralston Crawford. Through Friday, July 31.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St. . . . **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE**, 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

DORIS ULMANN (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1958)—A hundred and twenty-five photographs—nudes, landscapes, portraits, still-lifes—the majority printed by the artist's son Cole. Through Aug. 21. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

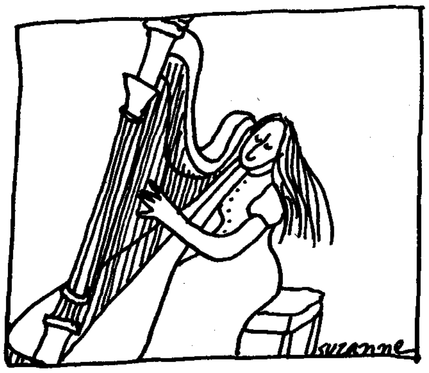
GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Nearly ninety black-and-white photographs of the South by eleven contemporary photographers: Mardi Gras parades by Lyle Bongé, industrial landscapes by John McWilliams, masked figures by Ralph Eugene Meatyard, rural landscapes by Sally Mann. . . . ¶ An exhibit of enlarged prints made by Alexander Alland from Jacob Riis's original glass-plate negatives. The negatives date from 1888 to 1898. Both shows through Aug. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Recent work by twelve photographers. Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Prints by five artists who work in a number of color processes (dye-transfer, Polaroid, etc.): Mark Cohen, David Katzenstein, Laurie Simmons, John Van Alstine, and Yulla. Through Friday, Aug. 7. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **PHOTOGRAPH**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Nineteenth-century photographs: twenty by Charles Hugo (including several portraits of his father, Victor), twenty-five plates from John Thomson's book "Street Life in London" (1877), ten by Lady Lucy Bridgeman (centering on family servants), and one or two works each by Atget, Fox Talbot, others. Through Aug. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Josef Albers, Constantin Brancusi, Walter Gropius, and other painters, sculptors, and architects meet on common ground in a show of their photographs. Most date from the twenties and thirties. Through Aug. 14. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Mondays.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by thirty-five contemporary photographers. Through Friday, Aug. 7. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photographers as Brassaï, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Sept. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ One hundred and twenty-five nineteenth-century French drawings and prints, taken from the museum's collection; Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, and Gauguin are among the artists. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Marcel Breuer: Furniture and Interiors," a retrospective consisting of thirty-seven pieces of furniture (some shown with the working drawings), and photographic enlargements of interiors designed by this architect, who died on July 1. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of prints by Pierre Alechinsky. Through Aug. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jean Dubuffet's show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper coincides with his eightieth birthday. Starts Friday, July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)



WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret are the five contemporary sculptors showing a total of seventy-three pieces. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork in a setting—dark walls and silvery lighting—appropriate to such stars as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Bambi. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. . . . ¶ Nineteen watercolors by Winslow Homer, twenty by John Singer Sargent, and a single painting each by a number of contemporary Americans, all from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ An exhibit of contemporary Korean drawings. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) All three through Sept. 7.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—In an exhibit of music scores from Japan—mainly the notations of contemporary Japanese composers—is a Buddhist chant, dated 1472, said to be the oldest printed score extant. Also, occasional brief performances of some of the compositions; for information about schedules, call 832-1155. Through Sunday, Aug. 2. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open Wednesday through Friday, July 29-31, from 10:30 to 5.) The library will be closed during August.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty quilts. Through Saturday, Aug. 1. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A painting (circa 1860) of New York Harbor, which shows trellised gardens in the foreground, and a 1730 portrait of Mrs. Wynant Van Zandt holding a striped tulip are two works in an exhibition called "The Gardens, Meadows, and Forests of New York State and Province." Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Three artists—Jorge Rodriguez, Charles Abramson, and David Hammons—are exhibiting the works, primarily sculptures, they did as part of the museum's artists-in-residence program. In addition to individual shows of their works, they have jointly concocted a room installation that incorporates paint, old furniture, colored tiles, feathers, and string. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 29. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 29: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, and acting as piano soloist, in an all-Mozart program, with Justus Frantz, also piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30: The Messrs. Eschenbach and Frantz in a program of music for two pianos and piano-four hands. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1: Raymond Leppard conducting the orchestra in a program of excerpts from operas, with Ruth Welting and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, sopranos; David Britton, tenor; and Marius Rintzler, bass. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 3, and Wednesday, Aug. 5: James Conlon conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Heinz Holliger, oboe. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 4: The Tokyo String Quartet, with the Messrs. Dichter and Holliger. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8: James Conlon directing the orchestra in an all-Mozart program that includes the Requiem, with Andras Schiff, piano; Kathleen Battle, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing two performances of a Bach-Marcello program, with guest soloists and a chamber orchestra. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Aug. 2, at 4:30, and at St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave., the same day at 8. For information about tickets to either concert, call 864-6765.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 30, at 8:30: Alexis Weissenberg, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 7: Harold Wright, clarinet; Burton Fine, viola; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 9: Vittorio Negri conducting the Boston Symphony in a Vivaldi-Mozart program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Haydn-Wagner program, with Jessye Norman, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Jon Vickers and Warren Ellsworth, tenors; Aage Haugland, bass; and Keith Kibler, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Dennis Russell Davies-Beethoven program, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 7: Misha Dichter in an all-Liszt piano recital. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 9: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Beethoven program, with the Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting a varied program, with Mr. Dichter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Mozart program; no soloists. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 5:30: Lynn Harrell, cello, and John Atkins, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Paula Robison, flute, and Ruth Laredo, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 5:30: The Canadian Brass. (Katonah, N. Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE. Thursday, July 30, at 8:15: An excerpt from "Arporisms," "The Mechanical Organ," and "Gallery." . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8:15: "Alphabet from Allegory," duet from "Somniloquy," "Talisman," and "Guignol." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:15: "Alphabet from Allegory," "The Mechanical Organ," and "Guignol." . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Jean-Pierre Rampal, Claude Bolling, and Alexandre Lagoya on Sunday, Aug. 2, at 8:15, and by the Marshall Tucker Band on Monday, Aug. 3, at 7.]. . . ¶ Opening performances by the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 22. Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Beethoven-Moussorgsky program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: Robert Irving conducting a program of ballet music by Dvořák, Delius, and Ravel, with dancers Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8:15: Theo Alcantara conducting a Ravel-Montoya-Dvořák program, with Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:15: Charles Dutoit conducting a Falla-Mendelssohn-Tchaikovsky program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 6. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '81—A six-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un Soupçon:* THURSDAY, JULY 30, AT 8: Bertolt Brecht's satirical comedy "Man Is Man," in a musical adaptation by Robert Dennis, and "Sally and Marsha," a play by Sybille Pearson. . . . FRIDAY, JULY 31, AT 8: The Erick Hawkins Dance Company. . . . AT 8:30: "Man Is Man" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . AT 9 AND 11: A cabaret show with Maxine Sullivan. . . . SATURDAY, AUG. 1, AT 3: "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and the Erick Hawkins Dance Company. . . . AT 8: The Erick Hawkins Dance Company. . . . AT 8:30: "Man Is Man" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . AT 10 AND 11:30: Maxine Sul-

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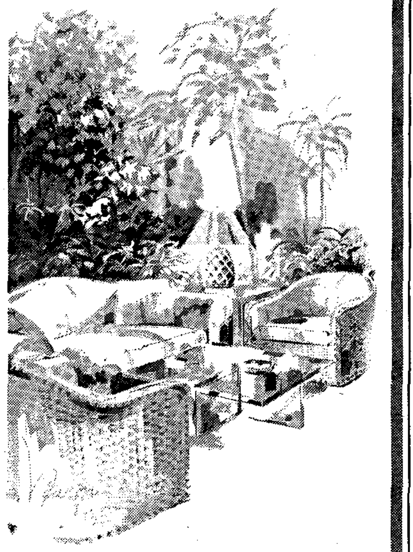

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livan. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 2, AT 3:** "Man Is Man" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . **AT 7:30:** The Erick Hawkins Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:** "Man Is Man" and "Sally and Marsha." . . . **THURSDAY, AUG. 6, AT 8:** "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self," a one-man show that has Donal Donnelly portraying George Bernard Shaw. Michael Voysey based the production on the writings of Shaw. . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 7, AT 8:** The Los Angeles Ballet . . . . **AT 8:30:** "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Teddy Wilson, piano. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 8, AT 3:** The Los Angeles Ballet, "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . **AT 8:** The Los Angeles Ballet. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . **AT 9:** Teddy Wilson. . . . **AT 10:** The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . **AT 11:** Teddy Wilson. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 9, AT 3:** "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . **AT 3:30:** A poetry reading by Roscoe Lee Browne and Anthony Zerbe. . . . **AT 7:30:** The Los Angeles Ballet. . . . **AT 8:** "Man Is Man," "Sally and Marsha," and "My Astonishing Self." . . . **AT 10:** Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. (Festival ends Sunday, Aug. 9. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 1: Kenneth Rinker & Dancers, Ellen Kogan, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 4-8: Ann Marie De Angelo, Julian Montaner, Nancy Raffa, and others. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 29, through Monday, Aug. 24. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 29; The Test, Thursday, July 30; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 1; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 3; the DeWitt Clinton, Thursday, Aug. 6; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Haskell Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 1, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Portland, Wednesday, July 29, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Jacksonville, Sunday, Aug. 2, at 7:30. *(For information about tickets,* call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 29-31, at noon and 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1-2, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 762-6220.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Hambletonian, Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At Phillips, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Thursday, July 30, at 10:30: Oriental works of art. The final sale of the season. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, July 29, from 10 to 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **HENRY IV, PART I,** with John Vickery, Mandy Patinkin, and Kenneth McMillan. The second of two plays presented this summer. Opens Friday, July 31, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Edo de Waart will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Wednesday, July 29, at 8. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Thursday, July 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Lawrence Foster will conduct the second program: **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN,** the Bronx, Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Friday, Aug. 7, at 8.

Castle Clinton, Battery Park—Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in an all-Gershwin program. (Thursday, July 30, at 6:30.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Friday, July 31: Judas Priest. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 3-4: Squeeze. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 5: David Bromberg and Peter Rowan. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 8-9: Pat Benatar, with Billy Squier. (Evenings at 6:30; through Friday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, July 30, at 8: Holland's Country Ramblers. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8: John Herald and Horse Country. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . **JAZZ AND POP:** Benefit concerts—Sunday, Aug. 2, at 8: Angela Bofill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8: The Taylor Family (Alex, James, Kate, Livingston, and Hugh). (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . Free concerts—Friday, July 31, at 8: Expedition. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8: Tommy Flanagan trio; Frank Wess, flute; and Melba Liston, trombone, presenting a concert in memory of Mary Lou Williams. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8: Expedition.

Washington Square Park—Maria Tunicka conducting the Festival Orchestra. The second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 4, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **DAMN YANKEES,** with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

College Football—Grambling State vs. Florida A. &. M., *in a benefit game.* (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 5.)

Professional Football—**SATURDAY, AUG. 15:** Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 22:** Giants vs. Jets, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 29:** Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, exhibition game,. at Giants Stadium. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 6:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Aug. 26-Oct. 12. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Sept. 7-Dec. 31. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Sept. 8-Oct. 19.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Washington, Aug. 12. Montreal, Aug. 16.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Sept. 1-13.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 9-Nov. 7.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Aug. 19-23.)

Music—**AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): Opening performance of the New York Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta conducting, Sept. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Peking Opera, Aug. 12-23. . . . ¶ The Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, Aug. 29-Sept. 3. . . . **NEW YORK CITY OPERA,** New York State Theatre (870-5570): The fall season will open on Aug. 27, with Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince," and will run through Nov. 15.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 5-7, Sept. 12-13, and Sept. 19-20. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Sept. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 29: "Straight Time" (†) and "Bloodbrothers." (†)
July 30-31: "The Brood" (1979; directed by David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar; and "The Howling." (†)
Aug. 1-2: "All Night Long." (†)
Aug. 3: Theatre closed.
Aug. 4-5: "Winter Kills" (†); and "Go Tell the Spartans" (1978; Ted Post), with Burt Lancaster and Craig Wasson.
Aug. 6-7: "Big Wednesday" (1978; John Milius), with Jan-Michael Vincent, William Katt, and Gary Busey; and "Foxes." (†)
From Aug. 8: "Honeysuckle Rose." (†)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
July 29: "Show Boat" (1936 †) and "Roberta." (†)
July 30-Aug. 1: "Cover Girl" (†) and "Swing Time." (†)
Aug. 2-3: "Show Boat" (1951 †) and "I Dream Too Much." (†)
Aug. 4-5: "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945; Irving Rapper), with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith; and "Girl Crazy." (†)
Aug. 6-7: "Ziegfeld Follies" (†) and "Damsel in Distress." (†)
From Aug. 8: "Shall We Dance" (†) and "The Goldwyn Follies" (1938; George Marshall), with Zorina, Bobby Clark, and the Ritz Brothers.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 30: "History of the World—Part I" (†); and "My Bodyguard" (1980; Tony Bill), with Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, and John Houseman.
From July 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 30: "Stripes." (†)
From July 31: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Endless Love." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 30: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman.
From July 31: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through July 30: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
From July 31: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Aug. 1: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.
From Aug. 2: "I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†) From July 31: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "S.O.B." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

BARONET
CORONET
Tom Funk

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

Theatre 2: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "For Your Eyes Only." (†) From July 31: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Arthur." (†)

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 2: "Blow Out." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 30: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
July 31-Aug. 6: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"For Your Eyes Only." (†)

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Wolfen" (directed by Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 3: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 30: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock. From July 31: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 30: "Rock City" (1973; Peter Clifton), concert performances and interviews with rock musicians.
July 31-Aug. 2: "Renaldo & Clara." (†)
Aug. 3: Theatre closed.
Aug. 4-6: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979; Bernard Shakey), a documentary about Neil Young.
From Aug. 7: "The Last Waltz" (†); and "No Nukes" (1980), a concert film.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 6: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).
From Aug. 7: "Beatlemania—The Movie" (Joseph Manduke).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"S.O.B." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stripes." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Inheritance" (1976; Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Dominique Sanda and Anthony Quinn.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 30: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
From July 31: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "New York, New York." (†)
Theatre 2: "Heart to Heart" (Pascal Thomas; in French), with Anne Caudry.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni. From Aug. 2: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
Theatre 2: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman. From July 31: "Dragonslayer." (†)
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. From Aug. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "Superman II." (†) From Aug. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 6: "Blow Out." (†) From Aug. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 30: "Stripes." (†) From July 31: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Dragonslayer." (†) From July 31: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 2: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 30: "History of the

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World—Part I." (†) From July 31: To be announced.

Theatre 4: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†) From July 31: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 30: "Bustin' Loose" (directed by Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson. From July 31: "S.O.B." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 30: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse). From July 31: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)
Theatre 5: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 6: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 6: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
From Aug. 7: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef. July 31-Aug. 6: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman. From Aug. 7: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
Theatre 3: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 6: "Dragonslayer." (†) From Aug. 7: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
Through July 30: "On the Right Track" (Lee Philips), with Gary Coleman.
From July 31: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 2: "Blow Out." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 30: "S.O.B." (†)
From July 31: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stripes." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Endless Love." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 29: "The Time Machine" (1960; directed by George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot; and "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen.
July 30: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
July 31: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.
Aug. 1: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Aug. 2: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Aug. 3: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.
Aug. 4: "The Mysterious Sword of Kyoshiro Nemuri" (1965; Koji Yasuda; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "Zatoichi's Vengeance" (1966; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese).
Aug. 5: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Another Thin Man." (†)
Aug. 6: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
Aug. 7: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox.
Aug. 8: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†); and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 29: "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, and Richard Allan; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.
July 30: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both silent films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
July 31: "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant.
Aug. 1: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Aug. 2: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.
Aug. 3: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
Aug. 4: "Long Day's Journey Into Night." (†)
Aug. 5: "Destroy, She Said" (1970; Marguerite Duras; in French), with Catherine Sellers and Michel Lonsdale; and "La Musica" (1966; Marguerite Duras; in French), with Robert Hossein and Delphine Seyrig.
Aug. 6: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; in Russian, a Soviet-Japanese coproduction).
Aug. 7-8: "India Song" (1975; Marguerite Duras; in French), with Delphine Seyrig and Michel Lonsdale.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 30: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
July 31-Aug. 1: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Tunnelvision" (1976; Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel), with Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor.
Aug. 2-4: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick), with Bosco Hogan.
Aug. 5-6: "Score" (1974; Radley Metzger), with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant; and "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), with Essy Persson.
Aug. 7-8: "Citizen Kane" (†); and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 1: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Aug. 2-4: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.
Aug. 5-8: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 1: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Aug. 2-4: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Carny." (†)

Aug. 5-8: To be announced.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 30: "A Star Is Born" (1937; William Wellman), with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March; and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bosè.

July 31-Aug. 2: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Aug. 3-5: "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "Daybreak" (1931; Jacques Feyder), with Ramon Novarro, Helen Chandler, and C. Aubrey Smith.

Aug. 6-8: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through July 30: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

July 31-Aug. 1: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox.

Aug. 2-4: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (Busby Berkeley), with Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert, Dick Powell, and Gloria Stuart.

Aug. 5-6: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (†); and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Aug. 7-8: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970; Billy Wilder), with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page; and "Fedora" (1979; Billy Wilder), with William Holden, Marthe Keller, and Hildegard Knef.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 29: "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart; and "The Mask of Fu Manchu" (1932; Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor), with Boris Karloff, Myrna Loy, Karen Morley, and Lewis Stone.

July 30-Aug. 1: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, and Alastair Sim; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.

Aug. 2-4: "Heaven Can Wait" (†); and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée.

Aug. 5-8: "Holiday" (†); and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 29: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "I Bombed Pearl Harbor" (1961; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

July 30: "Daughters Courageous" (1939; Michael Curtiz), with John Garfield, Priscilla Lane, and Claude Rains; and "Under 18" (1931; Archie Mayo), with Warren William and Marian Marsh.

July 31-Aug. 1: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Walter Brennan, Coleen Gray, and John Ireland; and "Lonelyhearts" (1959; Vincent J. Donehue), with Montgomery Clift, Robert Ryan, Myrna Loy, Dolores Hart, and Maureen Stapleton.

Aug. 2: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "The Wanderer" (1969; Jean-Gabriel Albicocco; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Jean Blaise.

Aug. 3: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), a six-episode animated and live-action musical film; and "Pioneers of American Animations" (1981), covering animators from 1900 to 1920.

Aug. 4: "Radio On" (1980; Christopher Petit); and "Scum" (1980; Alan Clarke), with Ray Winstone.

Aug. 5: "Orpheus" (†); and "Donkey Skin" (1975; Jacques Demy; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

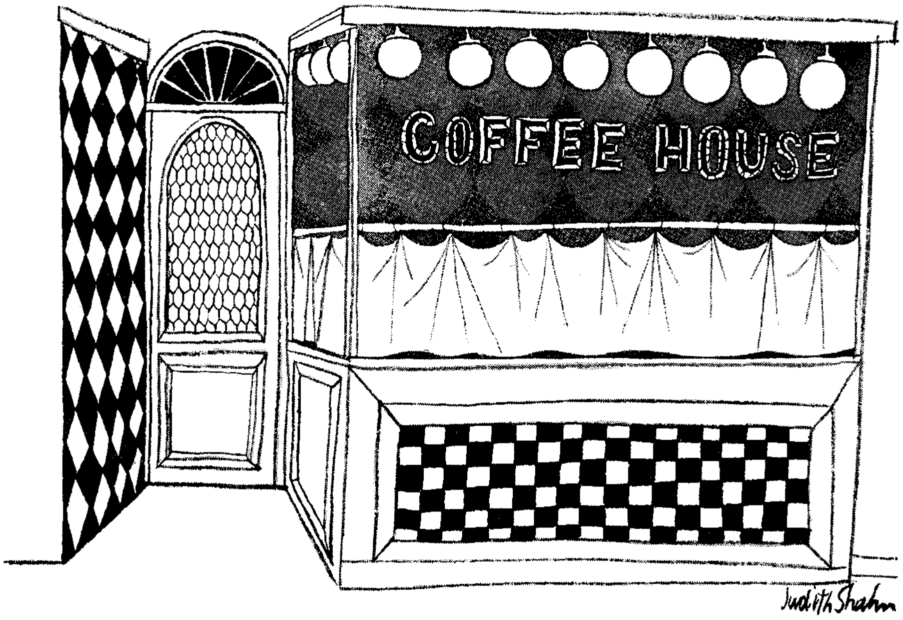
Aug. 6: "A Modern Hero" (1934; G. W. Pabst), with Richard Barthelmess, Jean Muir, and Marjorie Rambeau; and "The House on 56th Street" (1933; Robert Florey), with Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and Gene Raymond.

Aug. 7-8: "Topper" (†) and "Once Upon a Honeymoon." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 29: "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers; and "Manpower" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson, and George Raft.

July 30: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and



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August 1 through September 27

Henry Daniell; and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

July 31: "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938" (Mitchell Leisen), with Kirsten Flagstad, W. C. Fields, and Martha Raye.

Aug. 1-2: "Charlie Chan at the Circus" (1936; Harry Lachman) and "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" (1936; H. Bruce Humberstone), both with Warner Oland as Chan.

Aug. 3: "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; and "A Day in the Country." (†)

Aug. 4: "Gambling Lady" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Pat O'Brien; and "Baby Face" (1933; Alfred E. Green), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, and George Brent.

Aug. 5: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, and Claire Trevor.

Aug. 6: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

Aug. 7: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish), with Lisbeth Movin and Anna Svierkier.

From Aug. 8: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films from India: July 30 at 2:30: "A Throw of Dice" (1929; directed by Franz Osten; an Indian/German silent film, with English titles). . . . July 30 at 6: "Shiraz" (1926; Franz Osten; an Indian/German silent film, with English titles). . . . July 30 at 8:30: "The Light of Asia" (1925; Franz Osten; an Indian/German silent film, with English titles). . . . July 31 at 2:30: "Shiraz." . . . July 31 at 6: "Devdas" (1935; P. C. Barua; in Hindi; no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Untouchable Girl" (1936; Franz Osten; in Hindi; English subtitles). . . . Aug. 1 at 5 and Aug. 2 at 2:30: "Saint Tukaram" (1936; V. Damle and S. Fathelal; in Marathi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 2 at 5: "The Unexpected" (1937; V. Shantaram; in Hindi, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 3 at 2:30: "Devdas." . . . Aug. 3 at 6: "Untouchable Girl." . . . Aug. 4 at 2:30: "The Unexpected." . . . Aug. 4 at 6 and Aug. 6 at 2:30: "The Journey of Dr. Kotnis" (1946; V. Shantaram; in Hindi, with no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 6 at 6 and Aug. 7 at 2:30: "Chandralekha" (1948; S. S. Vasan; in Tamil, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 7 at 6: "Two Acres of Land" (1953; Bimal Roy; in Hindi; no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 8 at 2:30: Five reels of "Diamond Queen" (1933; Homi Wadia; in Hindi, with no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 8 at 5: "The Vagabond" (1951; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles).

¶ Other, non-Indian, films scheduled during this period: July 31 at noon: Two films about Pierre Alechinsky: "Encre" (1963; no dialogue) and "Alechinsky" (1970; Luc de Heusch). . . . Aug. 1-2 at noon: "World of Plenty" (1943, Paul Rotha) and "Night Mail" (1936; Harry Watt and Basil Wright). . . . Aug. 3-4 at noon: "Bill Cosby on Prejudice" (Bill Cosby) and "Bass on Titles" (Saul Bass). . . . Aug. 7 at noon: "Encre" and "Alechinsky." . . . Aug. 8 at noon: "Regeneration" (1915; Raoul Walsh; a silent film). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through Aug. 2: Two sets of short films. "Star Vehicles" is showing daily at 1, and "Wartime Cartoons" is showing daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 4: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1937) will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15), and "Human Movement," a program of eleven short films, will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All Night Long—This sophisticated slapstick romance starring Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand is a happy surprise. Hackman, doing the kind of comic acting that rings true on every note, plays a Los Angeles business executive who gives up the phony obligations he has accumulated, drops out, and tries to find a way to do what he enjoys. Streisand plays a soft-spoken bleached blonde—intuitive and cuddly—who joins him. Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont and written by W. D. (Rick) Richter, it has a distinctive comic sensibility; at times it suggests Tati, at other times W. C. Fields, and then, maybe, Lubitsch or Max Ophuls. With Dennis Quaid as Hackman's muscular, inarticulate son; Diane Ladd as Hackman's wife; Kevin Dobson as Streisand's husband; and William Daniels as a lawyer. The poignant music that is heard is José Padilla's "La Violetera," which was also heard in Chaplin's "City Lights." (Reviewed in our issue of 3/9/81.) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 1-2.)

Another Thin Man (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The screenplay (once again by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) tosses shootings and skulduggery and repartee at us before we're ready, and then Nick Charles takes an unconscionable amount of time sorting things out. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey, Nat Pendleton, Tom Neal, Marjorie Main, Abner Biberman, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Arthur—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud the perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves the picture doesn't sag for long. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Quad Cinema.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice to him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father, Michel Auclair as the brother, and Mila Parély as a sister. Alekan was the cinematographer; Georges Auric wrote the score; Bérard did the decor and costumes. (A running account of the making of the picture—anxieties, physical ailments, mistakes and all—is given in Cocteau's entertaining 1950 book "Diary of a Film.") In French. (Thalia; Aug. 2.)

Bloodbrothers (1978)—The director, Robert Mulligan, is trying for something crude, powerful, volatile—but it goes terribly wrong. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, and Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitation manner. People in it laugh with hysterical heartiness, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms—defenseless, sunshiny grins and juvenile torment. Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan, in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeep. With Lelia Goldoni, Marilu Henner, Michael Hershewe, Robert Englund, Yvonne Wilder, and Floyd Levine. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 29.)

Blow Out—What happened seems to go right to your head. It's hallucinatory, and it has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. It's as if De Palma had finally understood what technique is for; this is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, Quad Cinema, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 6.)

Carny (1980)—As the teen-age small-town girl looking for excitement who joins up with a carnival that's travelling through, Jodie Foster has a marvellous sexy bravado. With her long legs and knowledgeable eyes, this blooming young actress gives the picture a toehold on recognizable human experience. But the carny partners she hooks up with are played by Gary Busey and Robbie Robertson, and it's hard to know what they think they're doing. Busey is the carnival's hostile, sadistic bozo (who manipulates customers by insulting them), yet we can't see what his meanness comes out of—he seems to be an open-faced farm boy. And the heavy-lidded Robertson, who was so remarkable as himself in "The Last Waltz," Scorsese's concert film about The Band, acts like a burned-out dowager here. His twitches and druggy, Garbo-esque expressions don't connect with anything. The low-life carny world has been shot for funky exoticism, and the director, Robert Kaylor, overdoes it—the images are too grotesque, too ominous, too garish, and the music (by Alex North) is too insistent. There isn't enough humor and there isn't enough clarity about how things work; it doesn't help to have a carny hand say to somebody, "You still don't get it, do you?" when we don't either. There's an authentically eerie scene of Harold the 600-pound Fat Man (George Emerson) singing, and an even eerier moment when he goes out into the rain—presumably the only shower big enough for him. The dialogue, from Thomas Baum's screenplay, is often colorful, but the picture is heavy. The minute Elisha Cook, Jr., turns up as an endearing crazy, it's obvious he's going to be bumped off, and there's an ugly sequence with Jodie Foster apparently trapped by a sexual psychopath. With Meg Foster, who gives off a lot of energy, though she has nothing to do, and Kenneth McMillan and Bert Remsen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 2-4.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it may be more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, and George Coulouris. Screenplay by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Welles; photographed by Gregg Toland; editing by Robert Wise and Mark Robson. (Cinema Village; Aug. 7-8.)

Cover Girl (1944)—The wartime plot about hoofers and models is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback to the Gay Nineties that is almost ruinous, but this big, showy Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test" and the slurpy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a livelier team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Eve Arden, Edward Brophy, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed; Virginia Van Upp wrote the script; Stanley Donen, Kelly, Seymour Felix, and Jack Cole staged the dances; Nan Wynn dubbed Hayworth's singing. (Art; July 30-Aug. 1.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in Lon-

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don. George Gershwin at pretty near his best debonair songs ("A Foggy Day," "Things Are Looking Up," "I Can't Be Bothered Now"). Dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (Art; Aug. 6-7.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3.)

Dragonslayer—It's like reading a fairy tale that has the mixture of happiness and trauma to set your imagination whirling; the fire-breathing dragon—scaly, winged, huge—is more mysterious, probably, than any we could have imagined for ourselves. The setting is Britain during the Dark Ages. Ralph Richardson is Ulrich the Sorcerer, who receives a delegation from the remote Kingdom of Urland, which has been ravaged by the monster. The sorcerer's apprentice (Peter MacNicol) goes forth to face the dragon, but he's just a kid who's in over his head. Ulrich and the dragon are the two great antagonists in this movie—probably the only movie in which Richardson shows the full, magnificent balminess that has marked his recent stage appearances. In the terms this film sets, it succeeds almost completely. The producer, Hal Barwood, and the director, Matthew Robbins, wrote the script. With Caitlin Clarke as Valerian, Peter Eyre as the King, Chloe Salaman as the princess, John Hallam as Tyrian, and Sydney Bromley as Old Hodge. (7/13/81) (New Yorker; through July 30. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 31.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Gemini, and Criterion Theatres; starting July 31.)

Endless Love—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about a teen-age boy's single-minded love for his young girlfriend, the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. The novel was a purplish glorification of the hero's masochism, and it was purplish in a violent way. The love that was endless was a physical addiction. The two kids fornicated furiously and just about constantly; they went at each other like battle-scarred veterans of the sex wars. And, of course, even in the fifties, when movies were full of misunderstood young heroes, no other boy had been sent to an insane asylum because he was so passionately in love. Zeffirelli has turned this love into tender, gentle romance, with the scenes of intercourse so "tastefully" rendered that nothing in the movie makes much sense, not even the graceful sexual position of the two young actors—Martin Hewitt as David and Brooke Shields as Jade. If people's early encounters were this sweet and innocent, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Maybe teen-agers will be touched by the sensitivity and devotion of the pair; adults may go a little giggly-crazy, especially since the parents are a quartet of leeches and bores—reminiscent of the parents in "Splendor in the Grass," where a passionate girl (Natalie Wood) was packed off to the loony bin. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is Jade's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as David's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin); it's all bathed in a Zeffirellian golden glow. When David and Jade are at the Planetarium and he says, "I'm going to name a star after you," a voice in the theatre piped up, "Brooke Shields is already a star." (34th St. East, Gemini, and Rivoli.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is the same as playing dead. And the producers have erred in deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, 86th St. East, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Gemini; through July 30. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting July 31. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 7.)

Foxes (1980)—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Stroh are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 6-7.)

Girl Crazy (1943)—This second movie version of the Broadway musical with the score by George and Ira Gershwin stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; it's more freely adapted than the first, an R.K.O. film that starred Wheeler and Woolsey. This time it's M-G-M, and the cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (Art; Aug. 4-5).

Heaven Can Wait (1943)—Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed this whimsical, uneven, yet generally disarming comedy of manners (it lightly satirizes social and sexual conventions), from a screenplay by his frequent collaborator Samson Raphaelson. Perhaps it isn't well known because it stars the rather drab Don Ameche, who appeared in many forced and charmless routine pictures, but here (as in "Midnight") he's reasonably engaging. He plays a well-born New Yorker, Henry Van Cleve—a lifetime dandy and stage-door Johnny—who thinks that his sexual improprieties are sinful and qualify him for Hell, but as he applies to Satan and tells his story we see his life in flashbacks, and become aware of his essential generosity and innocence. Gene Tierney plays the Kansas girl he steals from his stuffy cousin (Allyn Joslyn). Lubitsch's first film in color; with Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Laird Cregar, Spring Byington, Florence Bates, Eugene Pallette, Louis Calhern, Clarence Muse, Adele Jurgens, Clara Blandick, and Scotty Beckett and Dickie Moore as Henry at seven and fifteen, Signe Hasso as the French maid, and Anita Bolster as Mrs. Cooper-Cooper. Adapted from the Hungarian play "Birthdays," by Laszlo Bus-Fekete, this film has no connection with Warren Beatty's 1978 "Heaven Can Wait," which is a remake of the 1941 "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," which was taken from an American play called "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. (Regency; Aug. 2-4.)

History of the World—Part I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Sutton, and Olympia Quad; through July 30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; July 31-Aug. 6.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and has used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as the man's friends; Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Regency; Aug. 5-8.)

Honeysuckle Rose (1980)—The film seems color-coördinated to Willie Nelson's hippie-Indian earth-tone clothing; he plays Buck Bonham, a country-and-Western singer, a regional idol who has never quite attained national success. Buck loves travelling in his tour bus with his backup band; life on the road is the answer to his restlessness. As Buck's wife of fifteen years, Dyan Cannon (who sings in a good torchy blues voice) is so full of energy and humor and knowingness that she gives the audience hope: if this is maturity, then life looks pretty good. Having stumbled onto this affirmation, the director, Jerry Schatzberg, knows what he's got and doesn't overplay his hand and wreck it. The songs (by Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, Leon Russell, and others) have a lot of energy, and the music and the imagery move together. Though the film has no big dramatic conflicts, in its loose, non-linear way it has more going on than most movies, though what's going on is understated and sometimes a little screwed up, with story points undeveloped or left dangling. The story is "Intermezzo" out West, with Amy Irving as the young musician who is in love with Buck. The film is very sensual in its color, in the looks that the two central women characters exchange with Buck, and in the music itself. Also with Slim Pickens, Charles Levin, Joey Floyd, Priscilla Pointer, and a guest appearance by Emmylou Harris. Cinematography by Robby Müller; music supervised by Richard Baskin; the almost nonexistent script is credited to three writers; many others reportedly worked on it, too. (8/18/80) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 8.)

The Howling—This werewolves-in-California movie has a spoofy erotic tone and isn't afraid of being silly—which is its chief charm. The director, Joe Dante, seems a mixture—in just about equal parts—of talent, amateurishness, style, and flake. You're entertained continuously, though you don't feel the queasy, childish dread that is part of the dirty kick of the horror genre. The cast includes Patrick Macnee as a plump, bland psychiatrist; Dee Wallace as a pretty blond TV newscaster; Dick Miller as a gabby bookshop owner; Elisabeth Brooks as a fiery slut; and Christopher Stone, John Carradine, Kevin McCarthy, Slim Pickens, and Dennis Dugan. When the characters turn into werewolves, they transform on camera: you see the stages they go through—growing fur and fangs, their chests expanding and their teeth yellowing—and you see each long snout shoot out of the face like a locomotive. It's a funny, elegant effect, devised by Rob Bottin. John Sayles, who rewrote the Terence H. Winkless script, based on the novel by Gary Brandner, appears as an attendant at the morgue; Roger Corman, for whom Dante, Sayles, Bottin, and the editor, Mark Goldblatt, all worked on the 1978 "Piranha," turns up waiting outside a phone booth. (5/4/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 30-31.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons and Henry Fonda in a musical, dreaming all too much and delivering not a great deal. Directed by John Cromwell. (Art; Aug. 2-3.)

The Last Waltz (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a rock-and-roll performance by The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as passé—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Harold Clurman; starting Aug. 7.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—This portrait of the artist as an Irish-American has the worst American failings: it's obvious, sprawling, yet crabbed. But if you respond at all, you may go all the way to exaltation. Perhaps just because of its hideous familiarity, its grinding, ludicrous wrestling with expressiveness, "Journey" is, at last, an American family classic; the usual embarrassments are transcended, and the family theme is raised to mythic heights. This is the best film ever made from an O'Neill play (and it's O'Neill's greatest play). Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Hepburn's transitions here—the way she can look eighteen or eighty at will—seem iridescent. She surpasses herself: the most beautiful screen comedienne of the thirties and forties becomes our greatest screen tragedienne. Sidney Lumet directs; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. The complete film runs a hundred and seventy minutes; frequently, a version thirty-four minutes shorter is shown, which seriously damages the structure and omits several of Robards' finest scenes. On this occasion, however, the complete film is being shown. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Once Upon a Honeymoon (1942)—An anti-Nazi comedy melodrama, set in Europe, that attempts to show the public the evils of Nazism while sugarcoating the message. Ginger Rogers is an American burlesque queen married to an Austrian baron (Walter Slezak) who is a Nazi agent. Cary Grant is the American radio correspondent who shows her the miseries that her husband and his friends are causing. With Albert Dekker, Albert Basserman, and Hans Conried. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Thalia; Aug. 7-8.)

Orpheus (1949)—A masterpiece of magical filmmaking. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period, merging them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise the chic to art. The death figure and much of the film's imagery derive from the American movie "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), starring Fredric March; the only modern film image of death that, visually and psychologically, stands comparison with Maria Casarès is in Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" (1956). The glazier in the "zone" (a variant of the angel in Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet") must be a tribute to (or a memory of?) Chaplin as the angelic glazier of "The Kid." With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Edouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric; the sumptuous cinematography, with its velvety dark and light contrasts, is by Nicolas Hayer. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 5.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Baronet; through July 30.)

Renaldo & Clara (1978)—Bob Dylan made this three-hour-and-fifty-two-minute film, which was mostly shot during a Bicentennial (1975-76) tour. (The show was called the "Rolling Thunder Revue.") The performance footage is handsomely photographed, but it doesn't build up the excitement that one can sometimes feel at a performance film, because the movie keeps cutting away from the stage to *cinéma-vérité* fantasies of Dylan's life, which occupy more than two-thirds of the running time. Dylan has given himself more tight closeups than any actor can have had in the whole history of movies. (Harold Clurman; July 31-Aug. 2.)

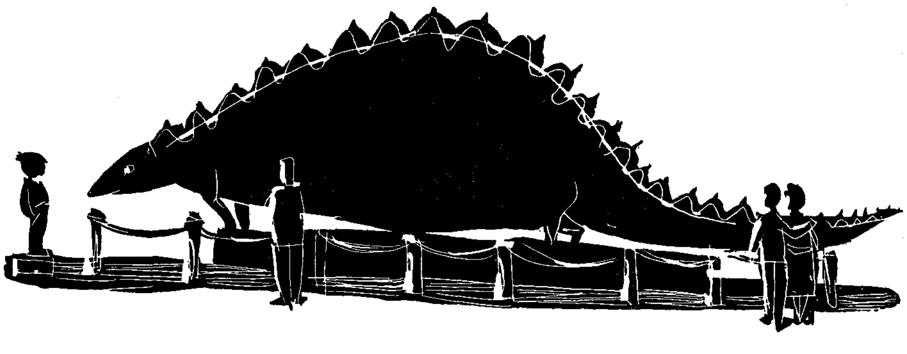
Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Art; July 29.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Art; starting Aug. 8.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one, from Universal, features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Art; July 29.)

Show Boat (1951)—Patently manufactured (by M-G-M) and embarrassingly lacking in innocence. The most lavish and least convincing of the three movie versions of Edna Ferber's novel, with the singing valentine Kathryn Grayson mangling the Jerome Kern songs (in the role Laura La Plante had played in 1929 and Irene Dunne in 1936). Marge and Gower Champion come through with some lively dancing, but almost everyone else sinks. Howard Keel is too good for what he's given to do, Ava Gardner (at her most beautiful as Julie) looks as if she's dying to parody her lines, and Joe E. Brown is allowed only one brief dance. With William Warfield, and a shameful performance by the miscast Agnes Moorehead. George Sidney directed. (Art; Aug. 2-3.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism,



and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts; he's snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Coronet, and Festival. . . . ¶ Movieland; through July 30. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting July 31.)

Straight Time (1978)—Dustin Hoffman gives what is possibly his finest (and most demanding) performance up to this time as Max Dembo, a paroled robber. Based on the novel "No Beast So Fierce" by a former convict named Edward Bunker (who plays the part of Mickey), the film provides a ruthlessly objective view of Max—a man with closer psychosexual relations to people in the prison world, such as his viciously zealous parole officer (M. Emmet Walsh), than he could ever have with outsiders, such as the scrubbed-faced girl (Theresa Russell) who takes up with him. The script (a synthesis of the efforts of Alvin Sargent, Bunker, and Jeffrey Boam) has first-rate, hardheaded, precise, sometimes funny dialogue, but it errs in bringing this girl too much to the center. Dramatically, the film lacks snap; there isn't enough tension in the way Max destroys his freedom, and so the story drags—it seems to have nowhere to go but down. The director, Ulu Grosbard, falters in most aspects of film technique, and he doesn't shape the material: he doesn't enable us to feel what we recognize intellectually—that the movie is really about life *inside* prison. But he excels in handling actors: scenes between Hoffman and Harry Dean Stanton (as an ex-convict) and between Hoffman and Gary Busey (as a junkie ex-convict) are performed superlatively. And Hoffman's acting suggests that he could have gone much further in "Lenny" if he'd been encouraged to; as the mean and unyielding Max, he even uses his voice well—softening it for a held-in, distrustful-of-talk effect. With Sandy Baron, Kathy Bates, Rita Taggart, Corey Rand, and Jacob Busey. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 29.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. The story comes to a natural end with the recruits' commencement exercises; afterward, when the platoon is whipping around Europe, the action is standard farce. Yet even when the plot goes all over the place some funny lines turn up. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Loews New York, 57th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and National. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 30.)

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Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Olympia Quad 1; Aug. 5-6.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three archfiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, Loews Orpheum, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 6.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Art; July 30-Aug. 1.)

FISH
SALAD
TEA

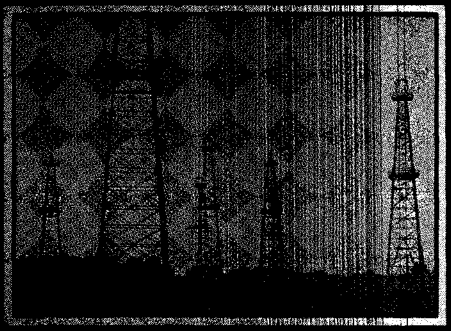
That Obscure Object of Desire (1977)—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." In this fifth movie version of "La Femme et le Pantin," Pierre Louÿs' short novel about a femme fatale, the role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, poker-faced except for a squint of amusement and a foxy, crooked smear of a smile, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's physically impulsive, and sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. Buñuel sets up the Louÿs' story, then treats it glancingly—as a joke to hang other jokes on—and his jokes now don't have the violence underneath to make connections for us. His style is too serene for his subject. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmo Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then to a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective. (Thalia; Aug. 7-8.)

Winter Kills (1979)—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 4-5.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" on a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Art; Aug. 6-7.)

Zorro, the Gay Blade—A wonderful giddy farce. If you could combine the screen images of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Peter Sellers, the result might be pretty close to the slinky, self-mocking George Hamilton as Zorro. The gleaming-eyed Zorro, with his idiotic leering grin and his idiosyncratic Spanish accent, and Paco (Donovan Scott), his plump, Teddy-bear servant, set out to help the people of old Los Angeles, who are being taxed to death by the villainous Esteban (that actory actor Ron Leibman, sporting a thick head of hair and a full beard, and giving a rambunctious, likable performance). Directed by Peter Medak, from Hal Dresner's script, this is the kind of farce at which you laugh so hard that when something misfires it's just a little rest. With Brenda Vaccaro (doing a Madeline Kahn), Lauren Hutton, James Booth, and Clive Revill. (7/27/81) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)



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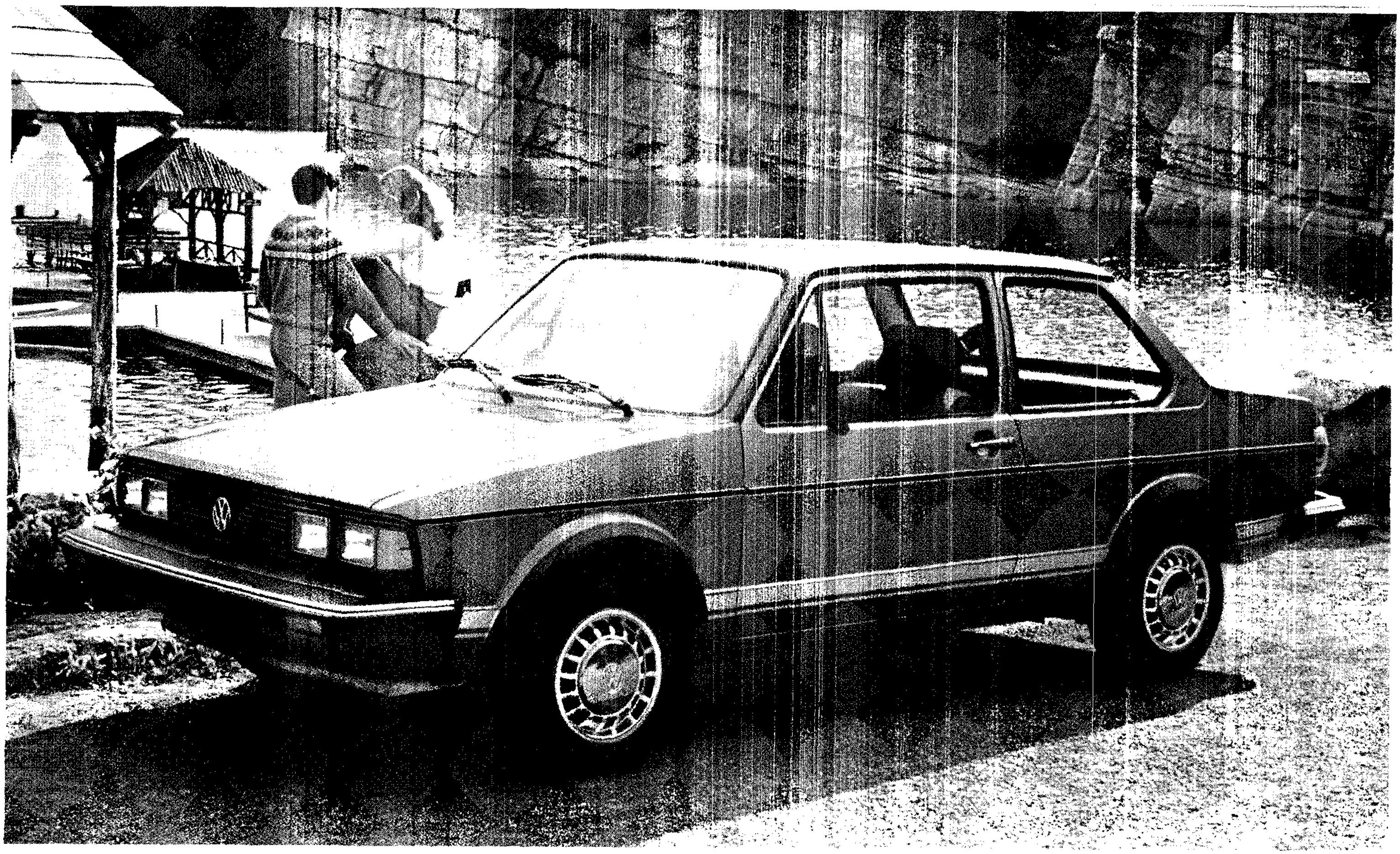

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

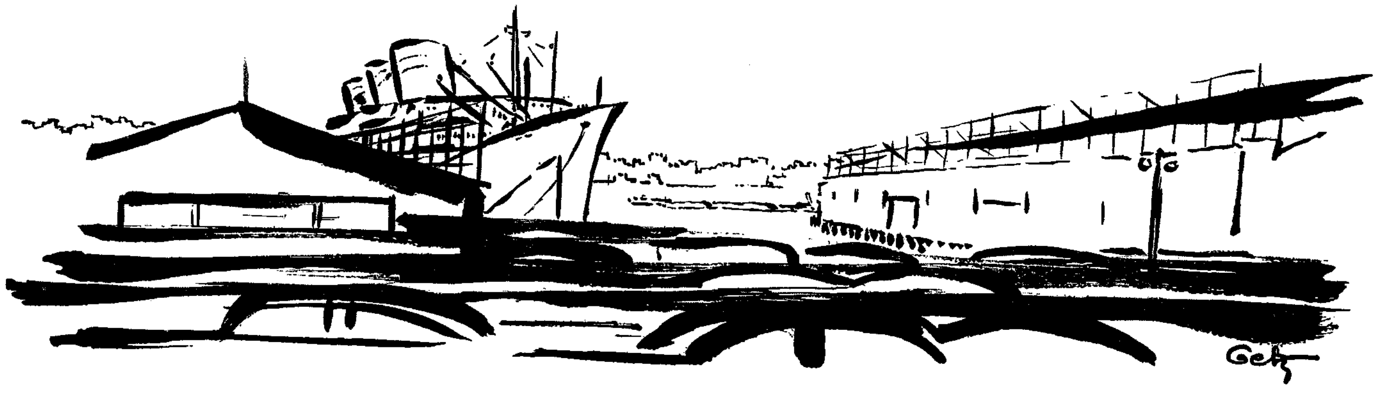
Notes and Comment

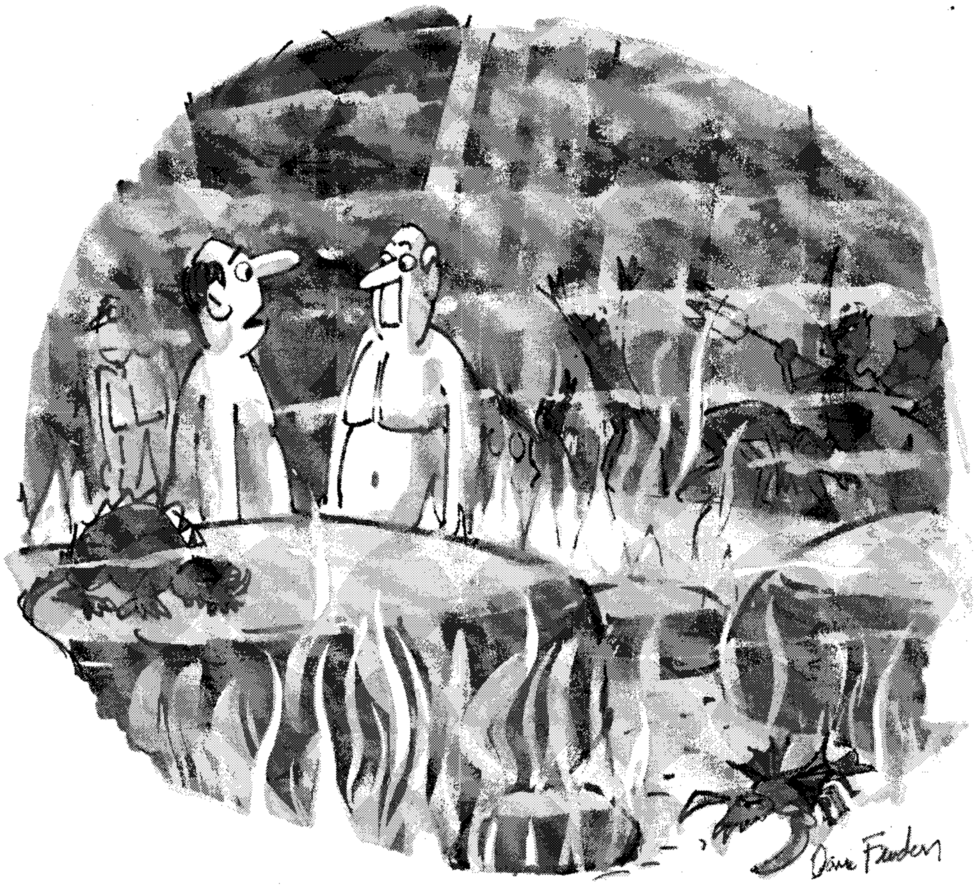
A THOUGHTFUL friend who lives in Chelsea writes:

Recently, I have managed to teach my old dog Roy a new trick. Now, in the early evening, when Roy brings me my pipe and my slippers and my newspaper, he also fetches my electronic calculator. I need the calculator to decipher the news. The other day, for instance, the front page of one of the local papers contained these headlines: "HOUSE APPROVES $26 BILLION RISE IN ARMS BUDGET," "M.T.A. DRAFTS $6.7 BILLION PLAN," "MOBIL JOINS CONOCO QUEST WITH $3.92 BILLION BID." I read the stories that were attached to the headlines, and I came away convinced that we are not talking here about Monopoly money. We are talking genuine potatoes. The proposed military-weapons authorization for next year, $136 billion, may or may not seem like a lot to you, depending upon how strongly you feel you need an M-1 tank ($1.8 billion to produce) or a reactivated aircraft carrier Oriskany ($364 million) or a fleet of FA-18 aircraft ($24.5 million apiece)—I could go on. The mathematics of all this gets complicated, and that is why a calculator comes in handy. I have no idea whether $136 billion will be enough to keep our enemy the Soviet Union from launching armed assaults during fiscal 1982 upon our vital domestic industries and public institutions, whether it will prevent it from invading our very back yards (where dogs like Roy are already busy pursuing enemy squirrels). I am pretty sure, however, that if you had $136 billion and put your imagination to work you wouldn't have to spend it all in one place. According to my Texas Instruments calculations, with that much money you could renovate the subway system more than twenty times or you could buy Conoco almost eighteen times. (Perhaps, in checking my calculator's math, you have concluded that I am wrong about Conoco. Actually, the Mobil Corporation, when you throw in other considerations, is willing to pay not $3.92 billion but $7.7 billion for Conoco—more than the $7.4 billion that du Pont has offered or the mere $4.1 billion that Seagram wants to spend.) There are infinite potential combinations: you could overhaul the M.T.A. a dozen times and buy 7.2 Conocos; with $136 billion you could rebuild the subways ten times and purchase Conoco eight times and still have funds left over to fix up the Oriskany, buy Roy a squirrel gun, and invite the entire Soviet Politburo out to dinner at an expensive restaurant and give all the members nice gifts—a gesture that could possibly keep them pacified for weeks, or even months. (Before we blow $136 billion, shouldn't we try to find out whether these Russians could be had cheap?)

Of course, one of the things that none of us want to do is to *go to war over oil.* But if the worst were to happen and we were forced to go to war over oil we certainly couldn't get there on the New York subway system—at least, not in its present dilapidated condition, and especially not during rush hour, when the trains aren't running. Which brings me to the simple but complex point of this letter: *Whoever winds up buying Conoco should be forced to accept the Metropolitan Transportation Authority as part of the deal.*

Bear with me. Let's say Mobil wins the bidding contest. To sweeten the package, the federal government, in exchange for not slapping Mobil with a whopping anti-trust suit, *gives* Mobil the purchase price of Conoco but retains an option to take Conoco back in the event of a national emergency; i.e., war. In giving Mobil the subway system, the government throws in, say, an extra billion dollars, just to be decent. Mobil, which has been curiously willing to pay $7.7 billion for Conoco instead of using that money to explore for desperately needed new sources of oil, would thus get to use its unspent $7.7 billion to explore for des-





"It seems some right-wing group marked me for Hell."

• •

perately needed new sources of oil and—oh, is this a bargain!—would get to exploit Conoco for what it's worth as long as Russia doesn't force us to go to war over oil. However, let's assume that the world situation deteriorates enough to make war seem imminent. Well, right before the last shove comes to the ultimate push we say to the Soviets, "O.K., *here*. You want oil? We'll give you oil. Here's Conoco. Not only that, with Conoco you get the New York subway system."

Briefly, I will run through the rest of the scenario: the Soviets get oil and feel temporarily mollified; because they run such a fancy mass-transit system in Moscow, they assume that ours will be a cinch; the hitch is that they grossly underestimate the problems of the M.T.A.; then, when they are chest-deep in half-day delays on the D train and the Lexington local, we call a press conference and announce to the world that we have made suckers of the Soviets; humiliated, they say the hell with it; we take back Conoco and use the unconscionable profits to at last rebuild and subsidize the M.T.A.; the enemy slinks home to Russia; Roy naps peacefully in the back yard.

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View

THERE are several pleasures in the new show at the New-York Historical Society, called "Of the Land's Bounty: The Gardens, Meadows, and Forests of New York State and Province." For instance, there is a watercolor of the Spingler Farm House, on Fourteenth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, done in 1848. Pictures of the Spingler Farm House are always interesting, in any medium. There are, as well, photographs done in the late eighteen-eighties, including one of a garden on West Eighty-sixth Street, which shows a line of new buildings in the background and an advertising sign in the foreground saying:

A GENTLEMAN'S NEWSPAPER
THE NEW-YORK TIMES
READ IT

But the pick of the show is a view, in oil, of New York Harbor as seen from Brooklyn Heights which was done by an unknown artist around the year 1860. The New-York Historical Society, which recently bought the painting, says that it didn't know anything about the picture until it received a letter from a gallery requesting aid in identifying the painter. The picture had been in New Hampshire before Mr. Robert Hicklin, who has a gallery in Spartanburg, South Carolina, bought it. He ended up selling it to Mr. Robert Rice, who has a gallery in Houston, Texas, and who called it to the notice of the New-York Historical Society. Mr. Hicklin says that he didn't know what the locale of the picture was when he bought it in New England but that he came to understand that it was New York Harbor during the descent into LaGuardia Airport of an airliner he was on. "That's it!" he says he said. The picture is large, framed in gold. There are gardens in the foreground. There is much bright-blue sky over the top half of the painting. There is a sweet, bright haze over the horizon. The horizon is seen as fringes of land, laid out like the arm of an ectomorph on the right, like a hilly island on the left. These land fringes correspond to the New Jersey waterfront (the ectomorph) and Staten Island. Governors Island is also seen. The foreground gardens are very lush, and involve bowers and fruit trees. Three garden plots in the center foreground are on top of buildings, and to the left is a pink or rose-colored commercial building, quite pleasing, with other buildings arcing off to the left below. On a right diagonal with these buildings, in the middle range of the picture, is another mass of pink or red. This is the southern tip of Manhattan Island: "Manhattan from Castle Garden to Trinity Church," as part of the label affixed by the Historical Society says. The harbor is full of shipping. There are steamers, but there are sailing vessels, too, and there are tugs, most of them paddle-wheel steamers. The name of one tug is John Birkbeck, and the Historical Society has traced this one to its construction in Athens, New York, in 1854. A steam vessel, probably a tug, is seen just off the tip of Manhattan; its name is quite clearly Cayuga, although much nearby is blurred and made indistinct by distance. Names of other vessels in the harbor are Ceres, Ajax, Only Son, and

Metropolis. We like that assortment: gods, continuity, and city life.

Sermon

MOORHEAD KENNEDY, the hostage in Iran freed six months ago with fifty-one other American hostages, turned up the other Sunday as guest speaker at St. Ann's Episcopal Church on Main Street in Bridgehampton, Long Island (year-round population 950)—between Southampton, to the west, and East Hampton, to the east. The theme of his sermon was "Risk-Taking."

St. Ann's, a tiny, spireless church of white stucco, has pews accommodating seventy people. On this Sunday, the fifth after Pentecost, at a few minutes before 9:30 A.M.—an early hour designed to accommodate parishioners who might want to get on to the beach, to golf, to sailing, to tennis—we saw few signs on Main Street of partying or beautiful-people-ing. Except for one middle-aged man wearing Levi's cut-offs, a bright-red tank top, and leather sandals, carrying the Sunday papers, and ambling past the hardware store and the delicatessen across the street from St. Ann's, everybody in sight seemed to be heading for the little church: a few families with young children; many elderly couples; many elderly singles; many women in print dresses and white tie shoes; many men in seersucker suits and bow ties; several men and women struggling valiantly with walkers; about a dozen under-thirties; and only here and there a facial complexion attesting to wholly concentrated time in the sun. The pews were filled when we arrived; forty extra chairs set up in the nave were being taken fast. Everything was ready; an immaculate red carpet led down the aisle from the entrance and up a few steps to the chancel, where stood the American flag on one side and the Episcopal flag on the other. There was a two-manual pipe organ to the right of the pulpit. On the opposite side, on the wall, were posted hymn numbers:

513
537
347

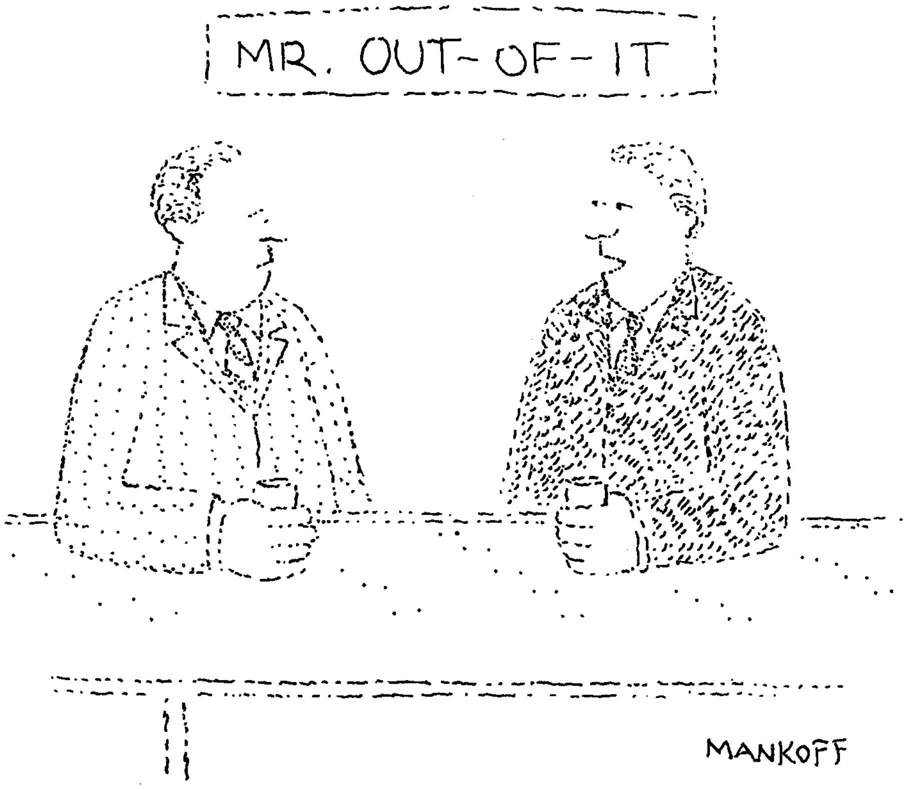
An eleven-year-old acolyte, with long, straight blond hair, wearing a white cotta over a red cassock, and sandals on her bare feet, entered from the sacristy holding a candlelighter. She bowed her head before the altar and lighted two standing candles on either side of the altar. Also from the sacristy came a crucifer, fourteen years old, wearing a white alb that partly covered plaid pants of many colors, and he bowed his head, picked up the brass processional cross from the chancel, and returned to the sacristy. The organist, a young man with steel-rimmed glasses and a small bald spot on top of his head, who was smiling very cheerfully, and who was also wearing a white cotta over a red cassock, took his place and started playing the prelude "May God Smile on You" from a cantata by J. S. Bach. Then everybody stood and sang Hymn 513 as the processional came down the aisle: the crucifer, holding the brass cross; the women of the choir, and then the men, both the men and the women wearing white cottas over red cassocks; the acolyte, carrying St. Ann's banner (silver lilies on a blue field); a lay reader, wearing a white alb; the Reverend Mr. Frederick W. Rapp, tall, gray-haired, solemn, and imposing, wearing a white alb and a red stole; and, walking alongside the rector, Moorhead Kennedy, wearing a gray-blue summer worsted suit with the State Department Award for Valor pin in his lapel, a blue-and-white striped shirt with a button-down collar, and a maroon tie embroidered with little blue sailboats. Mr. Kennedy's hair looked almost all white—whiter than we had remembered from our glimpses of him on our television screen last January—and he seemed to have put on a bit of weight. Like most of the others in the processional, he was carrying a hymnal and singing, along with the congregation:

Almighty Father, strong to save,
  Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
    O hear us when we cry to thee
    For those in peril on the sea....

The service that followed was quick, smooth, businesslike, to the point, and musical. Then Mr. Kennedy, standing in the pulpit, gave the sermon.

"I feel like beginning 'Fellow-Hostages,' because every one of us is a hostage to our life styles, to prejudice, to the opinions of our peer groups," he said. "I, for example, am a hostage to getting my children through college." He paused, smiling, as the congregation gave him sustained and understanding laughter. Mr. Kennedy then told the story, from the Gospel of St. Luke, of a man of position and means who came to Jesus and asked, "Good Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

"Jesus saw that this man was just the right person to work with him, but



"Yanks win last night?"

when he asked the man to sell all his possessions and distribute them to the poor, and then to follow him, the man was very sorrowful," Mr. Kennedy said. "And Jesus said that it was difficult for those with riches to enter the kingdom of God. 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.' Jesus could see that the man *might* have been just the right person for him, but a total *commitment* was required. The man was a hostage to his possessions. The man was unable to take the *risk* of giving up what he had in order to do something new and exciting, whatever it might lead to."

There was complete silence in the church, and a certain amount of tension, along with wariness.

"Of course, to take a risk just to prove something to yourself is very wrong," Mr. Kennedy continued. "A room I was held hostage in at the Embassy had a window, a balcony, and an awning. Like so many others, I was strongly affected by those World War II movies about the heroics of Americans in tight situations, and so I briefly considered trying to escape. It was a long run, however, from the residence to the compound wall. I was pushing fifty, and I had never been much of an athlete to begin with. Those twenty-year-old student guards could outrun me. Also, on the other side of the wall were the mobs. Then, I had been in the country only a few weeks and didn't know the city, so where would I go? I remember the deep feeling of relief when I was moved to another room, from which there was no way of escape." Mr. Kennedy smiled reassuringly, and the congregation responded with mild laughter and mutterings of empathy.

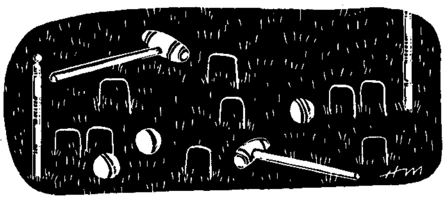
Mr. Kennedy went on to say that shortly after his release he had been offered good jobs if he continued in the Foreign Service. He had talked things over with his wife, Louisa, who had been a founder and spokesman of the hostages' Family Liaison Action Group, and then, Mr. Kennedy said, he had decided to retire from the Foreign Service and to join the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, in two main capacities: as director of the Cathedral's Peace Institute and as co-chairman, together with Louisa, of the effort to raise thirty-five million dollars for the completion and endowment of the Cathedral, including the Peace Institute. "I had to face the question that many of us face in life," Mr. Kennedy said as the congregation looked at him intently. "It was 'Are you so locked in that you can't break away?' "

"I think it would not be out of order if we express our appreciation to Mr. Kennedy by clapping," the Reverend Mr. Rapp said when the sermon was over. Everybody in the church clapped enthusiastically for a very long time.

After the service, everybody lined up to shake hands with the guest speaker on the way out. As last in line, we retreated with Mr. Kennedy to a shady spot under a nearby maple tree and asked him to tell us a bit more about his plans.

"All right," Mr. Kennedy said. "I feel such a sense of *liberation* now. I don't say this with arrogance. Because I've been very, very scared, a lot of other fears don't seem very important to me now. This was *my* chance to break away, to do something different. It's a little scary to uproot the family. Leaving Washington is a kind of wrench, too. Leaving my home, my garden. We've rented two floors of a brownstone in the East Eighties, not far from the East River, and we've got a garden there, too. I don't know whether I'd have had the courage to do it if it hadn't been for my pension and health-care plan, after twenty years in the Foreign Service. My friends said, 'He's lost his mind. His career was right back on the tracks. He's been offered good jobs, and he's going to work for a *cathedral*.' But I felt, This is the moment to do it. One of the clergy had suggested that I might study for holy orders, and I think I could have done it in two or three years. But Louisa said, 'You put on the round collar, and out I go!' I think Louisa suddenly had this picture of herself passing out cookies after church, which isn't exactly her style." Mr. Kennedy laughed softly. "When the Presiding Bishop heard about it, he said, 'God is speaking through Louisa.' He said I'd be more useful to the Church as a layman."

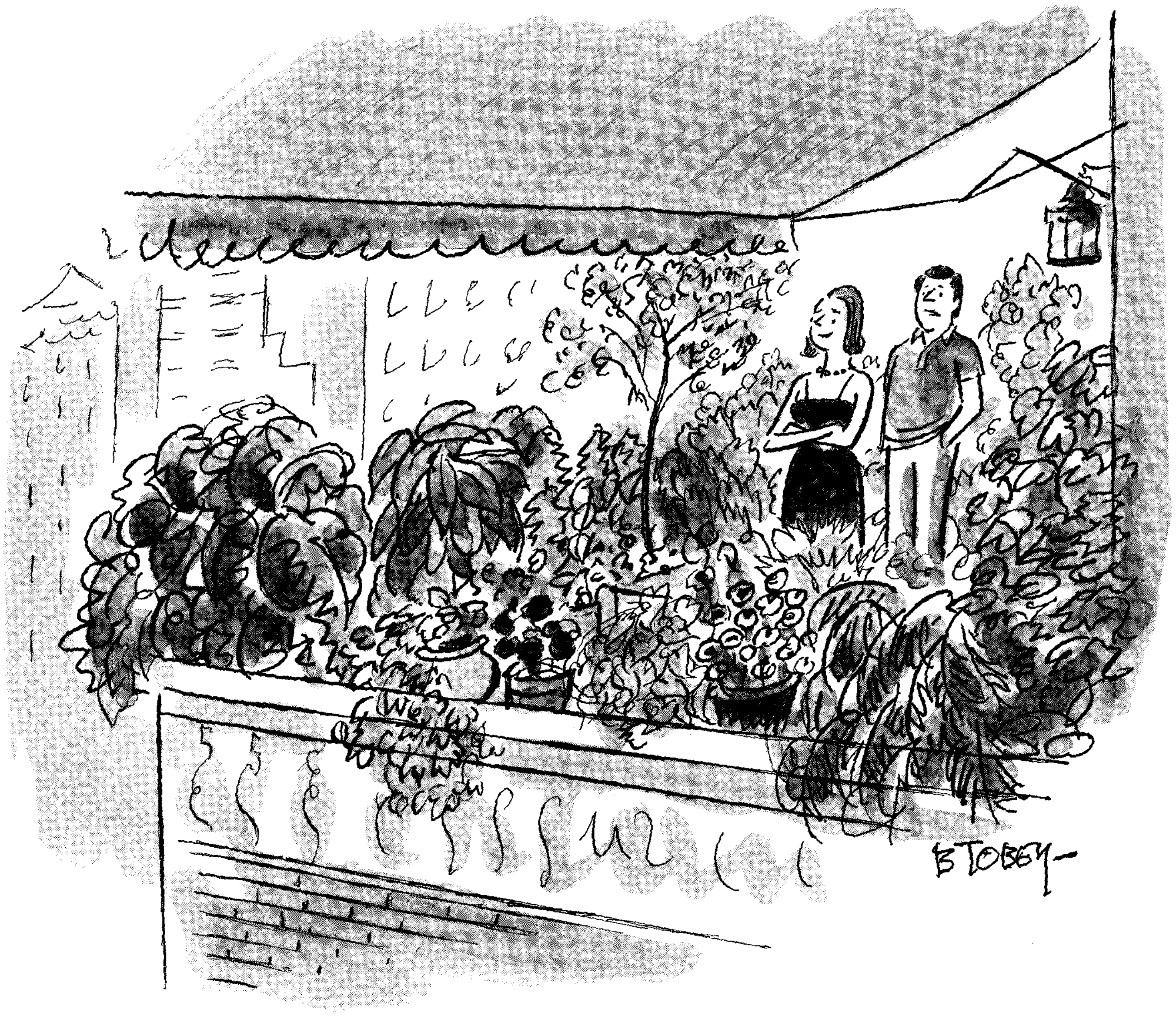
The fourteen-year-old boy who had carried the cross at the service passed by and waved to Mr. Kennedy, who smiled and waved back.



"Well, what is the Peace Institute?" we asked.

"You're looking at it," Mr. Kennedy said. "I happen to be very conservative. I'm a Republican. It may be premature at this stage to pass judgment on what the Reagan Administration is doing in foreign policy, but it seems to me that our government is not taking a sufficiently long view of things. What's happened in Iran since January is very important—much more important than what happened with the hostages. The Peace Institute will run seminars on religion and violence, on religion and economic development, and on American foreign policy. We need more continuity. President Carter, as part of his human-rights policy, made Chile our whipping boy, but President Reagan takes a very different view. There is very great bitterness in Iran about the United States. We not only intervened in 1953 to bring the Shah back—we *boasted* about it. We didn't consider how intervention would someday backfire, and also whether we demand too much of some countries. We encouraged the Shah to purchase American war planes to help our balance of payments. And there was the Shah putting in a vast American telecommunications system, because he wanted to be able to say you could have direct dialling from Isfahan to Chicago. This misallocation of resources by the Shah, with which we were identified, took place at a time when many villages did not have roads. All that backfired. The Peace Institute will study questions of that kind. I had this terrible shock of recognition when Vice-President Bush gave complete endorsement to President Marcos of the Philippines. Our government says we're protecting our investments and insuring our bases. That's exactly what was said about Iran. But what happens when Marcos falls? If we continue to support the Shahs and the Marcoses, what happens? The Peace Institute will study ways of our having a more flexible foreign policy. Why do we get into bed with dictators? Thomas Jefferson and John Adams dealt with dictators, but we didn't get entrapped by them. The Peace Institute will study all these things."

The morning sun was hot now, and it was growing warm under the maple tree. Mr. Kennedy loosened his necktie ever so slightly. "We missed the



"Margo, I think we have to start pruning."

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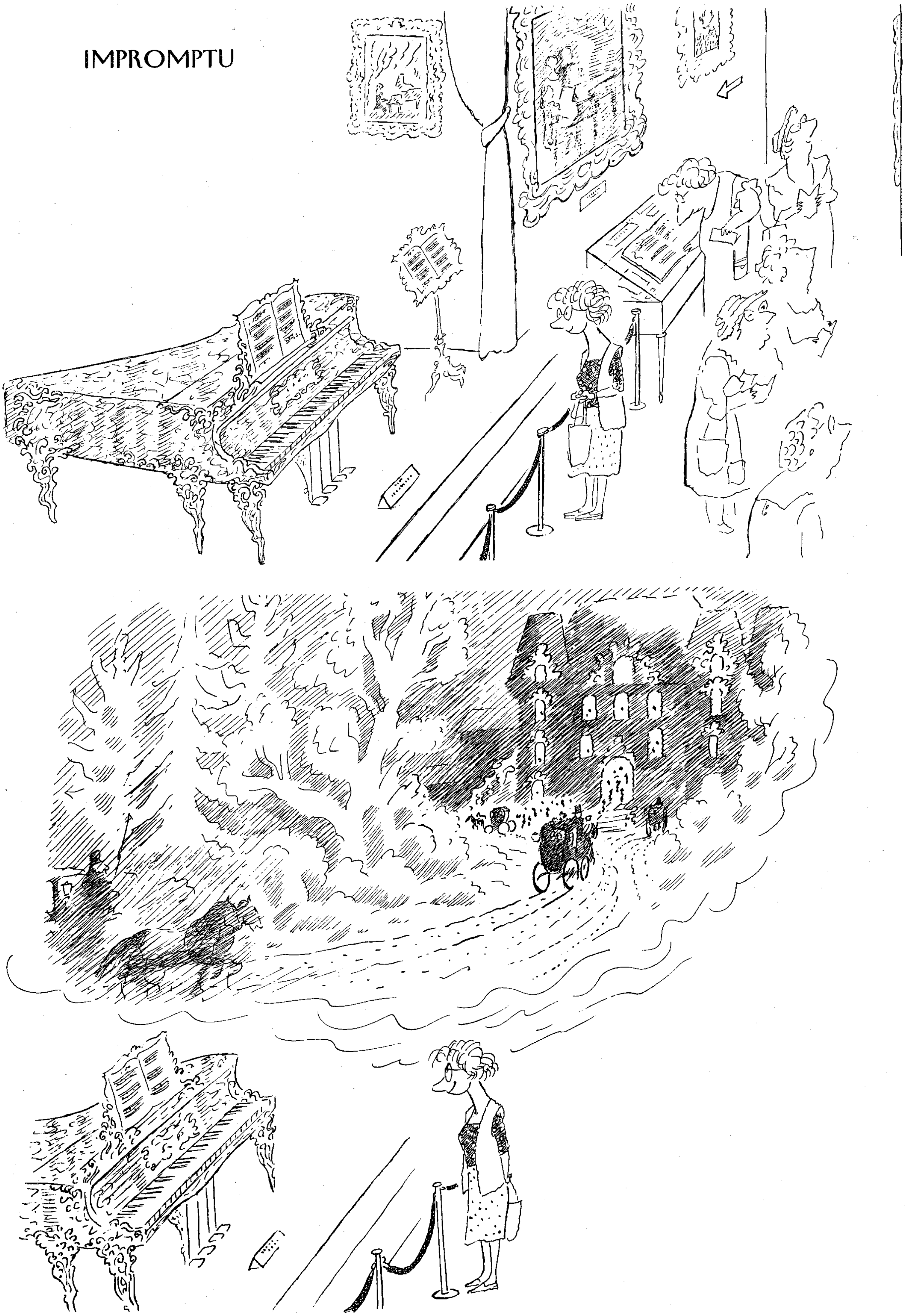
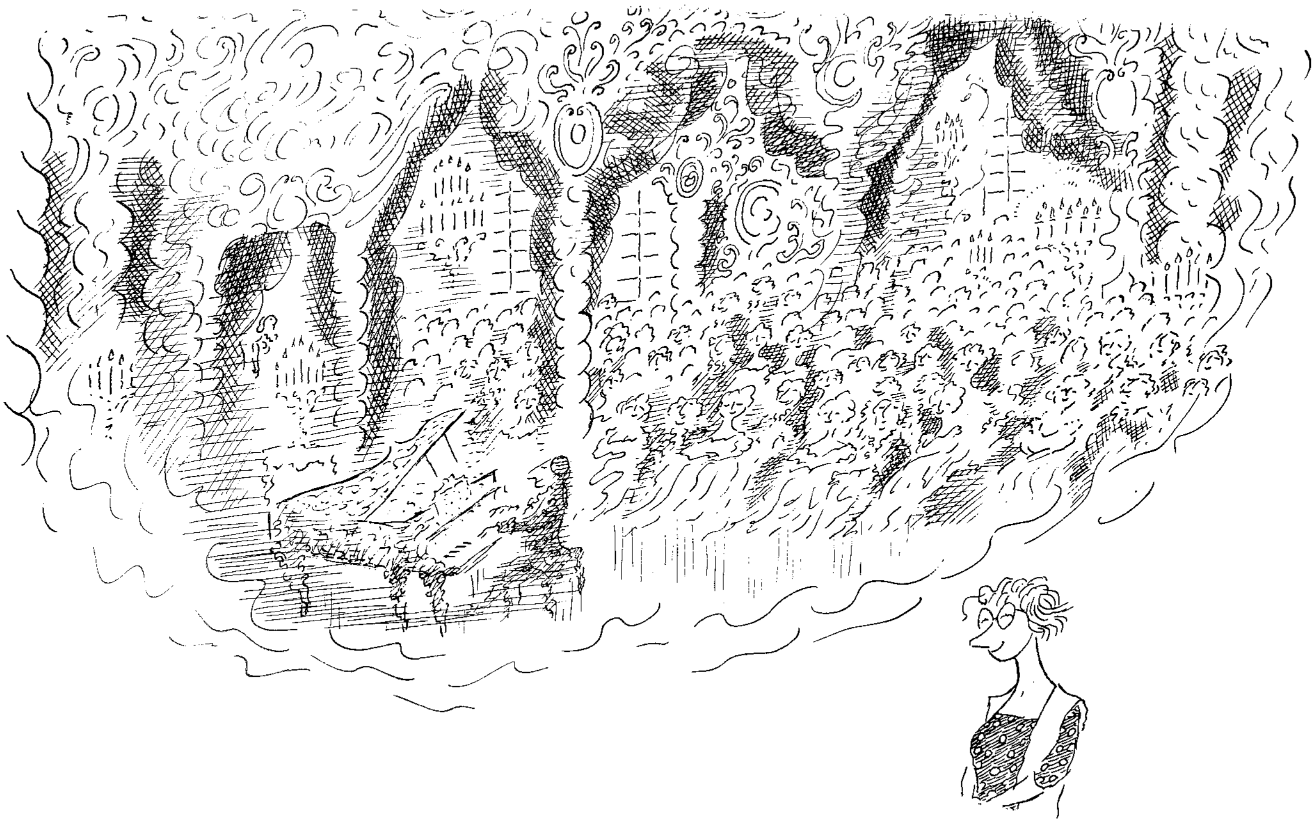
point badly in not understanding the revolution in Iran," he said. "Religion is very much a part of life in the country, and one area that people feel very threatened in is in what's happening with the women in the country. There's some parallel in this country in the way Jerry Falwell is appealing to the feelings of insecurity about women. I was shaken when I learned that the nomination of Judge O'Connor for the Supreme Court was being referred for approval to certain religious leaders. Our Founding Fathers made it clear that this country was not beholden to any one religion. There is a void today, which Jerry Falwell is filling. I'll want the Peace Institute to study all that."

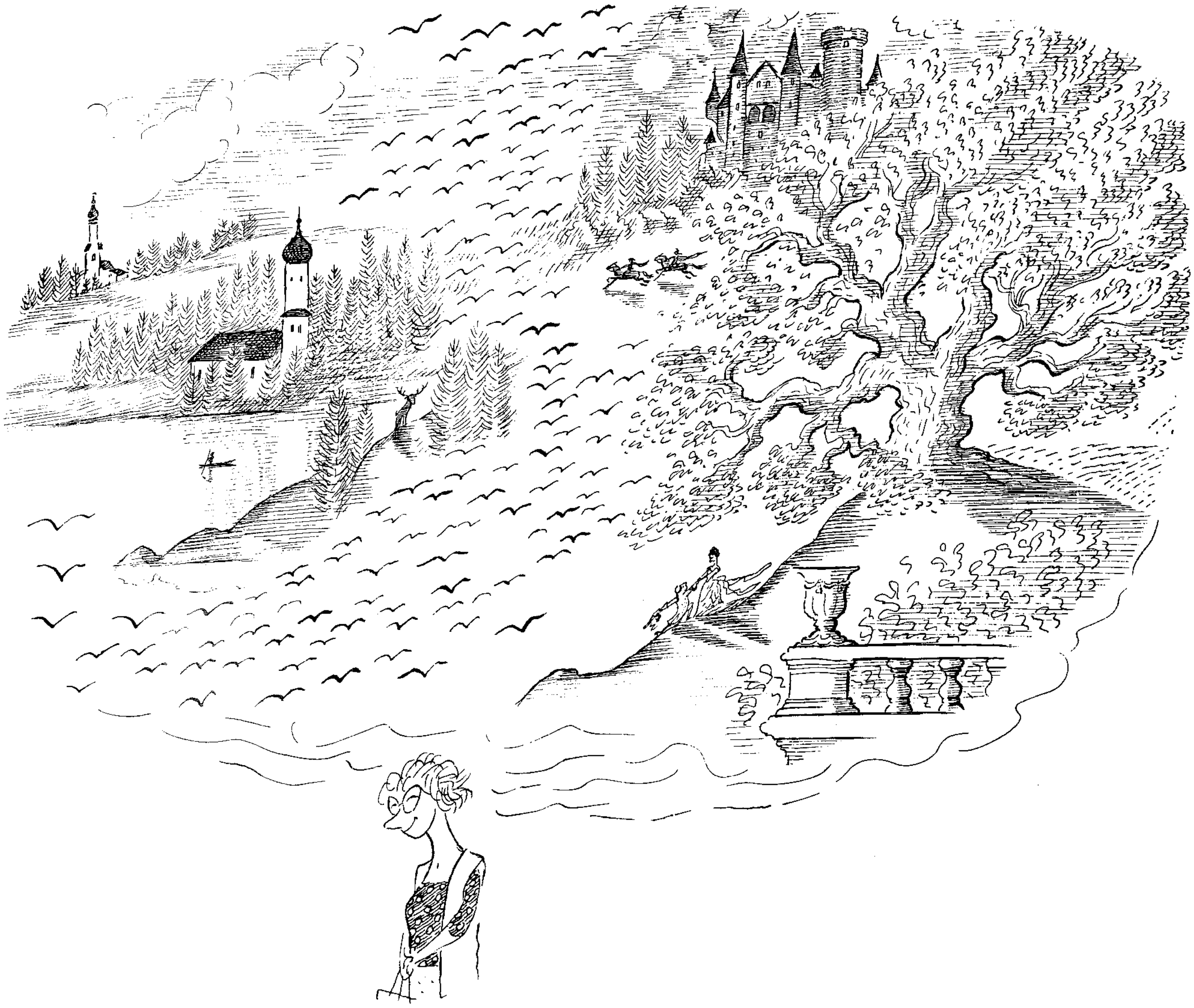
"How do you think it will go?" we asked.

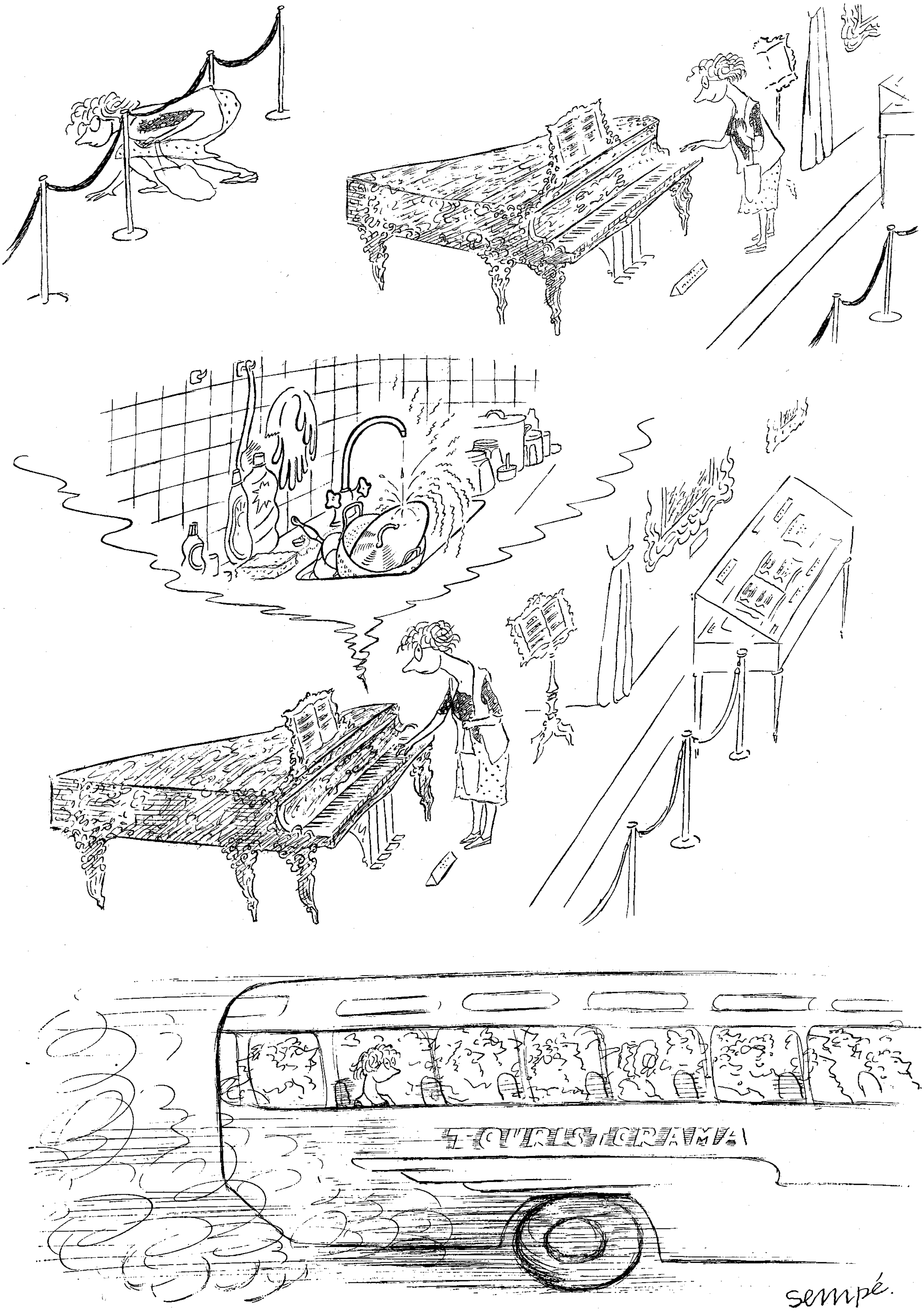
"There's a lot of preaching about foreign affairs, but the Holy Spirit isn't enough—a preacher needs to have *facts*," Mr. Kennedy said. "After twenty years in government, when I'm answering a question I sometimes find myself asking, 'What's the *policy*?' Then I say to myself, 'My God, Kennedy, relax! You're a free man now.' When I catch myself framing answers to say what's expected of me, I immediately realize how wonderful it feels to air my own views. And the Cathedral is such a dynamic place after one has been in a structured institution. We're like a medieval cathedral, with arts, crafts, drama, and music. The Cathedral has always had an international character. In 1925, Franklin D. Roosevelt had the fund-raising job that Louisa and I have taken. Roosevelt sent people all over the world and filled the Cathedral with Shinto vases, a menorah, Persian carpets leading up to the altar—things like that. He did a bang-up job; then he ran for governor of New York. The Cathedral is not just a church in New York. It's the world's largest cathedral. People in the neighborhood love it. On one of the brutally hot nights early this summer, I stayed at the Union Theological Seminary, because Louisa and I still hadn't moved to New York. Late at night, I walked over to Grant's Tomb, where a jazz concert was in progress. And I was *recognized*. One of the people there called out to me, 'Hey, man! You're the cat who's raising thirty-five million dollars for our Cathedral!' "

IMPROMPTU





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ANNA

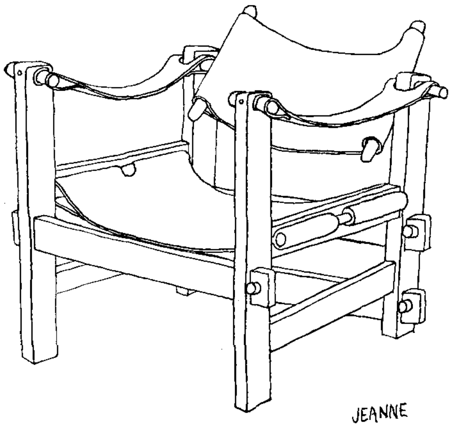
My mother's name is Anna. She has been living alone since the day in March when my father entered Deshon veterans' hospital, near Butler, in western Pennsylvania, where he died, early on the seventh of June.

In the first weeks after his death some of her friends urged her to move away from the small asphalt-shingled farmhouse on the back road to West Lebanon, in which she and my father had lived for the past ten years—the last years of his active ministry in the Presbyterian Church, and then the years of his retirement—and into an apartment complex somewhere near a town, or in a town: a place with people nearby day and night, and the shopping within walking distance. But she decided to stay on in the old house by herself, at least through the summer. She would rather have her own place, and the quiet and freedom of the country: old trees and marshland across the road, the land in back of the house running out to the slope half covered with wheat, the upper part of the hill dark with overgrown apple orchards, and woods full of deer. The seasons. I doubt if she clings to any landscape, past or present, but she is fond of it there: the glassed-in back porch, the trees and birds outside the windows, the banks covered with ajuga, with which she had lined the windowsill of my father's hospital room, and a clump of which she had planted on his grave. She did not want to leave abruptly, and could not be persuaded that there was any reason to.

She was also considering Bea, her nearest neighbor on the road, a single woman almost her own age. They had done child-welfare work together on the Navajo reservation in New Mexico twenty years before, and had remained friends ever since. When Bea retired, my mother helped to arrange for her to have the beautiful big old brick house that is just visible, through the spruces and firs, from her own back porch. Both women are too independent to live under the same roof, as some well-meaning souls have suggested they should do. But they see each other virtually every day, and one of them telephones to the other every night before going to bed, just to check. If my mother were to leave, Bea would be that much more alone. They have talked of moving at the same time, somewhere, but for now both of them would rather stay put.

They have their gardens. In May I dug over the vegetable beds for my mother, and planted them up, and we weeded the raspberries and strawberries and asparagus, and fussed over the Japanese beetles. She planned to spend a good bit of the summer out there with her weeder and basket, whatever her friends said. I cannot remember her being sick in bed since I was a small child, but last year when she was all ready to go with a group to Russia on a tour, she had a precautionary physical examination, and the doctor discovered a heart murmur and advised against her going. She was seventy-four in July. Friends who have stopped by and found her weeding in the late afternoons have told her that she will keel over there someday. She answers that she can't think of a way that she would rather go.

In June we sorted through some of the drawers in my father's study, and she disposed of the pistol that had spent decades in one hiding place or another, in houses my father and she had lived in. My father had spoken of keeping his sermons in barrels. Perhaps he had done so at one time. More probably it was a figurative allusion to an archaic custom he liked to imagine was his own. They were in filing cabinets and cardboard boxes, and we left them for later. According to his instructions, they were to be burned. Friends dropped by and went away with keepsakes. Before my father's death I had intended to go to Europe, to the old French farmhouse where I had been living much of the time for fourteen years, and one day my mother said to me that she knew I was putting off my plans on her account and she did not want me to do anything of the kind. She reminded me of her dread, which she had mentioned as long as I had known her, of becoming dependent on others, and she assured me that if the day came when she could not look after things by herself there, she would make some other arrangement. She insisted that if I changed my plans in order to stay and keep an eye on her it would only make her feel that she had become a burden, and it would upset her. She urged me to go ahead with the summer I had planned. We agreed that I would come back in the fall and talk about what she would do then. I left just before the solstice: Pittsburgh, New York, Europe.



Her letters have not reassured me. It has been an abnormally rainy summer, and she has not been able to get out into the garden much. When it has not been raining, the ground has been too wet and muddy, most of the time, for her to work there. So the weeds have taken over, and when the weather has been dry long enough for her to get out, she has scarcely known where to begin. Slugs, snails, Japanese beetles and other bugs have profited from the wet weather and the neglect to attack almost everything, so there have been few vegetables, and some of those have been rotten. The children from the nearby farm who for years have been coming to help her, for their spending money—cutting grass, doing jobs that are too heavy for her—have been busy this summer, and, what with other interests and the weather, they have not come often or regularly. And this summer she confesses that even a small effort seems to exhaust her, so that she has to put away her tools and sit down.

She ascribes some of the recent lack of stamina to a flu she came down with not long after I left, which confined her to her bed with a fever and kept her there for days, and which she has not really managed to throw off all summer. She has had relapses, and has felt tired most of the time. She has mentioned trips to the doctor, and, recently, her own misgivings at the thought of the impending absence of the young local doctor in whom she has most confidence. He is taking his vacation, and is being replaced for a few weeks by a much older man, some years retired, in whom her friends do not have much faith, and neither does she. But she shrugs it off. He's all we have, she says.

The fatigue still surprises her. She tries to be patient with it. She is aware that my father's last illness, the drive almost every day to the hospital and back—a round trip of ninety miles—the visits themselves, and the deepen-ing realization that he would probably not recover undermined her strength. She hopes that by being sensible and resting when she knows she is tired, as the young doctor advised her to do, she may get back to feeling herself again. Yet she repeats, as though she were arguing, that she must face the facts. For the past year she has been remarking, with a laugh down her nose, "I'm an old woman," reminding herself, and telling the rest of us something. Which I deny. She keeps naming things that she wants to give me, including some of her savings, and I turn the offers aside and urge her to use what she has for her own pleasure. But the day that she and I went to Vandergrift to the funeral home, to choose my father's casket, as we walked up the half block from the car, under the big trees, she suddenly felt faint. Her legs started to give way. She gripped my arm, and I caught her. She recovered, and refused to be lifted, and once inside the building, sitting down, she said she was much better. The color returned to her face, and her voice sounded normal as we discussed the funeral arrangements. She even laughed. The moment was passed off as something quite ordinary: it was common for people to feel faint at such times. And of course she was tired. She admitted to me later, though, that it was not the first time that had happened, during the past months. When she got home she took off her coat and put on her apron dress and came into the living room to sit down in the easy chair that rocks back. She put her feet up on the cushion, as she has taken to doing recently. It has become her chair. I have watched her spending more and more time there.

YOUNG GIRLS PLAYING CATCH IN THE STREET JUST INTO DARK

Phosphorescent in shorts
and sleeveless T-shirts,
their skin glows
in the evanescent light,
and a bit of that light
touches slight breasts
and lingers there
almost palpable itself.
They are awkward
with their brothers'
gloves and softball, but
reach and run through the street
fluidly as swimmers—
there is no comparison
for the grace
of their naked legs.

I am drawn to my study window
lascivious as any Greek
watching the smiles
and smooth bodies of the bathers.
They have only the faintest notion
of the ardors going up
with the last pines
flaming on the horizon. . . .

Just beyond the lawn, but far out,
their cries and callings-after
are so many songs filling sails.
Beauty is a thing to behold!
And already for this
there is not much more,
strapped to the sapless
timbers of our bones,
tasting the salty buildup
in the blood.

Over the wine-dark surface of the trees
I finally understand the peacocks—
calling, like the ghosts of drowning men,
for help.

—Christopher Buckley

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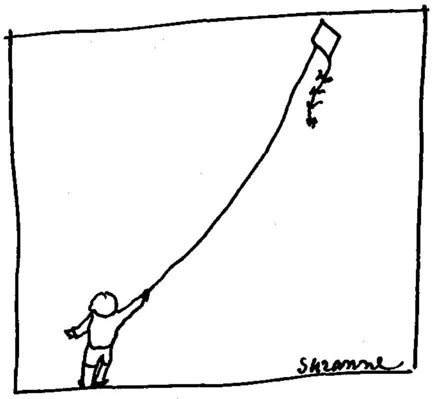
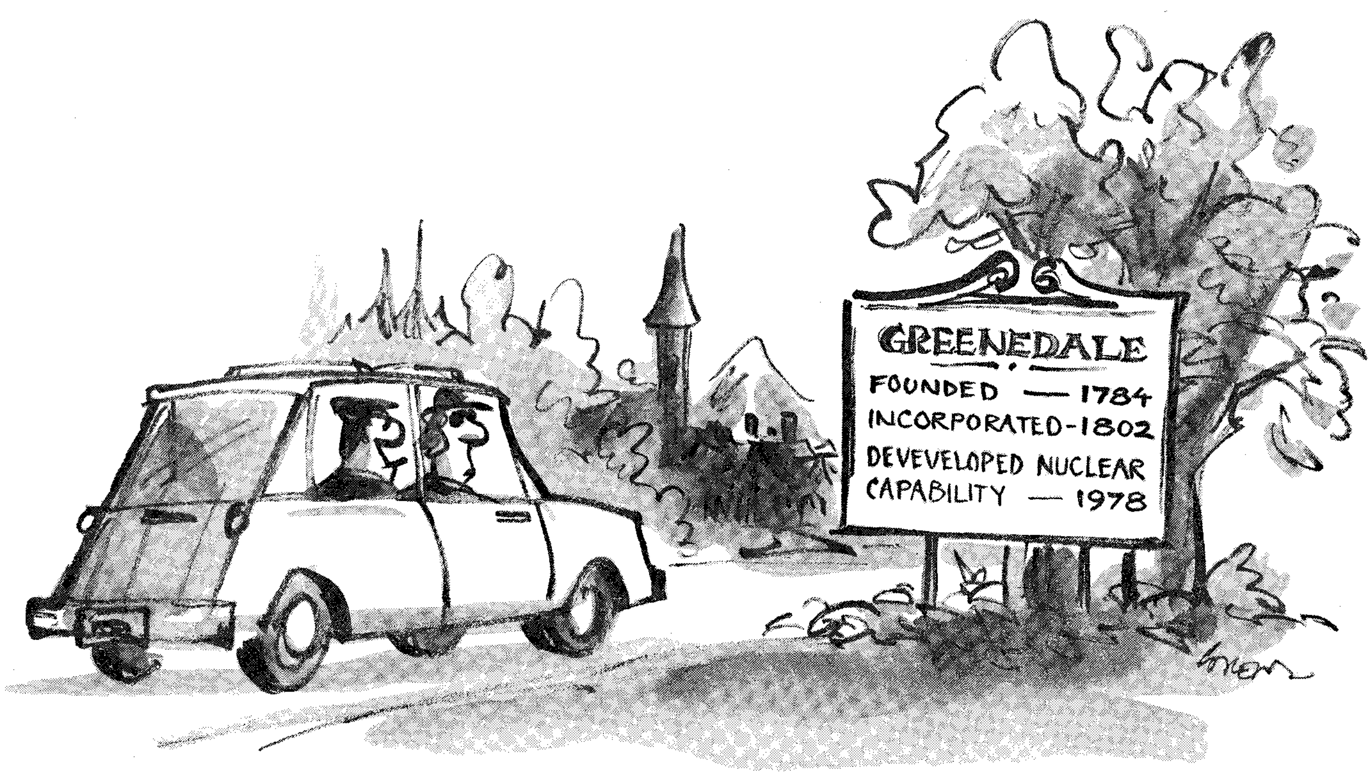
She reads in that chair. Small orderly piles of books wait in their places on the table by her right arm, each with narrow sheets of memo paper from the child-welfare organization for which she and my father both worked more than twenty years ago, marking places. On the bookmarks are lists of references, page numbers, quotations, questions, words she had looked up in the dictionary on its stand behind the other easy chair, which had become my father's. Books that she has bought; others that I have sent her. The Bible. A history of Russia. Nadezhda Mandelstam's "Hope Against Hope." Kluckhohn and Leighton's "The Navaho." "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee." The Viking Portable Emerson and Thoreau. Commentaries on the Gospel According to Mark and on Paul's letters to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon. *Harper's*, *The Nation*. As a great self-indulgence, and rarely enough to mention it in letters, she listens to music in that chair. To celebrate my being home she likes us to listen to a record or two together—records that she chose herself or that we bought at Horne's in Pittsburgh, or that I have sent her. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf singing Mozart, Janet Baker singing Bach; Vivaldi, Haydn, Schubert. Often now she falls asleep there and wakes a few moments later with a laugh at herself. If it is after supper then, she may get up and go to bed. Though if I tell her to, she is likely to say "I will," and not move.



We have tried, at those times, to bring up some of what each of us wants to tell the other, and we have managed to speak more frankly than before, but we have not really got very far. In recent years we have been able to say "I love you" at the end of a visit, or even at the end of a day, and to embrace, and sometimes I have seen her eyes fill, but we both say anything of that kind to each other with a drop in the voice, deliberately, shyly, with embarrassment. For some time, as though we had both grown up now, she has been able to talk in a matter-of-fact way of illegitimacy, unmarried mothers, contraception, marital problems, but we can mention almost nothing of our own intimate lives, hers or mine. Once she told me that there was a moment when she might have left my father. I knew that she had been acutely unhappy with him during my own late childhood and early adolescence, but she let me know just one time that there had been someone who wanted her to go away with him, and she had thought she would be happy with him, but she had decided not to do it. She would say nothing more on the subject. I remember her in tears, back when it must have been going on,



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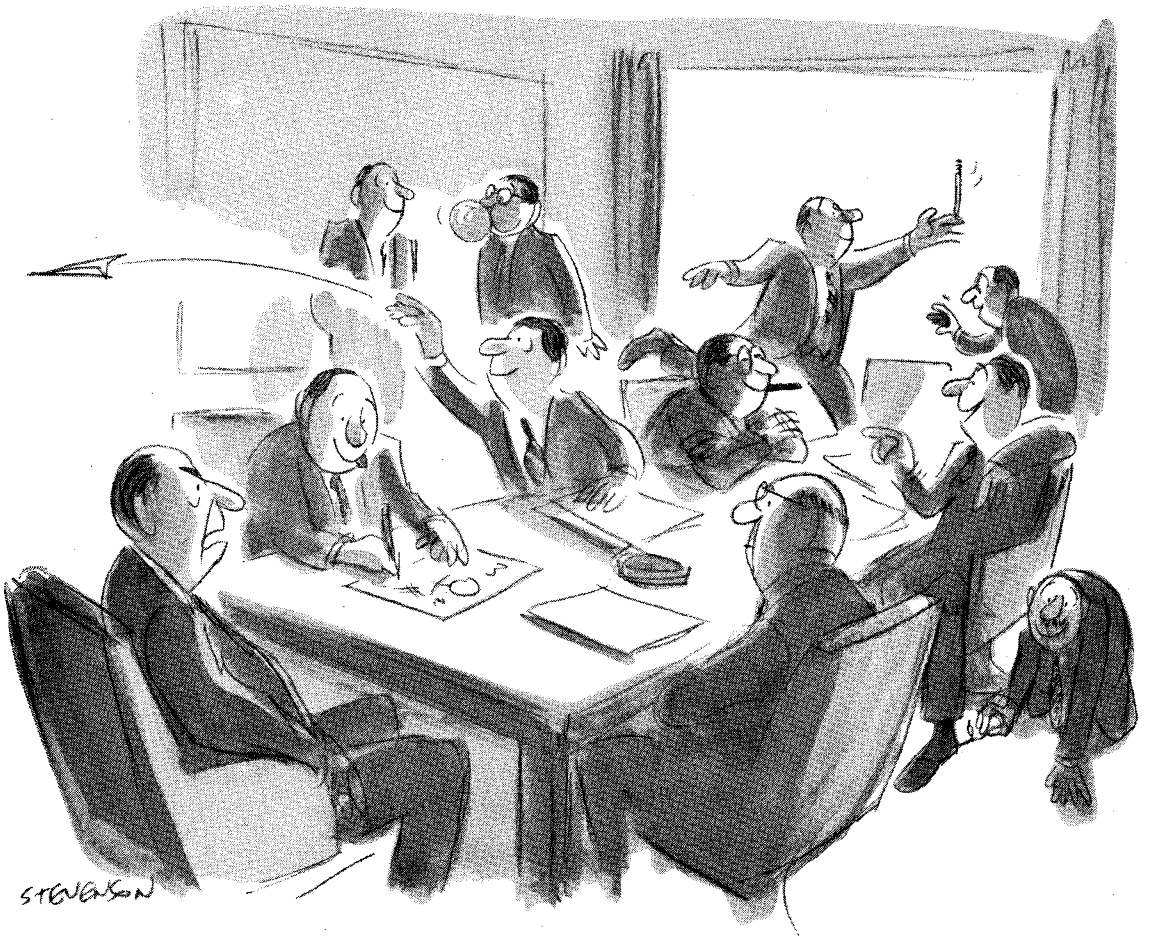
shaking her head violently and saying, "You'll never know," and I have wondered lately whether that was what she meant then. She has been so secretive, and I have grown up in the habit of being so reticent with her, that it cannot be easy now to find what we want to say to each other. And as I think of how little we have been able to tell each other of our lives so far, I realize how little I know of her, and how hard it is for either of us to follow the same subject for long in talking with each other, and even to pay sustained attention to what the other is saying. She has told me things that I have not even heard. Her own urge toward greater candor now returns to the subject of death, her death, as one more thing she feels able to set in order.

Maybe she was never afraid of it. Ever since I was a child I have heard her say that it held no fear for her. All my life she has spoken of her death as rest, a rest to be earned, something she looks forward to. I cannot tell when she began to feel that way, but she knows that the series of deaths that marked and defined her childhood and youth formed and set the feeling, and gave it its bitter sweetness. She has said little about that, but when she has referred to it, it has seemed as though her attitude toward death were the response to those early losses, and it has not changed with time, except to deepen.

MY mother had been left an orphan when she was a small child. An Orphan. I knew the fact as I knew our telephone number, but when she said it to someone (in such a way as to make it plain that the subject was one she did not care to pursue) the word always seemed to me famous and empty: public, self-conscious, odd. She set it forth without coloring, certainly, but with a renewed deliberateness. The shock that it conveyed each time was still most profoundly her own. After both her parents were dead she had been brought up for a few years by her grandmother, until her grandmother also died. And then by her one elder brother, to whom she had felt very close, and who had made her an allowance out of his first salary. He had died of heart failure in his early twenties. When he was gone, she said, she had no family. Not even any first cousins—or any that she knew of. Only what she referred to without names or intimacy as distant relatives. Few emerged from that category as people: Aunt Betty, in Ridgewood, a cousin, was one. And my mother's Great-Uncle Hess and his daughter Minerva, somewhere in southern Ohio. Her cousin Florence and Aunt Julia, in Cincinnati. And, in a place of particular honor, her cousin—really her mother's first cousin—Margie.

Margie, for my mother, was one of the last peaks of Atlantis. She represented family not only in the sense of blood tie and continuity but in that of shared assumptions, attitudes, conduct, gesture. Margie was perhaps twenty years—a whole generation—older than my mother, but I cannot be sure. She was, as my mother said of her with evident approval, extremely reserved. It was one of the first elements of Margie's imposing character that my mother mentioned in telling about her, and when she spoke of it my mother was invoking something in Margie that she recognized and depended on in herself. Though she would have made no such claim, it is possible that she felt this reserve of Margie's to be a distinction that ran in the all but vanished family. Margie's existence confirmed her own.

Anyway, a lady's age was nobody's business. To maintain as much was to keep faith with a lost world that was still, for my mother, a private source of strength, judgment, and some abiding dream of safety, and this may have been true of Margie as well. I was told from the start that Margie was a beautiful woman and always had been ("her bone structure and her carriage"), and in time I realized that both she and my mother had been



"It's imperative we get some heavyweights on the board."

beautiful, but common physical vanity was not the guiding principle that consistently led my mother to refuse, lightly but in earnest, to tell anyone the year of her own birth. The secret—the eccentricity—became a piece of family patter. When the census-taker came around, in 1940, and laid out his papers on the dining-room table, my mother sent me out before she would divulge what she referred to with a laugh—as though they laid bare an unavoidable impropriety—as her vital statistics. She smiled at her own obstinacy, and called it a woman's privilege, but I was no longer a child when I knew that she was two years younger than my father, and the plain fact seemed to have given up a ghost.

As long as Margie lived, they wrote to each other regularly, almost every week. If my mother had not heard from Margie for ten days or more, she would mention it to my father, often at a meal, expressing concern. Sometimes he would not be listening. It would not have occurred to any of them, in those years, to telephone to each other. Because of the expense, certainly. My father and some of the trustees of his church, who had held their offices since long before he came as their minister, were engaged in a feud, and they repeatedly delayed payment of his small salary. My mother rehearsed, in moments of exasperation, how little she had to get by on for food every week. We knew it had been years since she had had any new clothes. A long-distance call, clear across the state, would have seemed a sinful waste, like taking a taxi. Emergencies were announced by telegram. My mother left letters open for my father to read, or she read out passages to him. Sometimes I was in the room at the time, but the references were to people and places that were blank to me. My mother kept lists—continually revised—of birthdays and anniversaries, and sent cards with letters tucked into them. The letter knife on my mother's secretary desk, a page cutter from the age of uncut books, bore a motto embossed on its blade: "Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen." It is hard to imagine what my mother wrote about to Margie at such length and with such regularity. Their lives were not obviously rich in event, and neither of them was given to analysis, description, speculation, or fancy. There was not even much to gossip about. My mother relentlessly reviewed the church activities and recounted the children's latest. She and Margie read some of the same books and magazines and doubtless commented on those. They exchanged news of their handful of mutual acquaintances. But the rest remains a mystery.

My mother was alone when Margie died, in May, 1946, after the end of the Second World War. My father had enlisted as a chaplain in the Army and was stationed in England with the 112th General Hospital Unit. When he announced to the church that he intended to join the Chaplain Corps, and during the first months after he put on the uniform and left for training, it was generally agreed that the absence was temporary, that the church would wait and he would come back to it. But probably nobody except the very old and the very young really believed that. How could the church wait? And he had not long been in uniform, and was still coming home regularly on leaves, when we moved from the old frame twelve-room manse across from the church on Washburn Street, in the part of West Scranton grandly but incongruously referred to as Hyde Park. The manse was sold. I was away at school when the move took place, to the other side of town, into an apartment on Madison Avenue, a block from the Y.W.C.A., where my mother had taken a job. After the wooden steps, the porches, the echoes, the rattling windows, the attic and cellar, and the high rooms, each with its air and time, I came home on weekends to the smell of a respectable small apartment building, pink stucco trowelled into galactic patterns in the halls, imitation red brick linoleum on the stairs, metal casement windows with frosted panes, and the well-known furniture crammed into four rooms—and it seemed natural, a proof of growing up, a move into the real world, and without questioning or liking it I was proud of it. Back from college at holidays, I came up the stairs with a suitcase of dirty clothes, wearing a teal-blue overcoat I had earned the money to buy at Samters, and imagining that I was a man.

That apartment was never thought of as permanent. My parents clearly planned to have a house again, after the war. The closets of those small rooms were piled with packed rows of bundles, and the storage space in the basement was stuffed. Eventually we moved to a much larger, lighter apartment on the other side of Madison Avenue, where there were rooms for each of us, and places for all the surviving furniture. That move, too, happened while I was away, and I was led in as a stranger to find the known objects already in their new places, apparently intact but perceptibly removed. The new apartment was at the top of a broad, resounding wooden stairwell. There was a large screened front porch over the street, which was never used because my mother said it could not be kept clean. Inside that was the living room, with the good furniture from the almost never used front room at the manse. My mother would set her hat, with its short veil, on the back of the sofa, temporarily, when she came in, before bearing it to its place in its closet. Through the week, my mother returned after work to an empty apartment. She made close friends at the Y, who obviously were fond of her company, but often she came up and made lunch by herself, in her own kitchen. She said nothing about being lonely. Her secretary desk was in the front room, as it had been at the manse, and it was there that she opened her mail—standing, with her hat still on—and answered Margie's lawyer when the news came that Margie had died.

Whatever grief she felt then, whatever loss by impoverishment, diminishment, disorientation, she kept to herself. It would have been unlike her—she would have thought it excessive and dramatic—to recognize in Margie's death the seal at the end of a phase in her life and ours. She had not been wholly unprepared for the news: Margie had been what they called well along, and her health had been failing. There had been an operation. On May 10th, Margie had sent the first note about her illness, from the hospital in St. Petersburg. When the correspondence had been in full health, she and my mother had made each other presents of stationery, and partly because of the resemblance of paper and envelopes their handwriting looked more similar to me when I was a child than it really was. But Margie's last notes were crowded, edge to edge, across small pieces of cheap paper, and her handwriting was shaky.

> DEAR ANN,
> Just what I am in for I don't know. Have felt very ill for some weeks and now to-day I have landed in Mound Park Hospital. Have had Xray and tests and they do not seem to know what to think about the trouble in the lower right side with such great pain. Did so hate to come to a hospital but just could not do anything else for myself. Seems very good so far. Two of us in a nice room. The fun has not started yet—hope it will not be to bad. Wish me luck. Hope all are well.
>
> Love to all
> MARGIE

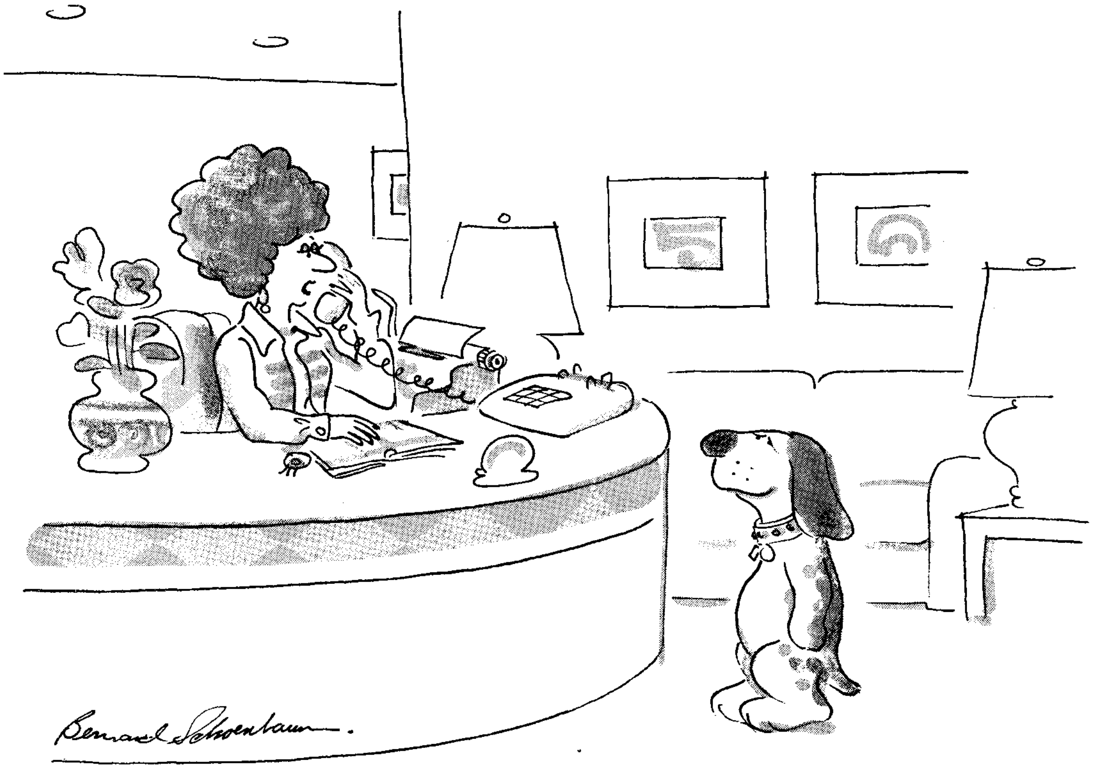
Five days later she had written again. My father also was undergoing tests at that moment, in the Army hospital at Camp Lee, Virginia, and Margie's letter began:

> So sorry for Bill, know what he is going through. They have not found *anything* so far. Do they put me through!!! Xrays by the 4 or 5s but they have not told much yet. Too much gas to be clear. So nice for you and Bill to have a little trip and I do hope he feels better soon. The pain is just about the same but they have not helped it any at all. Hope they will soon. If I cannot write will get some one to drop you a line if there is anything to tell.

Three days later, another note:

> DEAR ANN,
> One week and one day in Mound Park. *Well* we do not know what is coming. My first week hospital bill was $114.53 and that not Dr. or Xray I had before I came in and still they seem to know nothing. To-day they have done nothing—I needed one day to catch up without added pain. This is a good hospital and they say the best Drs—it does seem so strange to find nothing . . .

And on the twentieth she had written



"He says he's Spot, a long-lost friend."

NASKEAG

Once a day the rocks, with little warning—
not much looked for even by the spruce
and fir ever at attention above—
fetch up on these tidal flats and bars:
large, cratelike rocks, wrapped in kelp,
layer on imprinted layer,
umber to claret to olivegreen,
of scalloped marbling. . . .
Not far along the path of obstacles
and stepping stones considered,
fluid skeins of bladder wrack
lie tufted over the mussel shoals—
a half-acre coalfield, but alive.
Recklessly multiple, myriads compact,
the small airtight coffers (in chipped enamel)
are starred over with bonelike barnacles
that crackle and simmer throughout the trek,
gravel-crepitant underfoot.

Evening comes now not with the Evening
Star but with a breathing fog.
And fog is the element here,
a new term, vast by indefinition,
a vagrant damping of the deep tones
of skies and bars and sea.
Sand, mud, sand, rock: one jagged pool
basining a water left behind,
unseen except as quick trembles
over algal weed—itself
half absent, a virid gel.
Walking means to lose the way
in fog, the eye drawn out to a farther point,
a dark graph on the faint-blue inlet watershine . . .
out to where a heron stands
stationing its sharp silhouette
against the fogbright dusk.
Then, not to be approached,
lifts off and rows upward, *up*, *up*,
a flexible embracing forward on the air,
rising out of view
behind an opaque expanse of calcium flame.

The great kelp-dripping rocks,
at random positions,
lost in thought and dematerializing
with the gray hour,
release, indelibly, their pent-up contents.
Even the scattered feathers here
are petrified, limewhite blades and stony down.
The sky, from eastward, deepens
with the dawning insight
as the seas begin to rise, the flats
slide away, the hulls bear off the ground,
and the eye alien to so self-sufficing
a tidal system turns and takes up how to
retrace the steps that brought it there.

—ALFRED CORN

• •

to a neighbor who had stayed close to her:

> . . . If his services are needed, please have Mr. Baynard.
>
> I have been thinking about cremation and that is my wish. Make arrangements as inexpensive as possible. The hospital was so much, total was awful.
>
> Cordially yours
> MARGARET J. CUBBAGE

The neighbor had written to my mother that same day to say that an operation was scheduled for the following morning, and that the surgeon said they really did not know what they would find. Margie had died five days later. The immediate cause of her death was surgical shock following the removal of her right kidney.

Margaret J. Cubbage. "Cubbage is an unusual name," my mother would add comfortably, before someone else did. Margie had never married. My mother had heard it said that there had been an engagement, possibly a secret engagement—they used to do such things—to a young man who had gone away and been killed in the world war. It was not something that Margie had ever referred to. Not the kind of thing she ever would have referred to. She said that she had not married because she had never met a man who did not like coffee, and she would not marry a man who did.

Margie had said that she would like to have her ashes scattered from an airplane over Florida, but her will, executed a year before she died, stated that she wanted her ashes to be placed in the Cubbage family burial plot in Union Dale Cemetery, Pittsburgh (acquired by one William Cubbage, when it was known as Mount Union Cemetery, in 1863). Two days after Margie's death, my mother had written to Margie's neighbor, "The thought of cremation was at first distasteful to me, but when I considered she had requested it for her own good reasons I became reconciled."

As a child, of course, I did not try to explain my mother, or think of her as explicable. She was herself. What was so was so, and that was more true of her than of anyone else. She was the unquestioned manifestation of the coherence of the world. Her devotion to my sister and me, her solicitude and care for us, was something that both of us took completely for granted. In moments of what she called "aggravation," she accused us of doing just that, because she did it herself. But beyond the day-by-day aspect of her existence, which she made over to us consciously, proudly, without fail—though not without moments of resentment—there was always a trackless, twilit, secret country open to no one. Not a dreamland or a cherished mystery into which she retired. It has always been right there with her, like her shadow, whatever she has been doing or saying. It is still there, the real source both of her words and of her silence.

She has been so capable, reliable, energetic, so reluctant to weigh upon anyone else or relinquish her own decisions, that I have been slow to waken to the change in our positions since my father's illness, and the need for me to begin to take care of her. It has added something to my affection for her, and to my ability to show it, but it is an unfamiliar dance, another growing up,

"Edward says I remind him of Mary Tyler Moore, but I don't see it."

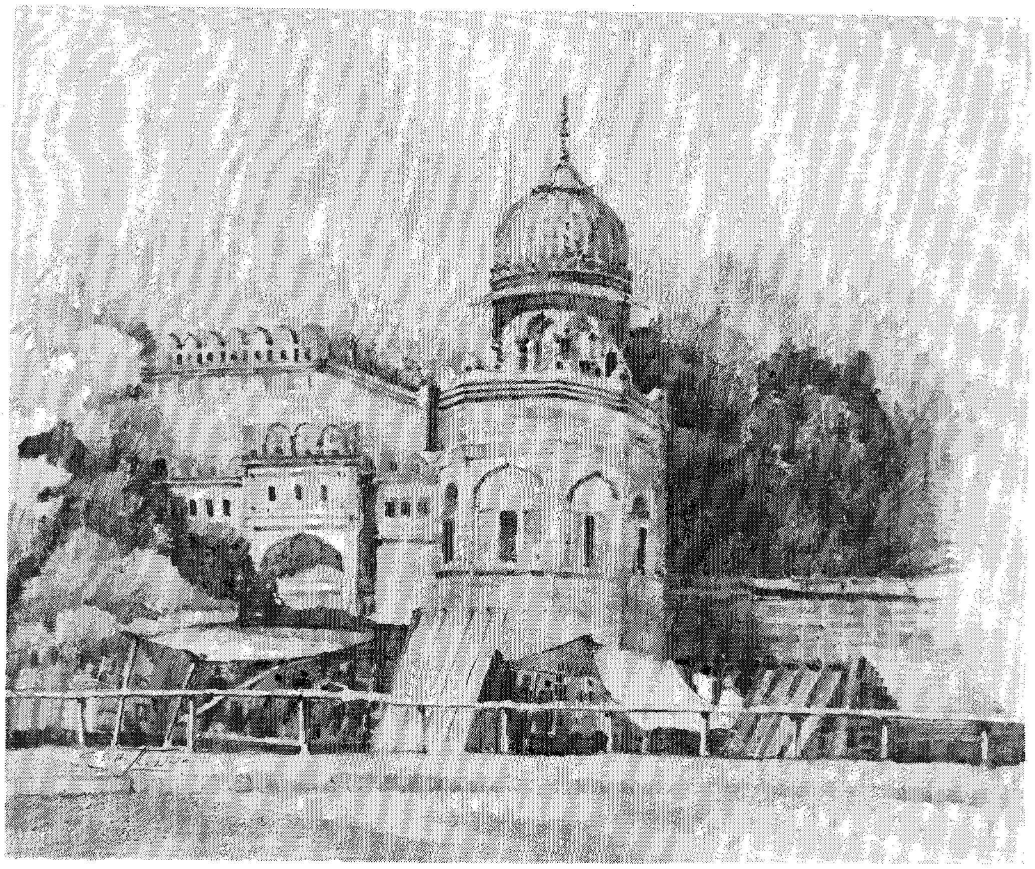
• •

for each of us. The very strangeness of it has helped us with whatever we have managed to convey to each other since a year ago. She takes more pleasure than ever in our going out together, if only to a supermarket. But she does not accept or trust the change without reservation, and she does not seem to regard it as something permanent. As I ponder many of the questions I would like to ask her, I realize that she is no more likely than she ever was to provide answers to them, and since the spring I have been aware that I must ask what I can while there is time. When I was a child, halfway to sleep, and was seized by the thought of her death, I lay in the dark crying, wondering how I could make her live longer, and how I would manage to pass the years after her death, until my own. Once, at least, she came in and found me in tears and asked why. When I told her, she said I was not to think about that: it was a long time away, and many things could happen in between, and I would have grown up. It was not something to be afraid of. But lately, when she spoke of the doctor's discovering her heart murmur, it struck me that behind her disappointment at having to cancel her trip to Russia the knowledge gave her a certain satisfaction. It was a confirmation. She appeared to have known for years that her heart was not strong, but had not attached much importance to that, in the world of history. And the fact that it was her heart was evidence of her link with others of her vanished family. It confirmed that she was heir to her legend. She told me before I left that she did not think her death would be difficult, and that she had a feeling that it was not far off.

She said it on one of the last days I was there. She was sitting in her chair, with her feet up on the big cushion. Her face was calm. Her voice was low and even. She dismissed the subject, except to remind me of something she had already told me: that if she were to die while I was away, she did not want me to waste money coming back for the funeral. If it were to happen that way, she said again, there would be nothing I could do for her anyway. The funeral arrangements had all been taken care of. She showed me the instructions for her cremation. I would not have to concern myself about any of that. I watch her in that chair when she is asleep, or talking with her eyes closed, her arms on the arms of the chair, hands on the wooden ends of the armrests. Small hands, elegant and trim and smooth. Not the hands of an old woman. Small feet, in the gray comfortable shoes she puts on when she comes home. They are old and the gray is cracked. She has always been slightly vain of her feet, and of the fact that they are so narrow, as well as so short, that it is hard for her to find shoes that fit: 5½ quadruple A. I remember her repeating it to salesmen before I first went to school, and their heads shaking with admiration, blankness, or disappointment at not having her size in stock. She is a little vain about her legs, too. They do not seem to have changed in my lifetime, since she was in her thirties. Despite handicaps and barriers made by ourselves and others, it seems that we have approached each other, and have become more frank with each other—but beneath the words little has really changed between us. When I think of what I want to ask her now, I realize, not for the first time, that the wish to hear, the hankering for information are almost wholly mine now, and that as far as she is concerned perhaps nothing more need be said.

—W. S. MERWIN

LETTER FROM NEW DELHI



SHORTLY after seven o'clock on the morning of June 23, 1980, Sanjay Gandhi, the thirty-three-year-old younger son of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, came out of the Prime Minister's official residence, at Wellingdon Crescent, in New Delhi, where he lived with his mother, and got behind the wheel of his car—a green Matador, which is an Indian version of the Volkswagen bus. He drove to the Delhi Flying Club, about half a mile away, where the young and chic well-to-do go to sport with planes. There he met a friend, Captain Subhash Saxena, whom he invited to go up in his Pitts with him. Sanjay had recently acquired a Pitts S-2A, a two-seater, two-hundred-horsepower, light, aerobatic American plane. It was the only one of its kind in India and the star of the club's fleet of small planes. Saxena, who was a flying instructor at the club, demurred, saying that he shouldn't fly, because he might be going in for a hernia operation any day. But Sanjay wanted someone with him at the controls, and prevailed upon Saxena to go up. As they were walking toward the hangar where the plane—red, sleek, and new-looking—was housed, they were intercepted by the club's chief instructor, a Captain Shamim, who suggested that Sanjay go up in an Indian Pushpak with a flying trainee instead of taking up the Pitts with Saxena. The Pushpak was an old club standby, which Sanjay had flown innumerable times, while the Pitts had been in service only a few days. Sanjay himself had flown it for six of the ten hours it had been in the air, and he was very keen on it. But it was a tricky piece of equipment, and flying it required special training and experience. "I have to take up this red bird today," Sanjay said. "It's Pitts day."

The senior deputy director of the Civil Aviation Department, Mr. G. R. Kathpalia, had made a point of personally supervising the arrangements for Sanjay's flights since Mrs. Gandhi's return to power, six months earlier; junior officials in the department generally steered clear of Sanjay, for fear that they would be blamed if anything happened to him. Sanjay had a reputation for being something of a daredevil. Once, he had brought down a plane in a town that had no airport; another time, he had performed a particularly dangerous stunt—swooping down, without releasing the landing gear, until he was flying just a few feet off the ground, and then zooming up again. Kathpalia was now on hand as the Pitts was got ready, and watched Sanjay and Saxena board the plane and strap themselves into the two seats. They received clearance from the control tower and took off. It was two minutes to eight.

The Pitts climbed rapidly and headed toward Wellingdon Crescent. When it was about a thousand feet up, it attempted a stall turn. A stall turn—a quick, somersaultlike reversal—is considered advisable in a Pitts only for experienced Pitts pilots and at a height of not less than fifteen hundred feet. The Pitts banked, pitched, nose-dived, spun, and crashed in a cluster of trees, just missing some barracks behind Wellingdon Crescent. Both Sanjay and Saxena died instantly.

Mrs. Gandhi was at the site of the accident within minutes, and she accompanied the bodies to a nearby hospital, where eight surgeons worked almost five hours to prepare Sanjay's body for public viewing. They also embalmed the body—although the practice is unknown among Hindus—because Sanjay's brother, Rajiv, was vacationing in Italy with his wife, Sonia, and their children, and Sanjay's cremation had to be put off for a day to allow for their return.

In the early afternoon, Mrs. Gandhi returned to the site of the crash. She walked up to a rope cordoning it off, jumped over the rope, and went up to the officials investigating the crash. "Sanjay was wearing a wristwatch and had a bunch of keys," she said. The officials informed her that they had found the watch and the keys and had deposited them at the local police station. Without further ado, Mrs. Gandhi went back to the hospital.

The capital was soon abuzz with rumors:

"She returned for the watch because on its back are engraved the numbers of Sanjay's secret Swiss bank accounts."

"The keys are to Sanjay's secret cupboards holding tens of millions of rupees."

"The watch and keys were two things that Sanjay wouldn't even allow his wife to touch."

The explanation for Mrs. Gandhi's return to the site so soon after the crash may have been nothing more than that a grief-stricken, benumbed mother wanted some mementos of her son, but many people here, including a number of the family's most loyal supporters and retainers, continue to think that she wanted the watch and the keys because they provided access to some illegal hoard of Sanjay's.

In the afternoon, Sanjay's body was moved from the hospital to the annex to the Prime Minister's residence, where, in all but name, it lay in state—an honor generally reserved for the Prime Minister or the President.

In life, Sanjay had been portrayed for the most part as a gangster figure who raked in money under the table for his mother's political campaigns, rode roughshod over the law, and gave himself airs as his mother's dauphin. But in death he was paid homage worthy of a national hero. Newspapers brought out special editions with black borders and banner headlines ("SANJAY GANDHI DIES IN PLANE CRASH. TRAGIC END OF METEORIC CAREER"). Stock and commodity exchanges were closed; in a number of states government offices were also closed and flags lowered to half-mast; one state shut down schools and universities for several days; another state proclaimed an official three-day mourning period. Throughout the country, organizations of many kinds issued statements and passed resolutions, often professing that they saw in Sanjay's death the loss of their champion. (The president of the Federation of Associations of Small Industries of India said, "He was . . . a young entrepreneur bubbling with enthusiasm to serve the country. In him the small sector has lost one of its well-wishers, friend, philosopher, and guide.") Glowing tributes arrived from leaders of neighboring countries. (The Prime Minister of Sri Lanka said, "Sanjay Gandhi symbolized the hope and aspirations of his generation and his passing away is a loss not only to India but to the youth of the world.") Within hours of the crash, Parliament convened and paid tribute to Sanjay: the chairman of the upper house said, "He was like a shining light in the darkness and despondency. . . . We are poorer, much poorer, after his departure;" a leading member of the opposition in the lower house said, "He rose like a meteor and disappeared likewise." Parliament adjourned for the day in his honor. The Cabinet met and passed a resolution of condolence; the Minister of Agriculture termed Sanjay's death "the biggest tragedy of this century for the people of India."

The day after Sanjay's death, V. V. Giri, a former President of India, died. Besides having been the titular head of the country between 1969 and 1974, he had been an important figure in Mrs. Gandhi's rise to preëminence in Indian politics. But even the news of Giri's death was eclipsed by the national mourning for Sanjay.

Meanwhile, Rajiv and his family had arrived in Delhi in the middle of the night (an Air-India flight from New York had been diverted to Rome to pick them up), and Rajiv had gone early in the morning to inspect the

JOSEPH FARRIS

"The era of self-doubt is certainly over."

"How does cockles and mussels alive, alive-o sound to you?"

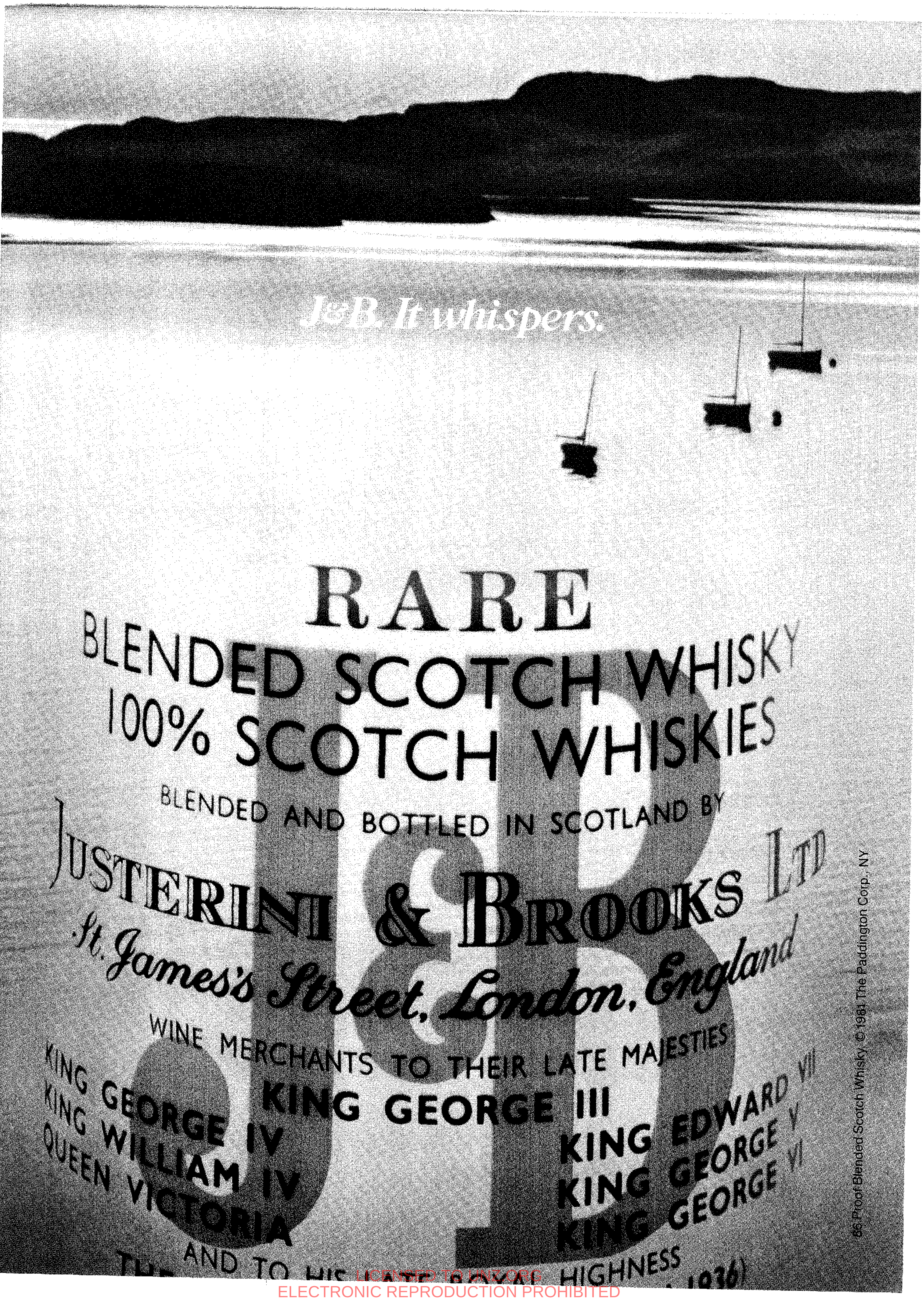
• •

spot where Sanjay was to be cremated. Mrs. Gandhi had decided to cremate Sanjay at Shantivana (Peace Ground), on the west bank of the sacred Jumna River, where her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, had been cremated; and since the evening of Sanjay's death hundreds of laborers from several government departments and agencies had been busy constructing the cremation platform—along with an enclosure for V.I.P.s, diplomats, guests, and the press—beside the venerated site of Nehru's cremation. But Mrs. Gandhi's decision had stirred up something of a political storm, even in the generally reverent atmosphere. Some opposition politicians were heard to mutter that Sanjay had held one public office, for only a brief time—he was a Member of Parliament for less than six months—while Nehru had been a founding father of independent India and had served as its Prime Minister for seventeen years; cremating Sanjay at Shantivana, they claimed, would be like treating a national shrine as a family cremation ground in the service of dynastic ambition. Rajiv had the laborers dismantle the platform and the enclosure, and reërect them sixty metres behind Nehru's cremation site.

In the evening, Sanjay was cremated on the new platform, which stood five feet high and was fifteen feet square. As Rajiv lit the pyre, Army helicopters flew in formation overhead, the three chiefs of the armed services, standing in the V.I.P. enclosure in full dress uniform, saluted, and crowds shouted, "Sanjay Gandhi is immortal!" (Saxena was cremated privately that day.)

In the following days, all the major English-language national dailies—the *Times of India*, the *Indian Express*, the *Hindustan Times*, and the *Statesman*—which had denounced Sanjay during most of his life, carried eulogies reminiscent of those following the deaths of Mahatma Gandhi and of Nehru. "Cruel fate has . . . removed from Indian politics the most forceful personality it has known since independence," an editorial in the *Times of India* said. "Indeed, we have not had another political figure like him since Gandhiji burst on the scene with the force of a volcano over six decades ago. . . . [Sanjay] stood like a rock as one storm after another threatened to overwhelm him and Mrs. Gandhi after she lost office in March 1977." The editorial in the *Indian Express* said, "He produced an impressive impact on slum clearance in Delhi and on the birth control movement in India. . . . He was the prophet of change in a country which, more than any other, was resistant to change." The *Hindustan Times* had an editorial saying, "He was forward-looking, dynamic, astute, a man of few words but plenty of action," and its new editor, Khushwant Singh, wrote a personal tribute to Sanjay and put it on the front page of his paper:

> No greater tragedy could have hit India than the passing of this young man on whom millions of Indians pinned their hopes for a better future. As the lights go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> out of our homes, our hearts go out to Indira Gandhi and Maneka [Maneka, formerly Menaka, is Sanjay's widow, then aged twenty-three], two-month-old Feroze Varuna [Sanjay's son], Rajiv and Sonia, and Amteshwar Anand [Maneka's mother]. We dip our flags in salute to this intrepid young man. . . .
>
> We bid farewell to our young departed leader with tears that will take an age to wipe off our eyes. His dying has made us rarer gifts than gold. He has laid the world away and poured out the red wine of youth, and given up the years that were to be his.
>
> The best tribute the nation can pay him is to create the India of his dreams: green with teeming forests, cleansed of all the filth in its cities; with small healthy families and smiling happy girls freed of worry over their dowries.

On June 27th, a special train commissioned by the government left New Delhi to take an urn containing some of Sanjay's ashes three hundred and fifty miles southeast to Allahabad—the ancient place of pilgrimage at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna, the two most sacred of India's sacred rivers—for the customary immersion. The urn had been placed under a life-size portrait of Sanjay in a compartment in the train; a photograph of Sanjay had been affixed to the engine; and the train carried some of Sanjay's relatives and friends. (Mrs. Gandhi herself had chosen not to go.) In Allahabad, the relatives and friends, together with local government dignitaries, ceremonially consigned the ashes to the sacred waters. Meanwhile, other special trains were commissioned to carry other urns of Sanjay's ashes to other parts of the country, where other dignitaries ceremonially consigned those ashes to other sacred waters.

Soon government officials, political leaders, and private individuals throughout the country were vying with one another to perpetuate the memory of Sanjay. Every day, it seemed, there was a new full-page panegyric to him, a new road named for him, a new gift made in his name, new land cleared for a memorial. Sanjay events proliferated: there was a Sanjay rally; an industrialist ceremonially renamed a factory for Sanjay; a government official put into motion plans for a Sanjay game sanctuary. The ruling party, Congress Indira, let it be known that it would build thirty-three Sanjay adult-education centers, one for each year of Sanjay's life, and a Cabinet minister went as far as to propose setting up a Sanjay corner in the lower house. Even many of Sanjay's foes joined in the memorializing movement. One of them—Chenna Reddy, chief minister of the state of Andhra Pradesh—wrote to the chief ministers of all the other states exhorting them to have government projects and schemes dedicated to Sanjay's memory; and, indeed, the state government of Madhya Pradesh began planning for a Sanjay youth-training center, the state government of Orissa for a Sanjay sports complex, the state government of Uttar Pradesh for a Sanjay memorial hospital and a Sanjay fertilizer complex, and the state government of Punjab for a Sanjay village and a Sanjay university with twenty-five branches throughout the country. In other states, a chief minister laid a foundation stone for a Sanjay bridge; a forestry minister opened a Sanjay forest; officials renamed the Bhabha Hydro Electric Station (Homi Bhabha was a well-known Indian scientist) the Sanjay Hydro Electric Station; a state government endowed Sanjay scholarships for aeronautical engineering; one state announced that it was starting a Sanjay car academy, in memory of his interest in cars. In New Delhi, the municipality began planning for Sanjay clinics and Sanjay neighborhood schools, and made land available to developers at low cost in order to establish a Sanjay Immortal Colony; the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting mounted a "Son of India" exhibition, consisting of fifteen hundred family photographs; Congress Indira set up a series of Sanjay memorial lectures; a sculptor began taking orders for Sanjay statues; and a dancer announced that she would dedicate a dance composition to the memory of Sanjay. In Simla, a producer announced that he was planning a film on Sanjay's life, and in Bombay a film star ceremonially invoked Sanjay's memory at the première of a film. Mrs. Gandhi herself headed a Sanjay Gandhi Memorial Trust, with several Cabinet ministers as trustees, to coördinate all the commemorative activities in the country. (On the first anniversary of Sanjay's death, her government issued a special Sanjay stamp—an honor traditionally reserved for leaders who have been dead for fifty or a hundred years.) "No emperor, king, or prime minister of this country has been so eulogised and immortalised as Sanjay is being after his death," *India Today*, a Delhi English-language biweekly, noted sardonically in an article headed "The Sanjay Industry." That may have been an exaggeration, for Mahatma Gandhi and Nehru have been widely and variously memorialized here, but it is clear that Sanjay, who in life was perhaps the most vilified person in modern India, seems in death to be on his way to becoming a minor Hindu deity.

One of the more personal tributes to Sanjay is a book entitled "Sanjay Gandhi," by his young widow, Maneka. It was issued with fanfare last December to commemorate what would have been Sanjay's thirty-fourth birthday. Maneka's book consists mostly of family pictures and bits of text, like the following poem, written in English (one of many that Maneka says she used to write and leave on Sanjay's table):

Sanjay Gandhi, ferocious being
Who never looks without seeing.
Whose facts are almost always right.
Whose judgments almost always bite.
Who's so totally work-oriented,
That he's driven his wife demented
With his fact and figures and complete
knowledge
And his refusal to indulge in "lollage."
Sanjay Gandhi computer man
Why can't you be more human?

She gives occasional thumbnail character sketches of her husband, like this: "People mistook his blunt honesty for gruffness, rudeness, brusqueness, deviousness or whatever else they wanted to see in him. When he answered questions in a straightforward manner, they attributed it to his being uncouth and lacking in sophistication. . . . As a matter of fact, Sanjay understood people and situations only too well." She offers domestic vignettes, like this: "I recall the way I got round him to get another dog. Since I had one already, he was against getting a second. I changed my tactics and told him: 'At the moment two people love you—I and Sheba (my Irish wolfhound). If we get another dog, there will be one more person to

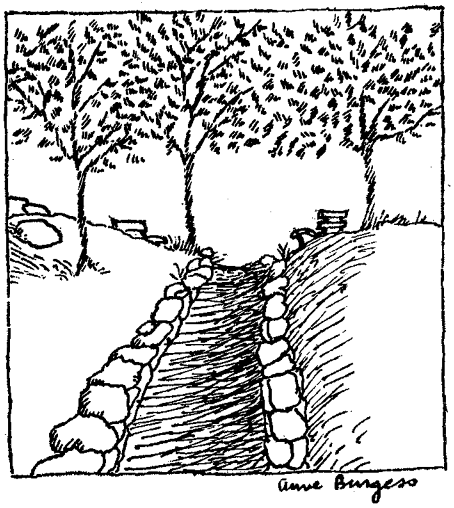
love you.' He gave in readily with a broad smile." (The absence of Mrs. Gandhi from this company of "people" who loved him has been widely remarked upon here, and has been seen as a confirmation of the popular view that mother and daughter-in-law are staking competing claims to Sanjay's legacy.) At one point, Maneka observes, "Rudyard Kipling could almost have been talking about Sanjay when he wrote the poem 'If,' " and she goes on to quote the entire poem. (One particular fragment of it now seems to come up whenever one hears Sanjay's name mentioned in a circle of his admirers: "If you can make one heap of all your winnings And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss . . .")

Even in the context of a general outpouring of grief at a mother's loss of a son, and of the ancient Hindu tradition of idolatry and veneration, and even in view of the fact that death initially casts a softer light upon anyone's life, there was something odd in the headlong movement to memorialize Sanjay. In fact, some of the newspapers seemed to have second thoughts, for they started printing letters critical of their eulogies. (One correspondent to the *Statesman* wrote, "I fail to understand why his death is 'a great loss to the country' and when he became 'a great patriot and politician.' ") Opposition politicians began decrying the movement as political and politically inspired. They accused editors, officials, and business leaders of trying to curry favor with Mrs. Gandhi and her government by a sycophantic extravaganza of memorialization, and they accused Congress Indira of using a personal calamity to maintain itself in power. Within days of the crash, the national council of the Communist Party of India complained of an "orgy of adulation," and the National Executive of the Lok Dal, one of the leading opposition parties, passed this resolution (written, like so much else here, in a sort of Indian English):

> [The Lok Dal] cannot but lodge a vigorous protest at the systematic attempt made by the Central and State Governments to foster a Sanjay legend by throwing all norms and propriety to the winds. . . . It is absolutely impermissible to declare State mourning as was done by several State Governments, to fly the National Flag at half mast, passing of condolence resolution by the Central Cabinet, close Government offices in several places, to run special trains and invite people to travel without ticket, to treat the site of a national monument erected to the memory of a great freedom fighter as a family cremation ground in blatant violation of the republican spirit and democratic standards. . . . In the general atmosphere of adulation and sycophancy that is being deliberately created by the media, the Lok Dal would like to sound a grave warning that outstanding as the services of Pandit Motilal and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru [Motilal was Jawaharlal's father] were to the national cause and deep as the public sympathy is for Mrs. Gandhi, the country cannot and will not tolerate the equating of the Indira Gandhi family to a royal family.
>
> We strongly resent the presence of the three Service Chiefs in uniform (and not in mufti) their giving a salute at the funeral and the flying of army helicopters.
>
> The National Executive is astonished that all distinctions of nation, State, party and family are being abolished and the republican form is being transformed into a virtual monarchy. Mr. Sanjay Gandhi may have been the Prime Minister's son, but he was not a dignitary of the State, but only a private citizen and we are constrained to say that the use of the machinery of the State for the funeral has been in very bad taste.

Opposition politicians were soon exploiting the fuss over Sanjay's death for their own ends, and letting it be known that if they came to power they might rename all the memorials.

SANJAY was son and heir of the best-known political family in the country. His great-grandfather Motilal Nehru, a wealthy lawyer, played a prominent role in the freedom struggle against the British. His grandfather Jawaharlal Nehru and his mother, between them, have served as Prime Minister of India for all but four of the thirty-four years that India has been independent. His home was almost always the Prime Minister's residence. (He continued to live with his mother after he married.) He went to some of the most expensive private schools the country had to offer. He never finished school, though, or attended a university. From childhood, he had a passion for cars, and he received training as a car mechanic at what was probably the world's best car company—the Rolls-Royce factory in Britain. In 1970, when he was almost twenty-four, he was given a license by Mrs. Gandhi's government to produce a "people's car," which, he said, would be within the means of ordinary people, and all of whose parts would be made in India. He named his intended car the Maruti, after the son of a Hindu wind god, and floated a public company called Maruti, Ltd. At the time, it was charged in the press and in Parliament that the granting of this license to the son of the Prime Minister, a young man with no business experience and, moreover, with no known capital of his own, was blatant nepotism—especially since the socialist governments of Nehru and Mrs. Gandhi had previously denied such licenses to well-established companies. In one way or another, the Maruti remained at the center of a gathering political controversy for the rest of his life; despite huge expenditures over several years, he failed to produce a single roadworthy Maruti, and eventually liquidation proceedings were instituted against the company.



As it happened, the early phase of the controversy over Sanjay's obtaining the license for the Maruti coincided with three years of drought, with an unbroken period of rising prices, with the trial and conviction of Mrs. Gandhi for corrupt electoral practices, and with widespread student and worker agitation to remove her from office. In June, 1975, she invoked an emergency constitutional provision concerning threats to national security and proclaimed what has been known ever since as the Emergency, under which she rounded up her political opponents and locked them up without charges or trials, and curbed the press and the judiciary. It was generally thought that she had been reluctant to resort to this authoritarian course, because it was contrary to the liberal principles of her father, and that Sanjay had persuaded her to do so. In any case, he became the Emergency's main beneficiary. Although he had never been elected to any public office, compliant officials and the censored press built him up as an important political figure. In practice, he became almost as powerful as his mother. He dictated orders in her name to officials and politicians everywhere. He toured the various states as her chief emissary. (In time, he got himself a pilot's li-

"That's Henry's aura. It hung around after we got the divorce."

cense and started piloting the planes he travelled in. On the road, he had gone in for speeding; in the air, he went in for daredevil stunts.) He inaugurated what he called a Four-Point Programme—of mass sterilization, slum clearance *cum* tree planting, abolition of dowries, and extension of literacy. Three of the points immediately met with heavy popular protest: mass sterilization was seen as, among other things, an attack on the sanctity of the family, slum clearance as an attack on the sanctity of the home, and abolition of dowries as an attack on the sanctity of marriage. (Extending literacy had long been a government objective.) Moreover, the targets of these campaigns were the very poor and so the most defenseless; the method he and his supporters employed was often coercion; and the results were usually doubtful. (For instance, officials were so eager to swell the statistics of the mass-sterilization campaign that they sometimes sterilized healthy poor boys who had never been married.) Sanjay became the main symbol of the authoritarian Emergency.

In January, 1977, Mrs. Gandhi surprised everyone by deciding to relax the Emergency and hold free elections. Perhaps she hoped to legitimatize the power of her son by means of the ballot; he was given a party nomination for Amethi, a Parliamentary constituency neighboring hers. Perhaps she wanted to legitimatize the Emergency by a popular mandate. Perhaps she felt guilty at having betrayed her father's liberal principles. Whatever her reasons, Sanjay opposed the decision as politically dangerous. He was proved right: when the elections were held, in March, 1977, she, Sanjay, and everyone else connected with the Emergency were turned out of power, and the Janata, or People's Party—a motley coalition of minority parties, united only by their opposition to the Emergency—was swept into office. It is generally held that the main reason for this great election upset was Sanjay, who had become the most hated man in India. (His campaign for mass sterilization was popularly confused with castration, and it spread fear through the countryside.) For the next two years, Sanjay seemed to shunt from one investigative body or court to another in an effort to extricate himself from a spider's web of cases charging him with abuse of power, corruption, and even murder during the Emergency. But the Janata politicians were never able to agree on how to take revenge on mother and son for the Emergency—which many of them had spent behind bars. The more they bickered among themselves and dragged their feet on the matter, the more of a martyr Mrs. Gandhi appeared and the more popular sympathy she attracted. Moreover, as the only leader with a national reputation, and an expert at turning popular good will to political advantage, she was able to exploit her situation to the point where she became almost as powerful out of office as she had been during her years in office. New elections were called, and in January, 1980, Mrs. Gandhi was returned to power as swiftly and decisively as she had been swept out of it. She carried with her Sanjay and many of his young followers; in fact, all those followers who stood for Parliament were elected, though none of them could claim any previous political experience.

From the outset of the Emergency, Mrs. Gandhi was deserted by one group of political allies after another. One group left her because they objected to the Emergency; a second group left her to become Janata turncoats, because they thought that she was politically finished; a third group left her because after she was reëlected she would not put political distance between herself and Sanjay. As a result, she leaned increasingly on Sanjay for solace and counsel. On June 13th—a few days before his death—she gave a public signal that he would probably succeed her as Prime Minister: she made him a general secretary of Congress Indira, a Party post just below her own. Sanjay's rise to power through family connections was not without precedent: in the late twenties, Nehru was catapulted into the leading ranks of Indian politics with little to recommend him except that he was his father's son, and in the sixties Mrs. Gandhi was catapulted into the post of Prime Minister with little to recommend her except that she was her father's daughter. Initially, what mattered in all three instances was the exact degree of birth and caste. ("Take but degree away, untune that string, and hark what discord follows.") The *Times of India* has written in a posthumous editorial about Sanjay:

> Sanjay was an extraordinarily handsome man, bubbling over with youthfulness and he came of noble lineage. (He could be regarded as a "pure" Aryan, his Kashmiri mother being Indo-Aryan and his Zoroastrian [Parsi] father being Indo-Iranian in origin.) In India, high birth, good looks and youthfulness are the traditional qualifications for a hero, and Sanjay stood apart from the commonality of people as a prince.

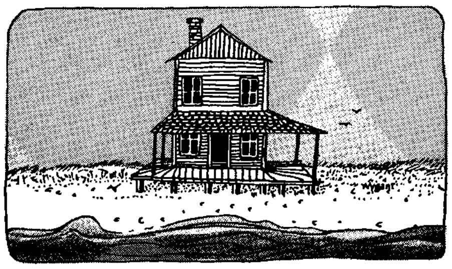
Immediately after Sanjay's death, people started pressing Rajiv, Maneka, and Maneka's mother, Amteshwar Anand, to take Sanjay's place. One newspaper noted:

> Within a day of the crash, the war of succession was on. The "draft Maneka" campaign had a feverish urgency about it, for there was the possibility of the other faction in the Palace trying to project the other brother, Rajiv Gandhi. For years the two brothers and their wives . . . would sit at the same breakfast table without exchanging even a word. Rajiv and his Italian wife, Sonia, had even gone on record to express their disapproval of Sanjay's "style" and activities. . . .
>
> The interests of Mrs. Anand and the Sanjay cronies coincided. They had to keep Rajiv out. Even before the ashes of Sanjay were gathered, the Maneka caucus had had several rounds of secret meetings at Mrs. Anand's . . . residence to thrash out their strategy.

The public assumed as a matter of course, however, that Sanjay's mantle would be inherited not by his young widow but by Rajiv, even though Rajiv had always been conspicuously uninterested in politics and practically nothing was known about him. In fact, most of what was known about him was gleaned from biographies of his mother.

It seems that just before Rajiv's birth, on August 20, 1944, Mrs. Gandhi had a pang of hunger. "I asked for a piece of toast," she has said. "As I was eating, Rajiv came out. I was so sorry I couldn't finish my toast." Like Sanjay, Rajiv was brought up mostly in the Prime Minister's residence, had an expensive, privileged education, was an indifferent student, and, following his schooling in India, went to England. He entered Cambridge to study engineering but is said to have had a short-lived academic career. It was at Cambridge, however, that he met his future wife, a middle-class Italian girl named Sonia Maino. Mrs. Gandhi at first objected to Rajiv's marrying a foreigner, but she eventually gave her consent, and the couple were married in 1968. Rajiv and Sonia moved into the Prime Minister's residence and, it appears, settled down to a contented family life: they had a son, Rahul, in 1970, and a daughter, Prianka, in 1972. Also in 1972, Rajiv obtained a commercial pilot's license and joined Indian Airlines, the government-owned domestic carrier, as a commercial pilot, at first flying propeller-driven planes—the Dutch-made Fokker and the Indian-made Avro—and then, after jet training, graduating to the Boeing 737.

Almost from the moment of Sanjay's cremation, Rajiv, a shy and retiring young man, was increasingly drawn into politics in spite of himself. While he helped Mrs. Gandhi rule from behind the scenes, he resisted formally entering politics by announcing his candidacy for Sanjay's Parliamentary seat of Amethi—as he was urged to do. He disregarded a petition submitted to him last August by three hundred members of Parliament—all members of Congress Indira—calling on him to take up Sanjay's work, and continued to hold his job as a commercial pilot. He even refused to join Congress Indira. The longer he hesitated to enter politics formally, the more criticism he aroused in the press. "Power without responsibility is a standing temptation to abuse of authority," Sunanda K. Datta-Ray, a respected Indian commentator, wrote in the *Statesman* in April. "Leaders do not issue orders from behind a mother's skirts. . . . They must operate within the constitutional framework, and be answerable to the people for all they do. . . . Mr. Gandhi should, therefore, either legitimize his position or be seen to surrender all claims to power. . . . Will the real Rajiv Gandhi, therefore, please stand up and declare himself?" Though the constitution requires that a Parliamentary seat be filled within six months, Sanjay's Amethi seat remained vacant for almost exactly a year. (Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, Nehru's sister and Rajiv's great-aunt, wryly observed about Rajiv to this writer, "When I decided to stand for my brother's seat after his death, I had to fight the by-election within six months.") At last, early in May, Rajiv resigned from Indian Airlines, joined Congress Indira, and declared himself a candidate for Sanjay's seat. As it turned out, the reluctance, genuine or calculated, worked in his favor. When the by-election was held, on June 15th, he was opposed by thirteen candidates, and he garnered 258,884 votes out of 307,523 valid votes cast. On June 25th, he was made a member of the executive committee of the youth wing of Congress Indira—a position that Sanjay had used to build up national support in the Party and in the country. It is generally assumed here that Rajiv is now in place to succeed his mother as Prime Minister, much as Sanjay was.



In the meantime, Maneka and "the Maneka caucus" appear not to have given up hope; they have been busy promoting Sanjay's infant son, Feroze Varuna, as the next Prime Minister. He, too, is growing up in the Prime Minister's residence. In December, Maneka gave an interview about, among other things, Sanjay, their son, and the Prime Minister's residence to the *Hindustan Times Weekly:*

> Q: Was it to set an example of family planning that you waited five years to have a child?
>
> A: Rubbish—I wanted to wait ten years—this baby wasn't planned. I wanted to have my husband to myself.
>
> Q: Does the baby keep you busy all the time now, keep you up at night?
>
> A: He doesn't sleep with me, he sleeps with my mother-in-law. I spend afternoons with the baby.
>
> Q: Did you see Sanjay as a future Prime Minister of India? What qualities did he have that made him a leader?
>
> A: I definitely saw him as Prime Minister of India one day. Oh, not because he had any "divine right" to it, but because he was extremely capable. . . .
>
> Q: Was he a good judge of people?
>
> A: He was, he saw through people, he knew their weaknesses. He had only just begun his work. After some years, a lot more people would have accepted him. There are a lot of peculiar people in politics—not only in India but everywhere—but Sanjay knew how to make the best use of the material we have.
>
> Q: What did you think of Sanjay's daredevilry, in flying, in driving?
>
> A: It wasn't daredevilry so much as reaching the peak of excellence in whatever he did. When he had mastered something, a subject, he went on to something else. Before it was boats, then dogs. . . .
>
> Q: And cars. . . .
>
> A: Yes, cars—but he'd lost interest in cars after Maruti was taken over, and taken up flying.

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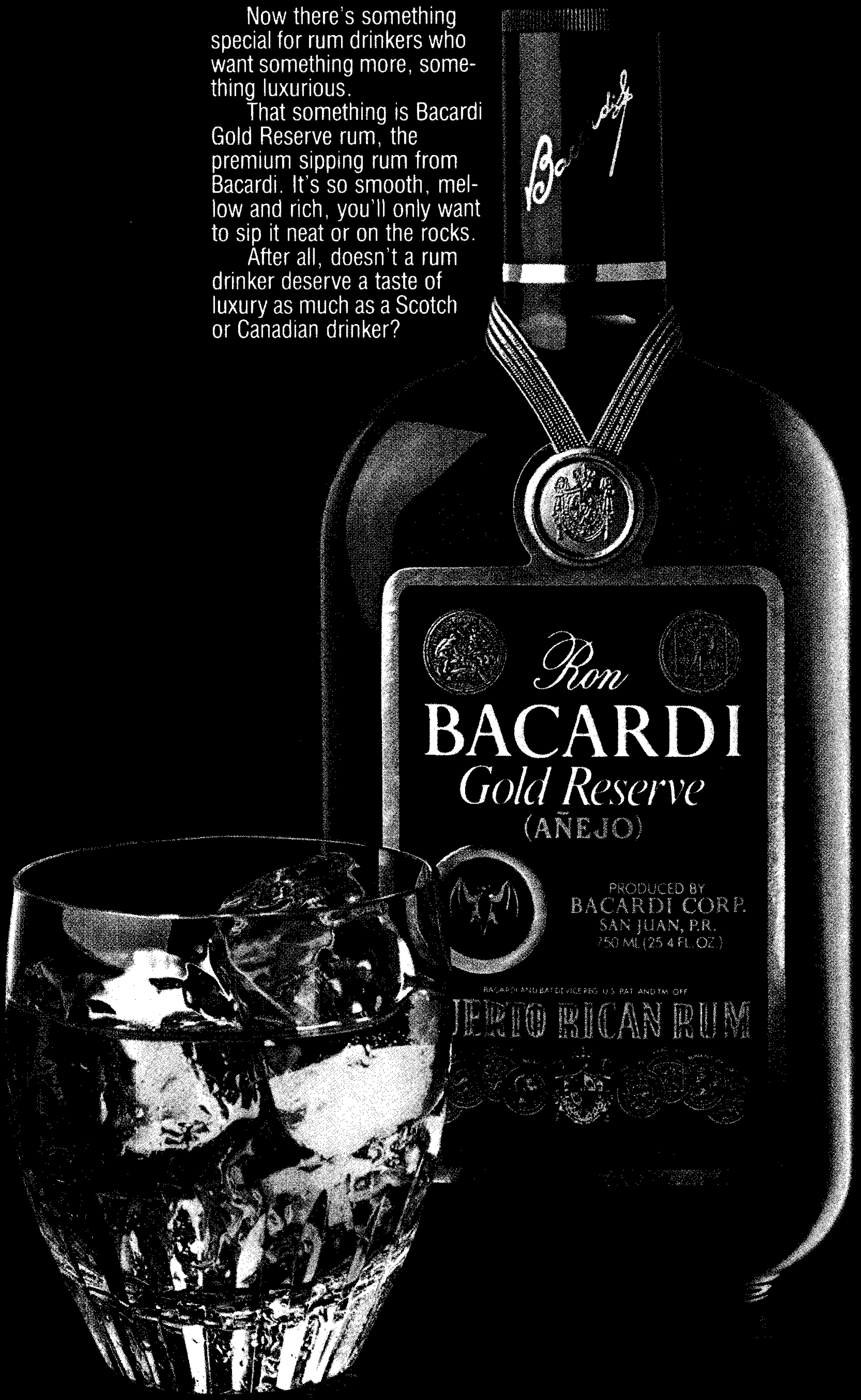
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Consumer Orientation
No. 13 in a Series
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13

Subject:
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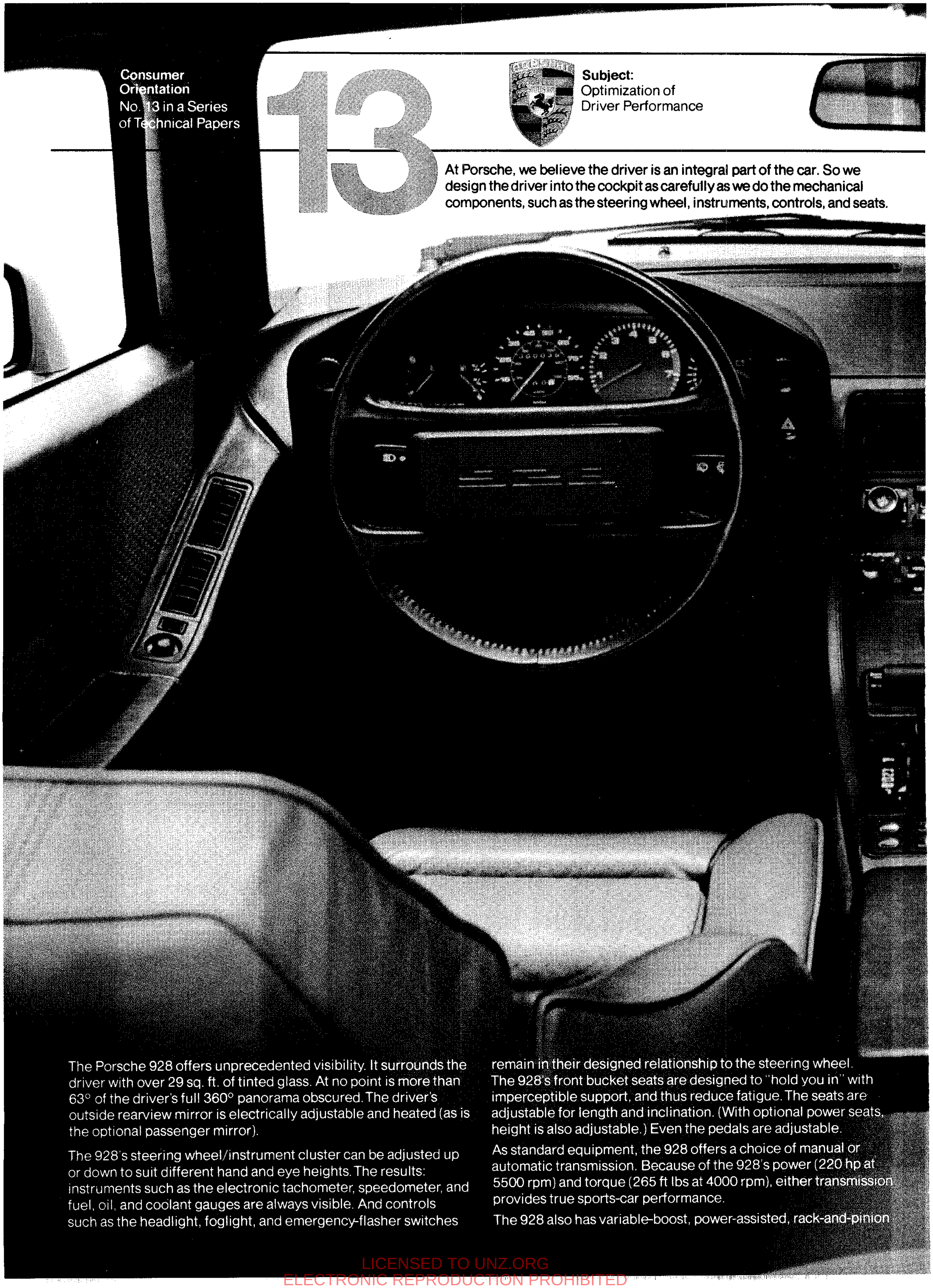

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Delhi High Court and four aviation experts to conduct it. Within hours, however, the government cancelled the inquiry. The opposition charged in Parliament that the government's action was a form of coverup—that the government knew that the inquiry would have exposed corrupt dealings in the obtaining of the Pitts, and Sanjay's violations of safety regulations in flying it. Although the government insisted that there was "no hanky-panky," one opposition member managed to table some papers in Parliament about the Pitts, which indicate that the plane's history was at best murky. It seems that in October, 1976, a Swiss director of Seymour Shipping, of London, proposed to his fellow-directors that they buy a Pitts from its manufacturer—Pitts Aerobatics, in Wyoming—and present it to Thomas Mouget (India), Ltd., of Calcutta. At least one Indian director of the London company—Swaraj Paul—was a part owner of the Calcutta company, whose overseas directors had supposedly complained that they experienced difficulty travelling in India. Opposition members point to the choice of a sports plane and to the fact that Paul was a member of an important Indian business family, which was likely to benefit from putting Sanjay in its debt, and contend that from the outset the Pitts could only have been intended for Sanjay. At the time, Sanjay had just discovered flying as a sport, and even though it was the period of the Emergency, he could not have imported the Pitts himself without raising questions about how he had got the money to buy the plane and how he had managed to circumvent foreign-exchange controls that barred private individuals from importing foreign goods.

For whatever reason, the London company did buy a Pitts S-2A and ship it to India. But the crated Pitts reached Bombay, the port of arrival, early in 1977, around the time Mrs. Gandhi had relaxed the Emergency and called for elections. The shipment was impounded by customs, and then Mrs. Gandhi was defeated. For the next two and a half years, the crated Pitts lay stored in the port of Bombay while customs officials and the two companies wrangled in the courts of Bombay, Delhi, and Calcutta over its fate. The case took some bizarre turns. At one point, under the threat of confiscation, the London and Calcutta companies apparently changed their story, and said in their court papers that the Pitts had never been intended for India at all—that it had been meant for a company in England, one Kelly Aeroplane, Ltd., and had been shipped to India by mistake. They begged leave of the court, therefore, to reëxport the Pitts to Britain.

In April, 1980, however, three months after Mrs. Gandhi's return to power, the two companies and the government reached an out-of-court settlement, and customs issued the Calcutta company an import license for the Pitts. Its ownership was then somehow transferred to Sanjay, and early in May the crated Pitts arrived at the Delhi Flying Club. There it was quickly unpacked and assembled, by people who had no experience of the Pitts and had only its pilot's handbook and its maintenance manual to go by. Moreover, no effort was made to check the effects on the plane of its long storage in the damp port of Bombay—though, according to Pitts Aerobatics, every component should be checked for corrosion before assembly. Within a week of the Pitts' arrival at the Delhi Flying Club, the Civil Aviation Department gave it a certificate of airworthiness.

The Pitts S-2A, light, compact, flexible, and sturdy, is a highly sophisticated high-performance competition plane; in fact, it is considered one of the most advanced aerobatic planes ever produced. It is also said to be one of the safest. Pitts Aerobatics boasts that it has produced altogether two hundred and twenty-five Pitts S-2As since 1971 and that, as far as is known, no one has ever died or been injured as a result of structural failure or mechanical malfunction. (It is said that Sanjay's Pitts did not catch fire, and that its engine could not have failed, because the plane's propellers were still turning after it crashed.)

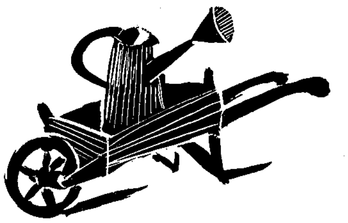
Early in May of 1980, J. Zaheer, Director General of Civil Aviation, reportedly wrote to the Secretary of his department warning that Sanjay was not meeting air-safety regulations during his frequent flights around northern India—that, for instance, he was not filing written flight plans, as pilots are required to do. Zaheer said that Sanjay's violation of air-safety regulations put his own life and the lives of others in danger. It was obviously difficult to issue written orders to the Prime Minister's son, so Zaheer wanted the Secretary to ask the Minister of Civil Aviation to take the matter up with Mrs. Gandhi. Because the letter had come from the Director General, the Secretary could not ignore it, and he seems to have reluctantly passed it on to the Minister of Aviation. The Minister of Aviation seems to have reluctantly given it to Mrs. Gandhi. Mrs. Gandhi kept it for a few days and then showed it to Sanjay, who was incensed. Within hours of Sanjay's reading it, Zaheer was sent on forced leave, and G. R. Kathpalia, Sanjay's friend and Zaheer's deputy, took over Zaheer's duties. Thus, it was Kathpalia who was in attendance for Sanjay's final flight.

Between the time Sanjay received his pilot's license and the moment he first took the controls of the Pitts, he had chalked up six hundred and twenty-seven flying hours. His flying experience was practically useless for aerobatics in the Pitts. Even so, Maneka tells us in her book that although he had flown the Pitts for only six hours, he was already tired of it and had ordered a hang-glider. She says he mastered new planes quickly and tired of them quickly. Her statement about his mastering the Pitts may be hyperbole, but something that she says about the meaning of flying for her husband rings true—that for him "there was no freedom greater than the freedom of the open skies." Sanjay lived in a country where hardly anything works, where everything is slow, where pleasures are mostly out of reach. Planes, speed, and pleasure must have been his modern means of escape from the age-old problems of the country. Flying over the heads of the poor people toiling below must have given him a sense of power and authority. Certainly he seems not to have had much patience with his multiplying poor countrymen. In January of 1981, the writer Shiva Naipaul reported in the London *Observer:*

> The sociologist I spoke to at the University of Delhi . . . did not underestimate the political influence of Sanjay Gandhi or try to expurgate him. Personally and politically, he had recoiled from the man. "Yet . . . yet . . . I have to admit it [the sociologist told Naipaul]. Sanjay did express a certain dark side of the Indian personality. Sometimes when you look around you, when you see the decay and the pointlessness, when you see, year after year, this grotesque beggarly mass endlessly reproducing itself like some . . . like some kind of vegetable gone out of control . . . suddenly there comes an overwhelming hatred. Crush the brutes! Stamp them out! It's a racial self-disgust, a racial contempt some of us develop towards ourselves. That is the darkness I speak about. I detested Sanjay Gandhi but I fear I understood him—better, perhaps, than he understood himself."

SANJAY'S political career and the Emergency that gave rise to it are spoken of here as a watershed between an Indian adaptation of British democracy, with an independent civil service, an independent judiciary, and an independent Army, on the one hand, and a homegrown court autocracy, with personal loyalty, personal reward, and personal vengeance, on the other. The two forms had more or less coexisted since Independence, but Sanjay and the Emergency seem to have hastened the disintegration of the institutions inherited from the British. Everything here has always depended on the government—what school or college one can go to, what job or promotion one gets, whether one is posted in the capital or in some out-of-the-way place with no schools or medical facilities to speak of, what necessary licenses for doing business one can obtain, how much money one has, how well one's children can be married and settled. But since the Emergency the government has been so politicized and corrupted that depending on it now really means buying politicians and officials, and it seems that nearly every one of them has his price. Examples abound of proud, independent-minded officials who have been broken, and so do examples of venal sycophants and toadies who have got ahead. Corruption has always been a part of the Indian scene. For one thing, poverty loosens scruples; for another, family is the only social security that people have, and nepotism has always been practiced from high to low, from Prime Minister to sweeper. It is sanctified by the caste system and by religion—by karma and dharma (destiny and duty). People here even make a rational defense of nepotism, and claim it is legitimate—not corruption at all. An advertisement for a mere job as government clerk draws applications from thousands of candidates with more or less equal qualifications, they say, so nepotism is as good a method of selection as any. But everyone acknowledges that the scale and degree of corruption since the Emergency are unprecedented. Bribes are openly solicited and openly received. Even the simplest transaction, like reserving a seat on a train, now requires a bribe. The corruption seems to have had the effect of sapping the morale of every section of society, frequently turning officials into supplicants, judges and magistrates into criminals, Members of Parliament and Cabinet ministers and their families into hooligans.

The deterioration in standards and performance has been given greater momentum, people say, by constitutional and legislative provisions that reserve a certain quota of places in schools, colleges, and the government for Untouchables, irrespective of their native endowments or their qualifications. The original purpose of the provisions was to advance by force of law people who for thousands of years had been kept backward by force of religion. But because the number of these Untouchables has grown with the near-tripling of the general population since Independence (they constitute between one-sixth and one-fifth of a population that now stands at seven hundred million), the effect, it is said, has been to retard the progress of others. In any event, in various parts of the country Untouchables are rioting to preserve and extend the quota system, and members of higher castes to abolish it, in what amounts to a caste war. In a sense, the war is over nothing, since few Untouchables have the necessary qualifications to avail themselves of the plums reserved for them. Moreover, the government constantly has to try to sort out the more qualified Untouchables from the less qualified, the less backward from the more backward. Because the legally more backward, and thus more deserving, are often actually less deserving, such distinctions seem to have fostered an inner class struggle among the Untouchables as well. In a backward place, the fine distinctions between backward and more backward—however fateful to different groups of Untouchables—seem indeed Orwellian.

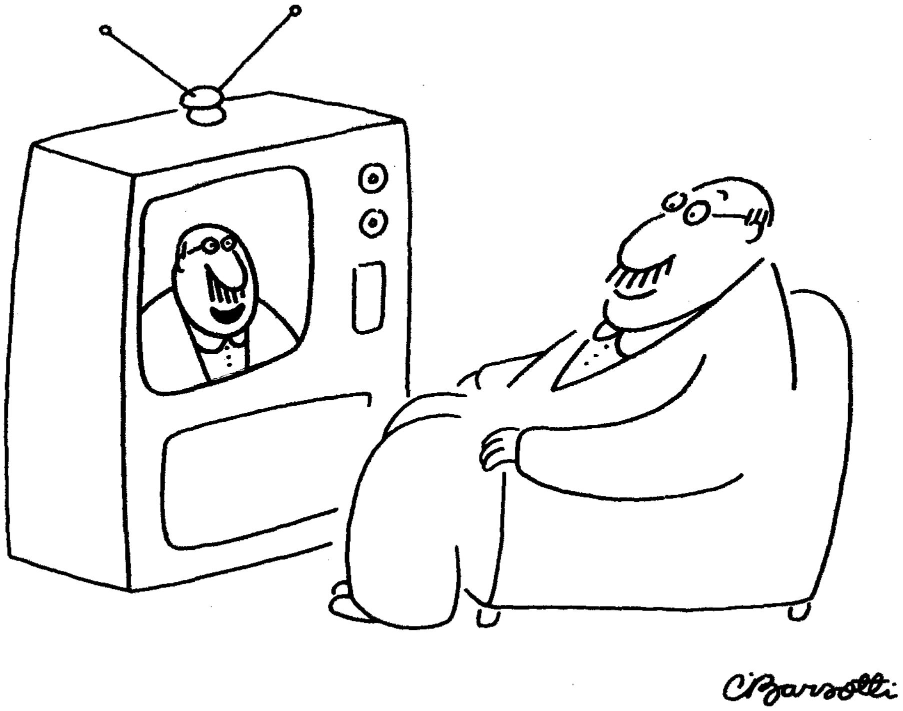


Since the Emergency, there has unquestionably been a precipitous decline in the calibre of people being elected to office. (The chief minister of one state made practically anyone who was anyone in the legislature a minister, with the result that his Cabinet had no fewer than sixty ministers. He dismissed all criticism by saying that just as large planes were an improvement over small planes, so large Cabinets were an improvement over small Cabinets.) The new politicians seem to have little use for the values of public service and public morality—values that had sustained both the Westernized liberal intelligentsia and the visionary nationalists. A change in the calibre of politicans had made itself felt in state legislatures with the first elections in independent India, but for years Parliament, in New Delhi, seemed to be insulated from that change, because there was one ruling majority party, which was more or less automatically returned to power at the center, and its leaders could afford to be discriminating—to give party nominations to those whom they considered fit for Parliament. In the 1977 elections, the ruling party was defeated by the Janata, which handed out party nominations indiscriminately—to practically anyone who it thought could noisily exploit the issues of the hated Emergency and Sanjay's Four-Point Programme. With the victory of the Janata, there arrived in the capital Members of Parliament whose like had never been seen. As a group, they were more like the rustic, poor voters they represented than they were like their predecessors. At the same time, they were more venal than their predecessors. And a good number of the men and women who succeeded these representatives in the 1980 elections were, if anything, more inexperienced and more venal than *their* predecessors. Sanjay had given them party nominations because they were his *chamchas* (spoons)—in common parlance here, sycophants who would feed their leader as servants would feed a king. Scores of these new Members of Parliament—"Sanjay spoons"—do not know enough English to follow the proceedings, which are conducted mostly in English, with the result that Parliamentary debates increasingly resemble mob deliberations. With Sanjay's death, the "spoons" have lost their raison d'être; they are so different in style and functioning from Mrs. Gandhi and *her* "spoons" that they are referred to in drawing rooms here as "the odd spoons."

The 1980 elections were held only for the lower house of Parliament; the upper house and a majority of the total of twenty-two state assemblies, which elect many of the members of the upper house, remained under the opposition's control. Sanjay apparently advised his mother to use the momentum of her victory to dissolve the assemblies in states where she had a good chance of winning, and call early elections in those states. In February, she dissolved nine state assemblies, though they had more or less functioning governments, on the ground that because of her victory they no longer represented the voters. Opposition politicians cried foul and claimed that her action was "antidemocratic," "autocratic," and "dictatorial," former Prime Minister Charan Singh going as far as to say, "Fascism is on the prowl again." But their cries sounded a little hollow, because they had followed the same strategy when they took control of the lower house in the general elections of 1977. In May, Mrs. Gandhi's party won in eight of the nine contested states. This gave her control of both houses. She now enjoys control of sixteen of the twenty-two states—near-absolute power to do anything she pleases, as at the time of the Emergency. She seems to be using that power to reintroduce certain features of the Emergency piecemeal and through the back door. She has already rammed two Emergency-type laws down the throat of the opposition. One is the National Security Act, which gives her government the power to arrest anyone it likes and detain him for nine months without charge or trial; Mrs. Gandhi and her ministers say that they need the act to control "anti-social elements." The other is a sort of Sanjay memorial—an act nationalizing Maruti, Ltd., which members of her government say has an "infrastructure" valuable for government production of passenger vehicles. Both laws have opened up old wounds: opposition politicians see in one the cornerstone of a new authoritarian era and in the other an extenuation of Sanjay's alleged corruption. The laws have been attacked in Parliament with such epithets as "black law," "stinking bill," and "fraud, fraud, and fraud."

But everyone says that if Mrs. Gandhi is trying to bring back the Emergency there is little sign so far of its atmosphere of pervasive fear, and everyone says that this is either because Sanjay is no longer on the scene or because Mrs. Gandhi is still reeling from the shock of his death and has lost the will to rule. As long as he was alive, there was an almost palpable presence of fear; rightly or wrongly, he was seen as representing the ruthless side of Mrs. Gandhi, and this was reflected not so much in what he did or did not do—he was on the political scene only very briefly, and did little more than publicize his few, simple ideas—as in what people thought he could and would do. Lately, however, there has been a flicker of new fear, which is connected in general with what the police can and will do and in particular with what some policemen have been discovered doing to prisoners in their custody in the Bhagalpur district of the northeastern state of Bihar. It has been disclosed in the national press that since October, 1979, Bhagalpur policemen have been systematically conducting a "campaign of blindings"—have put out the eyes of at least thirty-six prisoners in their custody, by means of sulfuric acid, bicycle spokes, syringes, or hooked needles. Moreover, it appears that the blindings were carried out with the knowledge and the encouragement of police and state higher-ups, who felt that law and order had been breaking down since the end of the Emergency and could no longer be upheld by lawful means. They hoped by the blindings to spread terror in the community and so reverse the deteriorating law-and-order situation.

At first, not only the police and state higher-ups but also the people of Bhagalpur tried to suppress the facts about the blindings. Indeed, the story might never have broken if it hadn't been for a dissenting high jail official, who took testimony from the blinded prisoners and made it public. Despite weeks of a sustained campaign in the national press, with front-page headlines, interviews, and pictures of the blinded prisoners, the police maintained that only the most hardened criminals were blinded, and that they were blinded not in custody by policemen but in the lanes and bazaars by the aroused populace, in a sort of working out of natural justice. Moreover, the entire Bhagalpur community demonstrated repeatedly for the probity of the police and against the intrusion of the national press, as if any methods, however repugnant, that helped or seemed to help control crime were justified. The state authorities refused to investigate any charges or to discipline any policemen. The central government, too, tried to ignore the issue. (The Minister of Information and Broadcasting, Vasant Sathe, contended that the exposure of the blindings would demoralize the police force.) Eventually, the issue reached Parliament and the Supreme Court, and the state authorities were forced to act. They arrested fourteen Bhagalpur policemen while the charges against them were being investigated, whereupon the All-India Policemen's Federation, the police union, threatened to start a countrywide agitation.

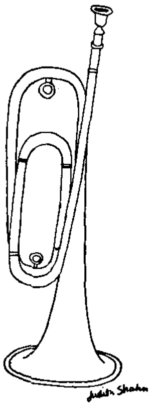


"I'm just an ordinary person."

Like the majority of the prisoners in Indian jails, the blinded prisoners were apparently not convicts but "undertrials"—people who had been rounded up and detained but had not yet been tried for any crime, much less convicted. With the passage of the National Security Act, anyone is liable to preventive detention, and the Bhagalpur blindings have turned jails into symbols of the terrors of that law. Indian jails, though they are notorious for their brutal treatment of criminals, have traditionally been esteemed for their humane treatment of political prisoners. In fact, since the days of Mahatma Gandhi politicians have sought out jails, because a jail sentence has been the best stepping stone to a political career; it has signified principle, self-sacrifice, and renunciation of worldly attachments. The blindings, however, have spread alarm among politicians of every stripe, and they are trying to exploit the issue for reasons of personal safety as much as political gain.

In many respects, Bhagalpur is typical of the country at large. It is a backward agrarian district of Bihar, and Bihar is a poor state with a sizable population of tribal peoples who are considered Untouchables. In Bhagalpur, there are a lot of low-caste, landless laborers and high-caste landowners, and caste feuds are as common as dust and flies. Its terrain, pockmarked with ravines and marshes, is an ideal hiding ground for brigands and gangsters, and bands of them roam through the countryside with impunity, intimidating and exploiting, terrorizing and killing. In India, there is often a tacit alliance between criminals and politicians: they protect each other—one group relying on political protection for survival, the other on crime to produce money for political campaigns. But it seems that in Bhagalpur that alliance was broken in 1979, when a gang murdered the brother of an important local politician. The end of the alliance was apparently the beginning of the campaign of blindings.

THE ostensible reason for Mrs. Gandhi's instituting the Emergency in the first place was political unrest; she claimed that if the unrest was left unchecked it would lead to lawlessness and anarchy, cripple economic progress, and threaten national security. In many ways, there is manifestly greater unrest now than there was right before the Emergency. It seems that every day there is a new outbreak of unrest among one small group or another. One day, venders somewhere, working the pavements illegally, protest against policemen who are constantly extorting money from them. The next day, in a tribal settlement somewhere else, wives of tribesmen band together and demonstrate to close the liquor shops, because their husbands are squandering the family livelihood on drink. The day after that, some villagers in a forest start a "sticking to a tree" movement, in which each villager wraps himself around a tree to save the forest from the saws of contractors, after appeals to them and to government officials and politicians have failed. Furthermore, the unrest in the country at large before the Emergency was confined mainly to workers and students in the cities, whereas now it seems to involve also the agrarian masses in many rural areas. In the western state of Maharashtra, farmers have been demonstrating and protesting against the government for months—refusing to pay property taxes, blocking roads, picketing officials, organizing marches. Many of the farmers, well-heeled enough to use modern methods, say that the prices they pay for fertilizer, diesel fuel, and electricity have gone up much more sharply than the prices they receive from the government for their onions, sugar cane, and other produce. (The government buys a certain quota of farm produce, which it then markets through its fair-price, or ration, shops.) The farmers are demanding higher prices. The government concedes that it is holding down prices artificially, but it contends that if it were to give in to the farmers' demands there would be uncontrollable inflation, and the first people to go to the wall would be the really poor, compared with whom the protesting farmers are rich. Like many recent agitations here, the farmers' agitation in Maharashtra began as an extrapolitical movement, with specific grievances and specific demands, but was soon joined by opposition politicians, who courted arrest en masse and, when they were arrested, cried "Emergency!"—even though during the Emergency they had spent months in jail and this time they were out in a matter of hours. The farmers and opposition politicians are using Mahatma Gandhi's civil-disobedience tactics to bring economic life to a standstill. But the opposition politicians have tried to give the struggle a religious character—Hindu farmers fighting against the state government, which is Muslim—so raising the most explosive issue in Indian politics and obscuring the grievances and demands that started the farmers' agitation. Basically, though, the politicians have seized upon the agitation as a chance to foster popular discontent with Mrs. Gandhi's elected government. (In this, they are only doing what Mrs. Gandhi did during the thirty-three months when she was out of power.) Mrs. Gandhi, for her part, has tried to defuse the farmers' agitation by transporting much poorer farmers—two million of them, according to some estimates—from near and far to New Delhi and staging a counterdemonstration, to illustrate that she has widespread political support among farmers, many of whom want to keep a lid on prices for produce that they themselves must buy.



It is recalled here that what ultimately made Mahatma Gandhi's movement unstoppable was his involvement of the agrarian masses. But his revolution was peaceful—he was able by and large to control the masses, in contrast to his latter-day imitators, who are not. There is recurrent agitation by farmers in the southeastern state of Tamil Nadu which has been violent almost from the start, with the farmers rioting regularly and the police firing on them regularly. All the various farmers' agitations thus carry with them a threat of ever-widening disturbance, which neither the government nor the opposition politicians may be able to control.

At the same time, there is another kind of agitation heating up here. Since Partition, in 1947, the northeastern part of the country has been in turmoil because, over the years, millions of refugees fleeing persecution or poverty in what used to be East Pakistan and is now Bangladesh have been pouring across the border. Bangladesh and India have a border of sixteen hundred miles, which meanders through rivers, streams, marshes, hills, forests, paddy fields—dividing villages and, in some cases, even houses and wells. Most of it is not patrolled, either because it is unpatrollable or because patrolling it would be too expensive. Many of these refugees are Hindus and were part of the first waves of immigrants, who came in the late forties and fifties, right after Independence, and so they have legal status because of the Partition settlement. Other refugees were part of later waves of immigrants, also Hindus, who at the time of Partition had chosen to remain in East Pakistan but were driven out in the sixties by Muslim persecution, and they also have some kind of legal status, because of a humanitarian policy that India has followed toward refugees all along. Still other refugees belong to still later waves of immigrants, who arrived after the formation of Bangladesh, in 1971, but many of them are Muslim Biharis who were driven out by Muslim Bengalis. Others are Hindus who sought better economic prospects in India. Many of these later waves of immigrants inundated the state of West Bengal, and from there they moved into the neighboring state of Assam, which was less densely populated than West Bengal and economically better off. In fact, some of the immigrants were induced to come to Assam from West Bengal—or directly from Bangladesh—by agents of Assamese merchants, contractors, landlords, and politicians, who saw in them a ready pool of cheap labor or an automatic bank of votes. In Assam, the presence of the immigrants has had the effect of crowding available land, denuding forests, and straining resources, and so debasing the economic standards of the Assamese. Today, seven and a half million of Assam's nineteen million people are thought to be Bengalis. Of these Bengalis, five million, the Assamese claim, are illegal immigrants. No one really seems to know the exact number or the precise classification of all the immigrants, but since December, 1979, the Assamese have been bringing practically the entire state government and economy to a halt by demonstrating and agitating to be rid of all the "foreigners." As it happens, Assam ordinarily supplies India not only with much of its tea and some of its timber but also with half of its domestically produced oil, and the disturbances have already cost the country almost a billion and a half dollars in lost oil production. The country has been forced to spend valuable foreign exchange to replace the oil from abroad, and since the outbreak of the Iraq-Iran war foreign exchange and foreign oil have both become scarce, for Iraq was one of India's main sources of oil and Iran one of its main trading partners. Over the months, the Assamese protesters have sent up a demand for "Four 'D's"—asking the central government to detect all the immigrants, to disfranchise them, to deport them to Bangladesh, and, where that is impracticable, to disperse them to other states. In response, first the central government declared Assam a "disturbed area," and used troops to maintain law and order. Then the state government also introduced some Emergency measures, like press censorship, but it did not succeed in stemming the agitation. Finally, in June, the central government accepted the resignation of the state government and put Assam under the direct Presidential rule of New Delhi, but it actually has no answer to the "Four 'D's" demands. Even if all the immigrants could somehow be detected and some understanding reached about which of them should be disfranchised (the protesters insist that all those who have come in since 1951 are in the country illegally, while the authorities are prepared to concede that perhaps all those who have come in since 1971 may be there illegally), that would be only the beginning of a solution, for Bangladesh does not want any refugees back—it does not even acknowledge the existence of any Bangladesh refugees in Assam—and even if they could somehow be dispersed elsewhere in India, that would only transfer the Assamese problem to other states. Now some Assamese extremists do not wish their state ever to share its oil with the rest of the country.

The economic blackmail of the Assamese is working, and the central government is wary of stoking the embers of discontent, for fear they might burst into some kind of a secessionist blaze. For the Assamese unrest, which was once based essentially on an economic grievance, has grown into a jingoistic assertion of Assamese lan-

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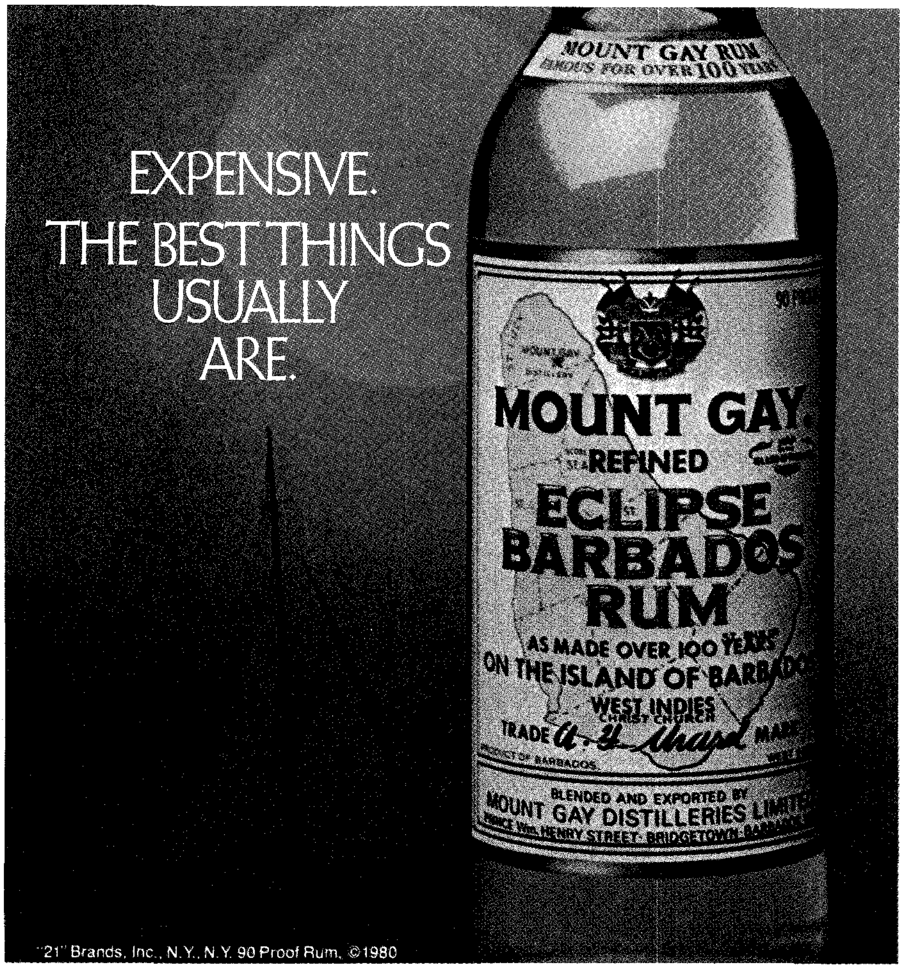
guage, culture, and ethnic characteristics. Other states in the northeast are seething with their own jingoistic movements, some of them more violent, and overtly secessionist. Such parochial movements are not unique to the northeast, of course—or, for that matter, to India. But the difference is that in Assam and elsewhere in India people by and large live on the very edge of survival, and the smallest amount more for one group can spell disaster for another.

THE incidence of violent outbreaks everywhere seems to be growing. In one place or another, Hindus kill Muslims, Muslims kill Hindus, villages of Untouchables are razed, landlords attack Untouchables, policemen and lawyers fight, farmers cut off supplies of food and milk, workers go out on strike, poor people riot, students close down universities, people attack shopkeepers, tribal gangs ambush officials. However widespread the violence seems from daily reports, there is probably still more violence at large, since many incidents of violence go unreported. The government responds with curfews, commissions of inquiry, investigative reports, but the general impression is of a country simmering in great unrest. In surveys of the last decade which have been published here in newspapers and magazines, words that cropped up frequently were "turbulent" and "troubled," and "lawlessness," "disorder," "anarchy," and "breakdown." Furthermore, every day there are reports of rail accidents, bus accidents, boat accidents, pollution accidents. (In June, more than eight hundred people were killed when a train ran off a bridge in Bihar, and in July more than three hundred people died from drinking poison moonshine in the southern state of Karnataka.) There are also reports of mine disasters, hailstorms, landslides, and floods. (In July alone, floods in Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, and Assam have made three million people homeless, ruined crops, drowned cattle, destroyed oil installations, and washed away roads.) Of course, every country has such calamities, but in India the scale of the calamities is often overwhelming. Perhaps the greatest calamity is the growth of the population, with the consequent disruption of the natural cycle—the disappearance of trees and forests, the erosion of topsoil, the pollution of rivers—which means more droughts, more floods, less food to eat, less oxygen to breathe.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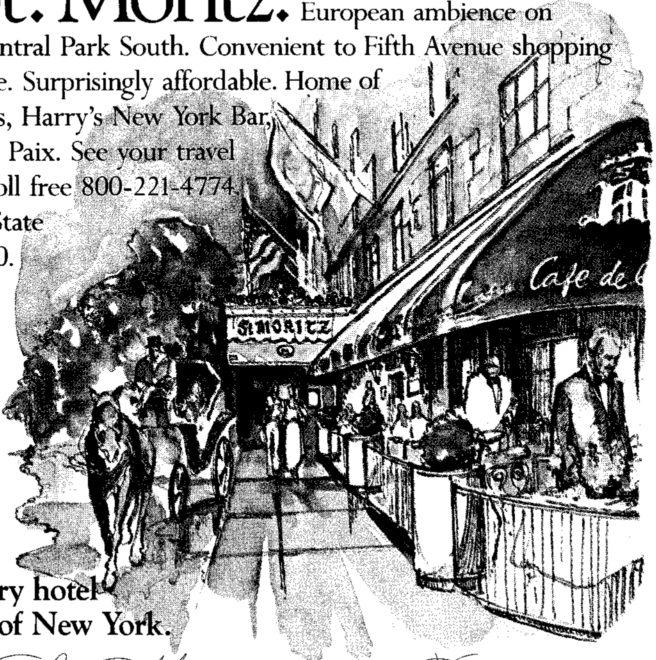

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AN EVENT IN ITSELF

As the unrest and the crises grow, the old British idea that the millions here are like dumb animals who will respond only to "the stick" is being revived. In groups as different as the Westernized, liberal intelligentsia and the followers of Mahatma Gandhi, there is suddenly muted heretical talk about the benefits of the Emergency—the stick—which they castigated when it was in force. They recall it now with nostalgia, talking longingly about a government that would work, would do something, would give the country a direction. Some of them even speak with grudging admiration of Sanjay, because he instinctively understood the principle of the stick. Khushwant Singh spoke for many of them when he told Shiva Naipaul, "There's no way of clearing slums in this country except by force. If you went through the normal legal processes you could spend the rest of your life. So what do you do? You just *bulldoze* them. Same with sterilisation. You just take them and forcibly *do* it." The atmosphere here is charged with expectation, as it was before the Emergency, and the expectation is that Mrs. Gandhi will bring back the stick. She has revived a theoretical debate about the best form of government for a poor society; the same sort of debate preceded the Emergency, as if she wished to justify it before she launched it, and continued during it, as if she wished to defend it once it was in effect. Mrs. Gandhi claims now, as she did then, that the fruits of the Indian constitutional democracy are within the reach only of the well-to-do—that a more authoritarian form of government would better serve the needs of the Indian poor—and she asks whether the constitution should be amended accordingly. She has said, "We are prisoners of our constitution." Opposition politicians charge that such talk is self-serving and only cloaks a wish to be proclaimed dictator for life—that the theoretical debate about the ideal constitution can only obscure the urgency of the problems at hand. The eminent jurist Nani Palkhivala, for instance, said in addressing a convention of lawyers last December, "When your house is on fire, you do not sit down to decide whether your bedroom should be converted into a study."

Mrs. Gandhi has the votes in Parliament and in the state assemblies to amend the constitution and settle the debate. The main obstacle confronting her is the Supreme Court's interpretation of its 1964 Keshavanand Bharati

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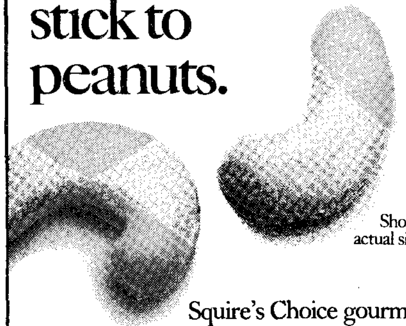

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decision; it was delivered during the euphoria that followed the overthrow of the Emergency, and it holds that the government cannot amend the constitution in a way that will change its fundamental character, as it tried to do during the Emergency. But the Supreme Court proved compliant to Mrs. Gandhi's will during the Emergency and would probably prove so again—for since returning to power she has already had the opportunity to fill five of its eighteen seats. So people here are convinced that Mrs. Gandhi will one day restore the rule of the stick; they say that if she doesn't she will be overthrown sooner or later by some sort of coup, probably led by the military. But authoritarian and military solutions to political problems have been tried piecemeal in India and wholesale in neighboring countries, with deleterious results: superficial stability and order were achieved mainly by pushing the forces of change and turmoil underground; the ensuing complacence of the authorities and the postponement of a real political accommodation only succeeded in making the eruption, when it came (as in the breakup of Pakistan, in 1971), more violent.

The truth may be that in a poor country what might be called tribal loyalties so fragment the nation that the only substitute for internal warfare is some kind of democracy—political debate serving as a safety valve for volatile parochial emotions. And India is extremely poor and extremely fragmented; in fact, it has more poor people than perhaps any other country has had in the history of the world, and is fragmented by race, religion, region, language, and a feudal class structure. The only parallel in modern times to the Indian multiplicity of peoples is the twentieth-century Austro-Hungarian Empire, and that empire broke up into a half-dozen political entities. But the parallel may be misleading, for, unlike the conservative, monarchic Austro-Hungarian Empire, India is a parliamentary democracy; has the stability of ancient Hinduism, the religion of the majority; is a modern industrial country, ranked ninth among the industrial nations; and has a nuclear capacity.

INDIA exploded its first "nuclear device" underground, at Pokharan, in the Rajasthan desert, in 1974, but it is not clear what its exact nuclear capacity is. (The government has insisted all along that the explosion was for "peaceful purposes.") It is now generally believed that India has the industrial and scientific know-how to build, stockpile, and deliver nuclear weapons. (By some estimates, the nation ranks next to the United States and the Soviet Union in its number of highly trained nuclear scientists.) Lately, it has seemed that Mrs. Gandhi has decided to "go nuclear" in a big way, for several reasons. One is that Pakistan is now reported to be busy making its own nuclear bomb. Since Pakistan has very little industry of its own, a nuclear explosion there, if it comes, may be little more than a political statement. Still, by some estimates Pakistan, once it has succeeded with its first nuclear explosion, will be capable of making two nuclear bombs a year. Mrs. Gandhi told Parliament in May that if Pakistan exploded a bomb India would "respond in an appropriate way." A second reason is that the Reagan Administration, which regards Pakistan as a major citadel standing against the expansion of the Soviet Union, has proposed giving it military and economic aid amounting to three billion dollars over the next five years, including the sophisticated, lethal F-16 fighter-bomber—the plane used by Israel to knock out the Osirak nuclear reactor in Iraq. The fear here is that American military aid to Pakistan will be turned against India and may lead to attacks on its nuclear sites. In fact, in recent years India has feared an axis of Pakistan and China—its other enemy, which already has a nuclear capacity—and now the Reagan Administration has agreed to lift the ban on the sale of arms to China. In the last few months, both Pakistan and China have moved, in different ways, to thaw their relations with India. But these moves, though they were welcomed here, have aroused suspicion that their aim may be to lull India into military complacence. The Reagan Administration's policies toward Pakistan and China have therefore had the effect of drawing India closer to the Soviet Union, which apparently stands ready to help India go nuclear. A third reason stems from the suspension, earlier this year, of shipments of enriched uranium that the United States had been providing to India, under a 1963 coöperation treaty between the two nations, for fuel for India's only functioning nuclear power plant using enriched uranium—at Tarapur, near Bombay. The shipments had come under increasing Presidential and congressional criticism, because India consistently refused to sign the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty and, more important, because India also refused to permit international inspection of her nuclear sites to see whether the spent American fuel from Tarapur was being reprocessed to make nuclear explosives. Mrs. Gandhi's government has been lobbying behind the scenes to get the United States to resume the shipments, while the Indian opposition has set up a clamor against any form of nuclear dependence on the United States. In April, the respected opposition leader Subramaniam Swamy said, "The way to handle the U.S. is to act like a big country, not like a petitioning country. The question we must ask ourselves is, 'Are we always going to be a petitioning power, or are we going to play a power role?' " He argued that India should become an independent nuclear power. In May, another respected opposition leader, Krishan Kant, went further, if anything, saying that India must "prepare for a hydrogen explosion in the shortest possible time." It seems that there is hardly any support in either the Reagan Administration or the United States Congress for the resumption of the fuel shipments, that Mrs. Gandhi knows it, and that the Indian opposition leaders, who can speak without the diplomatic constraints imposed on her, are only voicing her own views.

If Mrs. Gandhi does go nuclear in a big way, it appears that—whatever her specific reasons—she will now have both an international justification and a national consensus for doing so. Anyway, the ground has been prepared for the introduction of a nuclear-arms race into the turbulent politics and religious conflicts of the subcontinent.

—VED MEHTA

•

A MAN

ORIANA FALLACI
Translated from the Italian
by William Weaver

'Oriana Fallaci's massive and splendid novel . . . I was overwhelmed by the honesty, commitment and breadth of perception of the book.'

THOMAS HINDE,
Sunday Telegraph

'Oriana Fallaci's massive and splendid novel . . . I was overwhelmed by the honesty, commitment and breadth of perception of the book.'

JOSEPH FARRELL,
Glasgow Herald

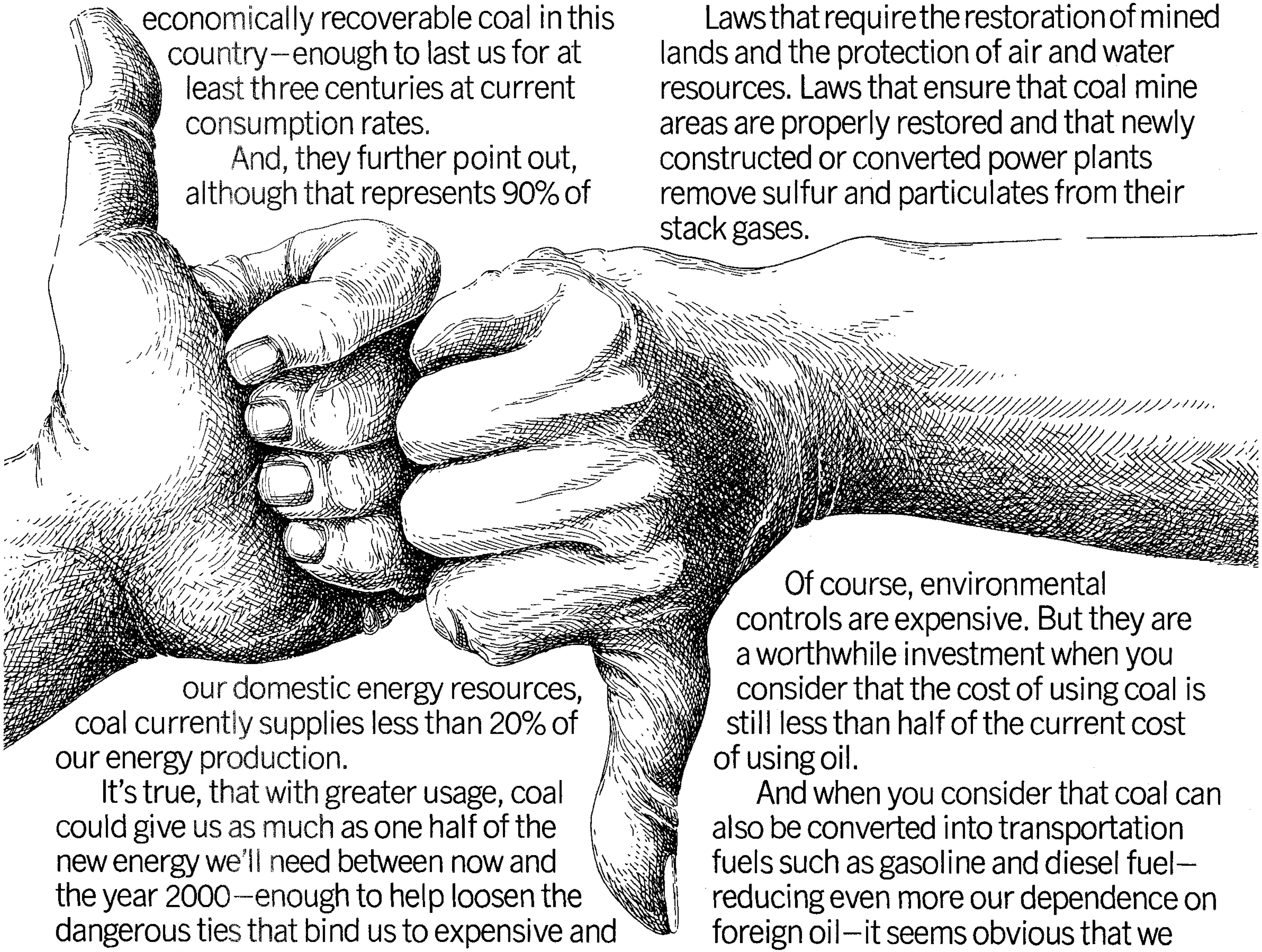
'*A Man* is a moving and compelling story of politics and of love.'

DAVID STEPHEN,
New Society

—Adv. in the Times Literary Supplement.

Come on, Stephen, get with it!

Some insist coal is good. Some insist coal is bad. We insist it's not that black or white.



Those who insist that coal is good point out that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country—enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

And, they further point out, although that represents 90% of our domestic energy resources, coal currently supplies less than 20% of our energy production.

It's true, that with greater usage, coal could give us as much as one half of the new energy we'll need between now and the year 2000—enough to help loosen the dangerous ties that bind us to expensive and insecure foreign oil.

But those who insist that coal is bad point to abandoned mines which scar the landscape and allow acid water to seep into streams.

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Still, we at Atlantic Richfield's ARCO Coal Company believe that today the advantages of coal outweigh its disadvantages. And so do the many Americans who have invested with us.

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ARCO

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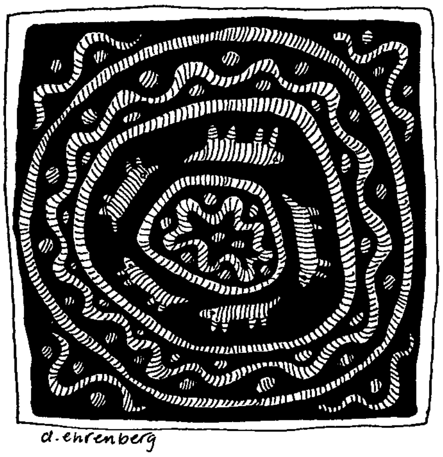
AROUND CITY HALL

KINGS AND QUEENS

IN view of all the troubles that have overtaken England this summer, it is remarkable that British officials and journalists could spare as much time as they have spent in recent weeks to lash out at the bad behavior of certain Americans—particularly of certain New Yorkers, including Mayor Edward Koch and John McEnroe, the new Wimbledon singles champion, who is a resident of this city's borough of Queens. It is true that there is a linkage between some local residents and at least one of the crises that now confront the government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Many of the militant Irish-Americans who tried to disrupt the Prince of Wales' mid-June visit to New York ("MOB RAGES AT CHARLES"—the London *Sun*) were supporters of the Irish Northern Aid Committee, also known as Noraid, an agency with headquarters in a storefront in the Pelham Bay section of the Bronx, which London officials believe is responsible for supplying large amounts of ammunition to the combat wing of the Irish Republican Army. In the eyes of Britons who prefer not to blame any possible intransigence of their own government for the failure to resolve the Ulster conflict, supporters of Noraid and similar groups bear a heavy responsibility for the long-running tragedy.

Some of the English leaders who deplored Mayor Koch's deportment during Prince Charles' visit here may have done so because they were worried about the stepped-up arms shipments that could result from the Mayor's having taken up the I.R.A. war cry; Koch, who, like most political incumbents in a reëlection year, is on the lookout for votes, yelled that Britain should "get the hell out of Ireland!" just before he stepped aboard the publisher Malcolm Forbes' yacht, The Highlander, for a luncheon cruise around lower Manhattan with a party that included Nancy Reagan and the heir to the British throne. By embracing the I.R.A. message that the simple answer to the complex dilemma in Northern Ireland is immediate British withdrawal from a country in which two-thirds of the residents are Protestants, most of them fiercely opposed to such a move, the Mayor reinforced the conviction of many Englishmen that those favoring the I.R.A. cause have great political influence in this country. After all, publications available in Britain, including *Time*, *Reader's Digest*, and their own *Economist*, have indicated to them in recent months that Koch is the most popular and secure of American mayors. Still, the action by Koch that set off the loudest outcry in England was not his encouragement of the Ulster Catholics but his conveying to the press remarks about the situation in Northern Ireland which were said to have been made by Prince Charles during the cruise. In telling reporters that the Prince had said he sympathized with the Catholics and hoped British troops could someday withdraw, but did not consider their presence there a form of colonization, the Mayor had violated the immutable rule of British etiquette that forbids blabbing about the private conversations of royalty. According to the *Sun*, Koch had proved that he deserved his nickname of "Mayor Mouth," having, as the *Daily Express* described it, courted the Irish vote "at the expense of a man whose boots he is not fit to clean." The *Daily Express* also mentioned the question that "Koch perpetually asks as he flipflops through his littered and crime-plagued streets, 'How am I doing?' " and said, "Today we have an answer. Bloody awful."

When the rioting began to sweep through many of England's cities two weeks after Prince Charles' visit to New York, some British leaders seemed to be similarly preoccupied with what is done and what is not done. After attempting to calculate the damage from the fires and the looting, they would dwell with even more vehemence on the distressing spectacle of so many British subjects behaving badly—or, as it was often put, acting like hooligans. This reaction grew stronger as it became clear that what had been unleashed was not only the anger of nonwhites over racial injustices but also the fury of less affluent Britons, white and nonwhite, over their deteriorated circumstances as a result of Prime Minister Thatcher's program of economic retrenchment, which includes cutbacks in social programs for cities. The riots came to be seen as a rising up against the old order and its symbols (one of the first Liverpool buildings to be gutted was the Racquet Club), and also against the old orderliness, with the high value traditionally placed on civility, minding the constable, and everyone in his place in the queue. The comments of Mrs. Thatcher on the disturbances in Merseyside seemed to amount to a complaint that the poor were not what they used to be—or not what one had a right to expect them to be. "There are many poor societies which are scrupulously honorable in everything they do and would not sink to some of the things we have seen in Merseyside in recent days," the Prime Minister said.



Casting about for someone to blame for the dishonorable rioting, some British newspapers suggested an I.R.A. plot. A Conservative Party colleague of Mrs. Thatcher had another explanation for the violence, which had involved many young people. He thought that the bad example set for the youth of Britain by twenty-two-year-old John McEnroe had had considerable to do with it. After McEnroe won the United States Open Tennis Championship last year, at the National Tennis Center, in Flushing Meadow Park, which is in his home borough, he was hailed as the King of Queens. At Wimbledon this summer, the insulting language and actions he directed at the stern-faced linesmen and umpires (some of the atrocities, British reporters noted with particular disapproval, were committed when Prince Charles' fiancée, Lady Diana Spencer, was a Centre Court spectator) caused the London press to call him such names as Super Brat, the Incredible Sulk, and McTantrum. Presumably, the linesmen and the reporters did not treat him any the more severely because he sometimes blamed his "Irish temper" for his outbursts or because his middle name is Patrick, but, given the present state of tension between some Englishmen and some Irishmen, his ethnic background prob-

CELEBRATING OUR 50TH YEAR ON WHEELS

ably did not help. The implication, also prevalent in some quarters at Wimbledon, that McEnroe was an upstart sort, who behaved as he did because he hadn't gone to the right schools, was belied by his old-school tie. He got good grades in deportment (and other subjects) as a student at Trinity School in Manhattan, and the English would have to agree that Trinity is no *nouveau* institution. Founded under a royal charter in 1709, when New York was a British colony, it has been in operation ever since, even during the seven years beginning in 1776, when much of the indigenous population here had fled what had become an occupied city, governed by the enemy troops of King George III.

There were American commentators from areas outside New York who seemed inclined to blame McEnroe's city of origin for his outrageous antics. Thomas Boswell, the Washington *Post* sports columnist, compared the decorum that had prevailed at Wimbledon in the past with the way things usually went at the United States Open: the "noise, distractions, controversies, and general New York City atmosphere of chaos." Boswell wrote, "New Yorker McEnroe has brought that feeling of deadly earnest farce to Wimbledon for the first time in a hundred and four tournaments. The All England Club has never known such a downright déclassé fortnight." If a Conservative Party member could assign McEnroe responsibility for riots in the streets, it is not surprising that Boswell associated his antics with the fact that when a doubles match—not involving McEnroe—was called on account of darkness "the angry crowd threw a hundred seat cushions onto the court, one of them hitting a player." Boswell noted that "RIOT ON CENTRE COURT" was one London headline. "It is, of course, all McEnroe's fault," the columnist said. "He has turned a stuffy tea party into a brawl." Boswell compared the polite behavior of Sweden's Björn Borg, the five-time Wimbledon champion, with McEnroe's use of "the finest Bronx expletives"—proving that out-of-towners don't know one New York borough from another.

Youthful Britons who cared to take McEnroe as a role model had a large supply of newspaper accounts to work from. The coverage accorded the Wimbledon matches in the British press almost gave the impression that they were of greater concern to the nation than anything else that was going on. The London *Times* featured the tournament far more prominently day by day than the events in Ulster, although during the matches, in what *The Economist* has described as the I.R.A.'s "queue to be a martyr," the fifth and sixth hunger strikers were near death in Maze Prison, outside Belfast. Many of the reporters at the matches did not bother to conceal their distaste for McEnroe. "BORG BANQUET FOR THE GODS, MCENROE FEAST FOR THE 'VULTURES' " was the London *Times* headline on July 3rd. Eventually, of course, McEnroe added injury to insult when, on the Fourth of July, in what is known at Wimbledon as "the gentlemen's final"—a fact that was noted with heavy irony this year, in view of the deportment of one of the finalists—he defeated Borg to win the men's-singles cup. The Sunday *Mirror*, which had been calling him Super Brat, switched to King Brat. The new champion, who had boasted that he was glad he had "stuck it to" the British at Wimbledon, did not seem upset when, a few days after he got back to this country, he learned that the British had stuck it to him. General John Morgan, of the British Army, used to tell about the Indian prince who in the late nineteen-thirties was very keen on cricket and put together a team that was good enough to play against—and sometimes beat—first-class English teams. "But, of course, we couldn't invite him into the tea tent," General Morgan would add. On the ground that McEnroe's behavior on the court had brought tennis "into disrepute," Wimbledon's All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club announced that—for what was said to be the first time in its hundred-and-four-year history—it had voted not to elect a singles champion to honorary membership.

THE Britons of the old school who saw McEnroe's victory as proof that in the new scheme of things hooliganism—or, at least, oafishness—does pay probably put under the same lesson heading the predictions from this city that Mayor Koch, another New Yorker whose conduct had recently offended them, will be reëlected by a large margin this fall. Koch's endorsement of the I.R.A. solution in Northern Ireland during Prince Charles' visit (what a New York *Post* headline described as "KOCH SENDS THE BRITS A BRONX CHEER") did not come as a surprise to British officials. The Mayor had said the same thing on June 10th—the day he announced his candidacy for reëlection. The Prince had originally been scheduled to come to City Hall and receive the key to the city from Koch. On the afternoon of June 10th, the British consulate announced that the royal agenda was too crowded to include the City Hall stop. Koch was not disinvited to the private party on The Highlander, however. British newspapers later indicated that they had some doubt whether the Prince had made the observations about Northern Ireland attributed to him by the Mayor, whom the London *Times* described as "not a disinterested source." For once, in an episode in which Koch played a part, there was no documentation either way. To every event the Mayor attends that has any semblance of relation to his official duties—even an encounter with idle passersby during a ribbon-cutting ceremony—it is the responsibility of some member of his staff to race along beside him with a tape recorder, so that there will be a permanent record of what is said by the Mayor, and, of course, by whomever he is talking to. This practice puts other politicians—and idle passersby—who do not have their own personal tape-recorder bearers at a disadvantage if they should later disagree with Koch's version of an exchange or if they had not planned to have their remarks made part of someone else's permanent record. The invitation to the cruise on the Forbes yacht was addressed only to Koch, and did not include an attendant electronic stenographer—and the Prince, of course, had not understood the need to have himself wired for sound.

The Mayor's version of the Prince's remarks gained credibility when he added that after the discussion about Britain's problems in Ulster the Prince had got in a lick of his own. His Royal Highness reported that as he was flying over New York he had noticed that several sections of Koch's city appeared to be in a state of "desolation." Dame Rebecca West wrote recently, "We have some reason for believing that the Prince of Wales is a sensible man." There was reason to harbor this hope, she went on, because "he has thought over his predecessors and feels a special pleasure in George III." Later during the Prince's tour here, a reporter reminded him that he was visiting New York on the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, in which the death toll of the disciplined British soldiers was over twice as high as that of the Yankees' raggedly organized troops. The Prince was a good sport about this. He replied that during his previous visit to this country, in May—to Washington, D.C., and nearby Virginia, where there is not an abundance of Irish-Americans, and where he encountered virtually none of the pro-I.R.A. demonstrations that beset him in New York—he had been informed, apparently in the same congratulatory tone, that he had arrived in the year of the bicentennial of Cornwallis' surrender to Washington, in Yorktown, Virginia.

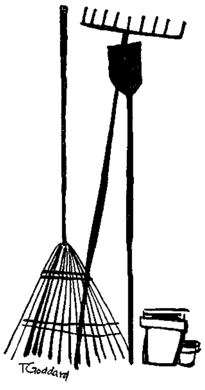
Not all the uproar in Britain over Mayor Koch's conduct was set off by his endorsement of the I.R.A. stand on Northern Ireland or his breaking of the rules concerning royal conversations—or even by his later description of Britain's policy in Northern Ireland as "an abomination" or his statement that if Margaret Thatcher were present on the luncheon cruise he "would sock it to her" about that policy. "Nicely, of course," the Mayor added. In another of what the *Sun* called the Mayor's "royal clangers," Koch, who has only a fringe of hair left himself, told City Hall reporters that "Charles," as he called him, was going bald. "I didn't mention it to him. It's in the back of his head. You cannot see it—only if you're very observant, like me." The day after the luncheon, Koch reported that a British official had called him after the first account of the Prince's views on Northern Ireland had gone out over the radio, and asked the Mayor to prevent any further reference to them in the media. "They evidently don't understand freedom of the press," Koch said. He then attacked the British newspapers for having objected to his disclosing the Prince's comments. "I think the British press prefers hypocrites to people who tell the truth," he said. "Maybe that's their style over there. What I believe is more appropriate—you do exactly what I did." Some British officials grumbled that the Mayor saw no hypocrisy in denouncing a nation's policy a few minutes before he joined that nation's future king for lunch. Patrick Nixon, the head of the British Information Services here, conceded that when the radio reports were first heard he had indeed called someone in the Mayor's office and mentioned the protocol for royal conversations. Nixon, who apparently does not follow Koch's political style closely, explained, "We thought it was just one interview. We didn't realize that he'd told *everybody*." At the end of June, in London press accounts that all referred to the pro-I.R.A. demonstrations here and Mayor Koch's conduct, it was announced that the American visit of Princess Margaret, which had been scheduled for later in the summer, had been called off.

IT is just as well that the Mayor did not attend the main event of Prince Charles' visit—a benefit performance of the Royal Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, at Lincoln Center, to raise funds for the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden. Nancy Reagan sat with the Prince in the front row of the premier box. When the investment banker Felix Rohatyn was asked during the intermission whether he thought this city of commoners was making an undue fuss over a prince, he said, "We have our royalty—Ed Koch, Meade Esposito," the second name being that of the Democratic boss of Brooklyn. The tickets were priced at up to a thousand dollars, with those in the most expensive range entitling the holder to attend a gala dance in a tent set up in the Lincoln Center plaza area known as Damrosch Park. At the Met, it turned out that some people who had been assigned places in the orchestra had apparently decided to skip the ballet. To avoid the awkwardness of having the Prince look down on empty seats, the management hastily filled them with ticket holders from the gallery. Proving that life often imitates Preston Sturges, four of the demonstrators had what one of the four, Kevin Martin, of Queens Village, called "an outrageous stroke of luck" when they were ushered to within twenty feet of the Prince. Supporters of the I.R.A., they had bought tickets and come to the Met for the purpose of disrupting the performance. Their improved vantage point made the scene even more dramatic when, during the prologue, they jumped to their feet and shouted up at the Prince, "Bobby Sands lives!" and "There's blood on your hands!" They were dragged off as the ballet continued. Mrs. Reagan and the Prince went backstage after the performance to congratulate the dancers. Proving that life often imitates the Marx Brothers, the sequins on Mrs. Reagan's gown caught in the tutu of a ballerina as she and the Prince were leaving, and their departure for the gala was delayed until the sequins (and the ballerina) could be extricated.

Throughout the festive summer evening, police helicopters circled the Lincoln Center area, sharpshooters trained rifles from the roofs of nearby buildings, and hundreds of policemen held back some two thousand I.R.A. supporters shouting such chants as "The Prince of Death must go!" "He must have found it painfully ironic . . . to be denounced as 'the Prince of Death' by the sympathizers of the very people who murdered the great-uncle to whose memory he is so devoted," a *Daily Telegraph* editorial said of the Prince, referring to the killing of Lord Mountbatten by the I.R.A. two years ago. The city's bill for protecting Prince Charles during his twenty-four-hour visit came to three hundred thousand dollars, most of it for police overtime. In 1860, when the city played host to another Prince of Wales—Charles' ancestor who later became King Edward VII—the major danger was that he would get hurt in the crush of admiring New Yorkers. The only awkwardness during that visit came about when five thousand people attended a grand ball at the Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street, to which three thousand had been invited. (No empty seats there.) Part of the dance floor collapsed under their weight. The area that had buckled was hastily boarded over—too hastily, in fact. It developed that, in their eagerness not to delay the Prince's return to the fun, the workers had boarded over one of the carpenters. The future Edward VII was finally able to resume dancing with leaders of local society to a series of Viennese waltzes.

At the most recent New York ball in honor of an heir to the British throne, Damrosch Park's stone surface held up fine. The music provided at the event for Prince Charles was less stately than that played in 1860. He and Nancy Reagan danced to "New York, New York," Frank Sinatra's big number, which he had sung at the gala in Washington the night before the Reagan Inauguration. When His Royal Highness left the party, the orchestra was in the midst of the song that begins, "You ain't nothing but a hound dog."

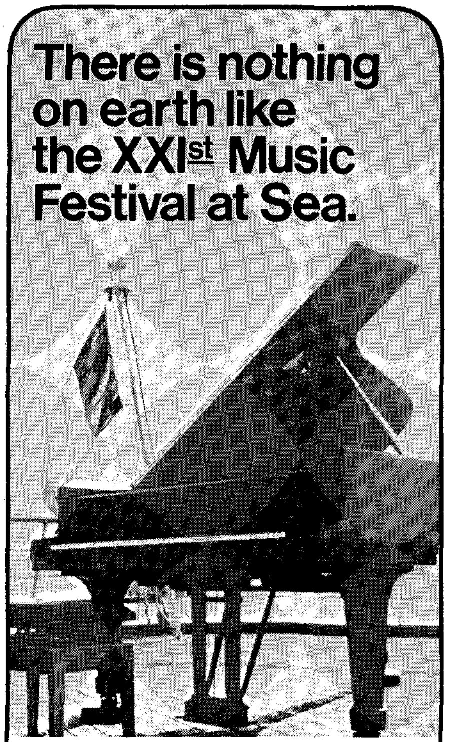
ALTHOUGH British leaders continue to indicate their concern over the political strength of the pro-I.R.A. forces in this country—and particularly in the area of this city—that presumed strength did not prevent a federal court here from ruling in the spring, on the basis of evidence presented by the federal Department of Justice, that the Irish Northern Aid Committee was not, as it had been presenting itself, an organization devoted only to raising money for the wives and children of imprisoned I.R.A. members, and that it must register as an agent of a foreign principal, with all the additional surveillance this involves. On the local political scene, things have changed mightily since politics in New York was almost entirely an Irish show. Some decades back, when the City Council was still called the Board of Aldermen and nearly all the aldermen were Irish, someone played a trick on one member of this ethnic majority by introducing in his name a resolution proposing that City Hall be draped with flags and bunting in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday. According to legend, the alderman barely escaped with his life at the next meeting of aldermen, and was roundly defeated in the next election. The forty-three-member City Council now includes eight members from minority groups—that is, blacks and Hispanics—and five Irish-Americans. Minority-group leaders often complain that they have no representative on the city's powerful Board of Estimate and are thus shut out of the local power structure. There are also no Irish-Americans on the board. New York's five Democratic bosses used to have such names as Murphy and Sullivan and Flynn. Nowadays, two of them are Jewish and two are of Italian descent. The present leader of Manhattan's Democratic Party—the old Tammany Hall—has an Irish name. However, Herman (Denny) Farrell is black.



Yet if Irish-Americans in New York's political life have shrunk in numbers, for only the second time in its history New York State now has an Irish-American Governor, Hugh Carey (his predecessor in this category was Al Smith), and it also has an Irish-American United States Senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. It is not clear whether the British noted during Prince Charles' visit the curious fact that the loud denunciations of their Northern Ireland policy came not from leading Irish-Americans but from New York's Jewish Mayor and from this state's Italian-American Lieutenant Governor, Mario Cuomo, who issued a statement denouncing the Prince as a symbol of British oppression in Ulster. The man who is considered the strongest pro-I.R.A. political figure in the House of Representatives is Mario Biaggi, whose district covers areas in the Bronx and Queens. The "clamorous" Biaggi, the *Times* complained last spring, "has managed to make himself a spokesman for Irish nationalism, but he has yet to find words to emphatically disavow the bomb and bullet."

Moynihan and Carey are half of a quartet known in England and Ireland as the Four Horsemen—the others being Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy and Speaker of the House Thomas O'Neill. In 1977, the four issued their first joint St. Patrick's Day statement, urging a peaceful resolution of the fighting in Northern Ireland and an end to American contributions to the I.R.A., which they believed were prolonging the conflict. A few weeks later, in a speech in Dublin, Carey described the militants on both sides, Protestant and Catholic, as being engaged in "the politics of death" ("Is it human rights that flow from the barrel of a gun?") and later denounced some I.R.A. members as "Killers" and "Marxists." After the Dublin speech, Frank Durkan, a New York lawyer who often serves as a spokesman for Noraid, pointed out that Carey had a reëlection campaign coming up. "I wouldn't want to be in Hughie's shoes next year going into some of the clubs," he said. The Four Horsemen—who are not political-kamikaze types—obviously believe that favoring some compromise that would end the Ulster bloodshed is not politically fatal for Irish-American politicians. Carey was an easy winner in the next year's election.

Last St. Patrick's Day, in a move that was praised by Dublin leaders, the Four Horsemen, joined by New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne, Delaware Senator Joseph Biden, California Senator Alan Cranston, and seventeen other prominent American politicians, most of them of Irish descent, announced the formation of the Friends of Ireland. The Friends' stated purpose is to end "the fear and the terrorism and the bigotry" and to urge the Reagan Administration to use its



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offices to seek the peaceful unification of Ireland, but only "with the consent of the majority of the people of Northern Ireland and with full safeguards for the rights of both sections of the community." In May, after the death of Bobby Sands in Maze Prison, the leaders of the Friends of Ireland petitioned Prime Minister Thatcher to undertake reforms in the administration of the Maze "that would offer real hope of ending this violent impasse." The suggestion that there are rights on both sides and the proposal for a negotiated peace continue to be unacceptable to Noraid activists and to other strong I.R.A. backers here. Their usual response when the word "terrorists" is used to describe Ulster's Catholic fighters, as it often is nowadays, is that two hundred years ago the British would have considered George Washington and other Colonial leaders to be terrorists. No one, of course, knows what effect sympathy for the hunger strikers may have on the political strength of the pro-I.R.A. forces here or elsewhere. Mayor Koch is apparently betting that its effect here will be considerable. Sounding more uncompromising than ever, Durkan said last month, "The Irish of America now say let's do for Ireland what the Jews have done for Israel. . . . We want our cry of 'Brits Out!' to carry the same weight as 'Never Again!' does for the Jews."

JOHN MCENROE said after his Wimbledon victory that he took special satisfaction in having pulled it off on the anniversary of America's declaration of independence from the British. The player whose name is now synonymous with displays of bad temper on the courts did not receive a congratulatory telegram from the famously even-tempered President Reagan. Although the President is also of Irish descent, his paternal grandparents having come over from County Cork, he has never traded politically on this circumstance; in any event, the Irish-American voting bloc, where it exists, is usually reserved for Catholics rather than those who belong, as Reagan does, to the Christian Church, a Protestant sect. On his first St. Patrick's Day as President, Reagan did attend a party at the Irish Embassy, becoming the first American President to do so. He took along a jar of green jelly beans. Independence Day at the White House this year was celebrated as an old-fashioned Fourth. The guest list was limited largely to White House staff members and their families. Women had been asked to wear long dresses, and men blazers and white trousers. Polystyrene boaters were handed out. Activities included croquet, badminton, and lawn bowling, and there was a small bandstand where music was provided by a barbershop quartet.

The Washington *Post's* coverage of the Fourth at the Reagans' was written by James Naughtie, of the *Scotsman*, of Edinburgh, who was at the *Post* under a three-month fellowship for British journalists. In his report ("TALE OF TWO FOURTHS, A RAILING APART"), he contrasted the huge crowd on the Mall (in a city that is seventy per cent black)—sloppy, noisy, diverse, déclassé—and the neat clusters of "overwhelmingly white" guests beyond the White House fence, wearing their prescribed outfits, standing about waiting respectfully for their leader. ("It appears that in the Reagan years, the Presidential family and retainers will adopt an almost royalist stance.") Reagan finally appeared, cracked a few pleasant jokes, and then retired to the Truman balcony, high above the crowd, where he sat with Frank Sinatra, another royal sort, watching the capital fireworks.

The *Post's* temporary reporter from the British Empire hardly needed to be reminded that national holidays are often celebrated in contrasting fashions in different parts of Edinburgh or in different parts of London. The rioting in British cities had just broken out, and what seemed to be clashes between two English worlds was bound to set off some speculation—so far rather desultory—that these events could serve as a lesson for leaders of the Administration in Washington. Resemblances between the Reagan and Thatcher economic programs were noted, as was the degree to which the Thatcher program has not worked, and the question of how angrily less affluent Americans would react when the effect of the Reagan cutbacks in government spending was really felt. "BRITAIN'S SUMMER STORM—WILL IT YET DROWN RON?" was the headline over a *Daily News* story along these lines. The first politician to suggest that there could well be riots here was, predictably, a Democrat: Governor Carey. Calling the Reagan program "telescoped Thatcherism," he said—rather recklessly, in the general view—"Some people say they see great distinctions between what Margaret Thatcher has done in England and what Reagan has done here. I can't see any, and I don't see a different result."

The *Times*' James Reston once indicated that he had it on good authority that the major reason Richard Nixon wanted to be reëlected in 1972 was so that he could preside over the nation's bicentennial celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Instead, the man in the White House four years later was Gerald Ford. This fall, Reagan will have a chance to preside over the two-hundredth anniversary of the signing of the British surrender at Yorktown. As it happens, both the hundredth and the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversaries of this event also took place under Republican Administrations: Chester A. Arthur brought a large delegation to Yorktown in 1881 and Herbert Hoover did the same fifty years later. Reagan has said that he will be there this time. So, very probably, will President François Mitterrand, the French being only too happy to remind Americans of how their nation helped the Thirteen Colonies defeat the British enemy. So far, the indications are that the British will not show up. Possibly they are concerned that this time I.R.A. supporters will follow them to Virginia. And though there is no particular reason for New York City to be represented at the Yorktown celebration—after all, it was hors de combat two hundred years ago—no one would be surprised if Mayor Koch, who enjoys a party, came along anyway and made his position clear to royalty on one subject or another. The strongest reason for the British reluctance to be represented at the ceremony was probably summed up by the *Daily Telegraph:* "Britain feels it can hardly be expected to make a great fuss of celebrating one of its most humiliating defeats." There were those who hoped that this decision wasn't final. The Washington *Post* suggested, "The Queen, if she chose to come, could use the occasion to offer her errant former subjects a final opportunity to rejoin the mother country: Ask yourself, are you *really* better off today than you were two hundred years ago?"

—ANDY LOGAN

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But in Cape May Court House, N.J., two thirsty women—one bare-breasted—were denied a drink of water at the Chamber of Commerce because they were not wearing shoes.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

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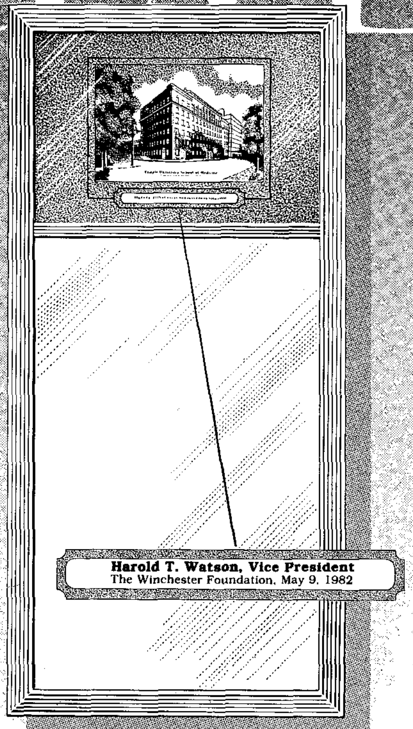
Harold T. Watson, Vice President
The Winchester Foundation, May 9, 1982

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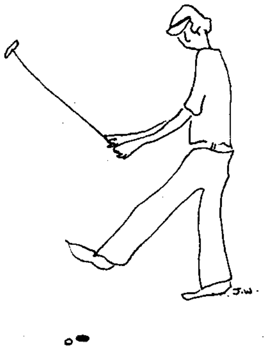
THE SPORTING SCENE

WATSON AND OUR OPEN

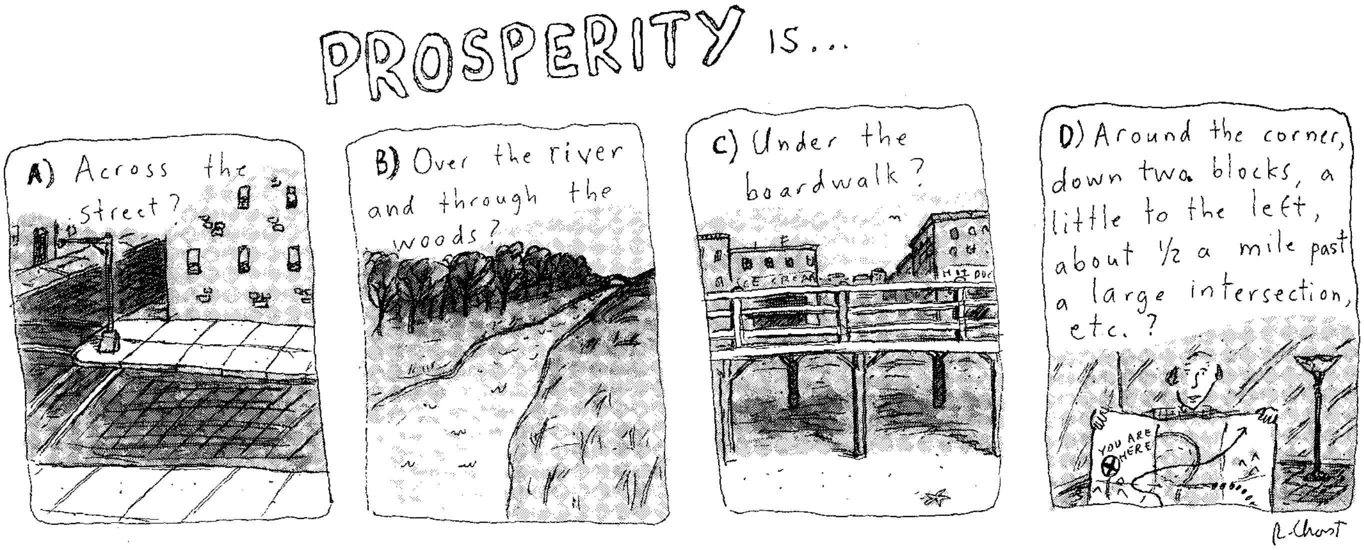
OVER the last five years, the best golfer in the world has been Tom Watson, a thirty-one-year-old native of Kansas City, Missouri. Watson is regarded by the majority of other successful young American professional golfers as something of a curiosity, in that, unlike just about all of them, he attended college but not on a golf scholarship, he actually received a degree, and he flouts the current customs of the world of sport in many interesting ways. For example, over the last half-dozen years Watson, an old-fashioned young man, has turned down a large number of lucrative offers to endorse products, because he has not been convinced either of their merit or of the probity of the company officials he would be associated with. He has, it is true, been in a splendid position to afford such high standards. Starting with the 1977 season, he has annually collected more prize money on the P.G.A. Tour than any other player: $310,653 in 1977; $362,429 in 1978; $462,636 in 1979; and $530,808 in 1980. He now ranks third in career earnings on the American tournament circuit, behind Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino, and, having picked up a little change abroad, he stands fourth in career earnings throughout the world, behind Nicklaus, Trevino, and Gary Player, with winnings totalling over two and a half million dollars. Since 1974, when he won his first professional tournament, the Western Open, he has amassed twenty-five victories on the P.G.A. Tour—a remarkable achievement, considering the profusion of talent in the game today. Traditionally, the chief guideline in judging how good a golfer is has been his record in the major championships, which at present are the United States Open, the British Open, the Masters, and our P.G.A. Championship. Watson has so far captured five majors: the British Open in 1975, 1977, and 1980, and the Masters in 1977 and this past April. No one is more cognizant than he that in order to be recognized as a truly great golfer he must demonstrate his superiority more often in the championships held in our country—particularly in the U.S. Open, the most important championship of all. It is significant that Bobby Jones, Ben Hogan, and Jack Nicklaus, who are generally accepted as being the three top golfers produced in this country, have won the Open four times each.



Each year, accordingly, the pressure on Watson in the Open has increased. It was never more burdensome than it was this June, when the tournament was held at the historic Merion Golf Club, on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Golf fans around the world were rooting hard for Watson to break through at last, for two principal reasons: it is always heartwarming when a performer of exceptional talent achieves a momentous goal; and it is well understood that, more often than not, an outstanding golfer who fails to seize his opportunities in the Open when he is young is never able to win it. Sam Snead's case offers the most poignant illustration. In 1937, his first season on the professional tour, Snead played first-rate rounds of 69, 73, 70, and 71 in the Open, held that year at the Oakland Hills Country Club, outside Detroit, but he lost by two shots when Ralph Guldahl finished with a 69. Two years later, the real tragedy occurred. At the Spring Mill course of the Philadelphia Country Club, Snead came to the last hole of the Open a stroke ahead of the field. All he needed was a par 5 on that 558-yard hole—not a tall order. The pressure was apparently too much for him: he pulled his tee shot into the rough and took seven more strokes before he got the ball in the hole. He had excellent chances to win the Open in 1947 and 1949, and very good chances in 1953 and 1955, but somehow this superlative golfer—no one in golf history has had a swing as correct mechanically and as incredibly fluent—could never do what he had to do in the crunch in the Open.

Watson's experiences in the championship have been somewhat different from Snead's. Before Merion, he had been in a position to win the Open only twice, and in neither case had he still been in the hunt on the concluding holes. His first chance came in 1974, before he had quite arrived. That year, the Open was held at the Winged Foot Golf Club, in Westchester. With eighteen holes to go, Watson, then only twenty-four, led the field by a stroke. On the last round, he began hurrying his swing, and when he began missing Winged Foot's elusive pear-shaped greens with his approach shots he gradually fell off the pace, finishing with a 79 and in a three-way tie for fifth. Last year, at Baltusrol, in New Jersey, he was only two strokes behind the co-leaders, Nicklaus and Isao Aoki, at the start of the final day's play. It always helps to get off to a good start, but Watson pushed his opening tee shot into the trees on the right and failed to par the first hole. After that, he never got rolling. One of the most gifted putters in the game, he three-putted two greens on the front nine, and, coming in, he was unable to get down a number of short birdie putts he had to make in order to close in on the leaders. A marvellous opportunity had been wasted.

Just about a month later, in the 1980 British Open, at Muirfield, east of Edinburgh, one saw an entirely different Watson, all ease and assurance. For some reason, he nearly always plays well in Scotland; he has won all three of his British Open titles there. At Muirfield, he was visibly enjoying every moment of the championship, beaming his way around the course almost as if he were on a holiday abroad. On the day of the opening round, most of which was played in a cold wind and fairly heavy rain, he purred along smoothly and brought in a 68, three under par. On the second day, he adjusted equably to a late starting time—his threesome did not go out until three-thirty—and was around in 70. There wasn't a breath of wind on the day of the third round, and the scoring in general was low. Sensing that it was crucial to take advantage of the ideal conditions, Watson burned up the course with a 64 and moved into a four-stroke lead over the nearest challenger. On the final round, he had to deal with a raw northeast wind and the strain that the leader always is under, but he hit one firm shot after another. He finished with a 69—one of the few rounds below 70 that

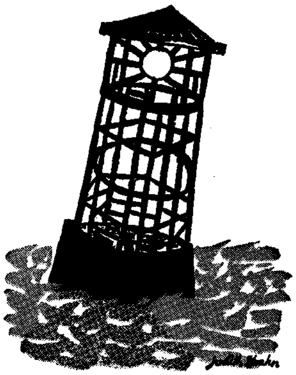

PROSPERITY is...
A) Across the street?
B) Over the river and through the woods?
C) Under the boardwalk?
D) Around the corner, down two blocks, a little to the left, about ½ a mile past a large intersection, etc.?
YOU ARE HERE
R. Chast

• •

day—and walked off the course the victor by four strokes.

WHEN Watson was first coming to prominence on the tour, in the mid-nineteen-seventies, he was described by the press as "golf's Tom Sawyer," "the Tom Sawyer of the fairways," and so on. The comparison was inescapable. Today, the childhood freckles may have faded, but Watson still bears a vivid resemblance to Mark Twain's young hero. Casually handsome, he has a mop of reddish-brown hair, clean-cut features, candid blue eyes, and the direct, open manner of a country boy. It is easy to picture him sucking on a stem of grass as he heads for the fishing hole with a pole over his shoulder. Like so many of the top golfers, from Harry Vardon on down, Watson is a medium-sized man; he stands five feet nine and weighs a hundred and sixty pounds. When he is togged out in sports shirt and slacks, his appearance can be deceiving. A stranger, noticing his unimposing shoulders and flattish chest, would hardly guess that this man is one of the longest hitters in golf. Watson gets his power from sturdy legs, a strong back, and outsize forearms. His forearms were big to begin with—that is a family characteristic—but years of hitting out thousands and thousands of golf balls have made them huge. He has long been a believer in "muscle memory"—in golf, the term is associated with Hogan—and, as Hogan did, he spends countless hours on the practice tee correcting what he is doing wrong, experimenting with movements that might lead to improvements in his technique, or trying to determine for future reference why at that moment he is flighting his shots exactly as he would like to do all the time. Though he has a propensity for getting confused now and then and treating the golf swing as if it were a branch of higher mathematics, he is a keen analyst, who can often detect the basic error he is making and rectify it. When he needs assistance, the man he gets in touch with is Byron Nelson, the great star of the nineteen-thirties and forties. Their friendship dates from the winter of 1974, when Nelson watched Watson play a round in the Doral-Eastern Open, in Florida. Impressed equally by the way Watson hit his shots and by his amiable, modest manner, Nelson introduced himself after the round and said that he would be happy to work with him if he ever needed any help. One of the things the two men have in common is an exceedingly upright (as opposed to flat) swing. The upright swing was pioneered by Vardon, in Great Britain, near the end of the nineteenth century, but Nelson was the first champion of the modern, steel-shaft age to commit himself to the upright swing and master its mechanics. As a rule, Nelson and Watson get together two or three times a year at the Preston Trail Golf Club, in Dallas—which, incidentally, serves as the annual venue of the Byron Nelson Golf Classic, a tour event that Watson has won four times. On these occasions, Nelson drives over from his home, Fairway Ranch, near Fort Worth, and Watson flies down from Kansas City—a three-hour trip from portal to portal. They meet at the practice tee. For four hours or so, Watson hits out balls and Nelson observes, occasionally offering a comment or a suggestion. No one admires Watson more as a player and as a person than Nelson, but he believes that Watson makes golf harder than it has to be by clinging to an ultraperfectionistic approach. During his playing days, Nelson also set rigorous standards for himself, but whereas Watson has an intense, excitable temperament Nelson was able to maintain an enviable coolness under the pressure of tournament play. In 1945, in fact, when, during an unbelievable hot streak, he won eleven straight P.G.A. tournaments, the most popular one-liner on the tour was that if you received a transfusion from Nelson you'd probably come down with pneumonia. "When you watch Tom in a tournament, there are days, especially if he's not playing well, when he can't wait to get to the ball and hit the next shot," Nelson said not long ago. "I keep telling Tom that he'd benefit if he tried to do things at a slower pace —to warm up more slowly before a round, to walk more slowly between shots, to take more time before playing a shot, and so on. It's awfully difficult, I appreciate, to change your habits, and Tom is a person who does everything at a quick pace."

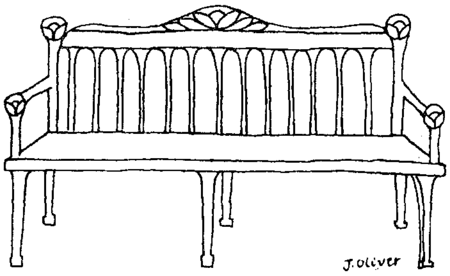
When Watson is at the peak of his game, it is a delight to watch him in action. On those days, he makes golf, the exacting art of hitting a stationary ball from a stationary stance, seem as simple as stirring coffee. One can see him now, moving in long, hurried strides down the fairway, the upper part of his body straining forward as he heads for the spot where his tee shot has finished. (Watson's close friends enjoy describing him as "the worst walker and worst dresser in golf.") By the time he arrives at the ball, he has completed nearly all his thinking about the upcoming shot. Standing behind or beside the ball, he gives the flagstick on the distant green hardly more than a cursory glance. This is followed by a light practice swing, to get the feel of the club he will be using and also to sense whether the interrelated movements of his hands, arms, shoulders, hips, and legs have the proper synchronization. Before you know it, he has set himself up at the ball and, having given the club his customary two waggles, has dispatched the shot. With the possible exception of Gene Sarazen, no top-rank golfer over the last fifty years has played his shots as fast as Watson or with such arrant disregard for the extended, Byzantine rituals that most tournament golfers observe. His swing, too, has a fine lack of extraneous motion. The left side of his body is in control all the way. At the top of his backswing, his arms are extended much higher above his head than most players'. On the downswing, because of his strength, the size of his arc, and the speed and suppleness with which he starts the shift of his weight to his left side with the lower part of his body, he develops terrific club-head speed as his hands release through the ball and ride up into a high finish. Watson may look like the nifty little halfback in the pony backfield at a small college, but few men on the pro tour can power their drives as far as he can, and only Johnny Miller can match his ability on a hot round at planting a series of long, medium, and short approach shots within fifteen feet of the flag.



Watson, for some reason, tends to think of himself as a colorless performer. Though he does not have Arnold Palmer's intuitive histrionic sense, Nicklaus's head-of-state presence, or Trevino's talent for entertaining his galleries with an endless stream of banter, knowledgeable spectators find him thrilling to watch, because of the full-blooded, uncompromising quality of his high-trajectory shots. His style conceals a good deal of finesse. He likes to tailor his shots to fit the terrain—to play certain drives and approaches so that they fade from left to right and others so that they draw from right to left, depending on the conformation of a particular fairway or green area. There is more than a little risk involved in any golfer's expecting such virtuosity of himself in the crucible of competition. Watson understands this, but for the most part he chooses to ignore it, because of his infatuation with playing the perfect shot. For another thing, it is Watson's nature to keep attacking the pin. A "picker," not a "gouger," he strikes the ball sharply and cleanly—an advantage on wet fairways, hard fairways, and fairways on which the grass is relatively high. He is a skillful scrambler, adept at manufacturing all kinds of touch shots with his wedge, and is among the most artistic bunker players in the game. He is a topnotch putter and an especially able approach putter. On the greens, he takes a bit more time. When he is reading an approach putt, he checks the line from behind the cup as well as from behind the ball. That is standard procedure for tournament golfers, but there is another reason he makes his three-hundred-and-sixty-degree circle around the cup on putts of any length: he believes that a golfer can feel the breaks of a green with his feet if he walks near enough to the line of his putt. Down through the years, there have been few impressive tee-to-green golfers who have also been impressive putters—Jones and Nicklaus are the first two anyone thinks of—but among the new players Watson comes closest to being that rare bird. He has days when he hits his tee shots all over the place—his inconsistent driving is his major weakness—but when he is keeping them in play he can shoot the lights out on any course. In 1973, for example, he had a round of 62 on the famous old Pinehurst No. 2. In his first big year, 1977, he took the Andy Williams-San Diego Open by five strokes with rounds of 66, 67, 67, and 69 on the Torrey Pines municipal course—an excellent test of golf. In the British Open later that year, at Turnberry, Scotland, when, on the last two days, Watson and Nicklaus met in the greatest head-to-head duel in golf history, Watson, who ultimately won by a single stroke, came through with a pair of 65s, and his four-round total of 268 eclipsed the former record for the championship by eight full strokes. Last year, in capturing the World Series of Golf he had 65s on three of his four rounds at the Firestone Country Club, in Akron—a course that measures well over seven thousand yards. It is not just Watson's scoring that astounds his colleagues but the beautiful shots he plays and the frequently brilliant putting that is the frosting on the cake. It leads them to wonder if many golfers have ever hit the ball better than Watson does when he is in top form.

FOR all the surface glamour of tournament golf, it is a harsh profession, and most of the players who have succeeded in becoming champions have been adamantly single-minded men. Watson is one of the exceptions. Thoughtful, imaginative, and inquisitive, he has always had many interests and enthusiasms. When he was in the ninth grade, for instance, he became the stage manager of a school production of "The Pirates of Penzance." (It was then that he met Linda Rubin, a bright, lively girl who was trying out for the female lead. They were married in 1973.) While he was in high school (Pembroke-Country Day, on the border between Kansas and Missouri), he taught himself how to play the guitar—"just chords and a few folk songs that Joan Baez, the Smothers Brothers, and Peter, Paul, and Mary were doing at the time." Today, he plays the guitar only occasionally, and his chief musical activity is singing nursery rhymes to his first child, Margaret Elizabeth, who was named for his mother (Sarah Elizabeth), Linda's grandmother (Margaret), his maternal grandmother (Elizabeth), and his paternal grandmother (Margaret Elizabeth). The Watsons call her Meg, and she will be two in September. Wherever he happens to be, he keeps abreast of the national and international news. He studies the morning paper sedulously and supplements it with *Time* and *Newsweek*. He also reads *Forbes* and *Business Week*. He thinks he should read more than he does, and that isn't surprising, inasmuch as he consistently demands a great deal of himself. "I've been getting sloppy in my speech," he said when I talked with him earlier this year. "Another thing—because I've been dictating letters for some time, I'd forgotten how to write one. What I did was dig up an old English-composition book we used back in high school. I went through it and relearned the proper forms for a business letter and a friendly letter." Watson has a good mind and likes to use it, but it is a mistake to classify him as an intellectual, as some people on the tour do. His is a rather complex personality, with many sides. In some respects, he is a typical son of the Plains States. When he was growing up, he used to go duck hunting with his father in northwestern Missouri and quail hunting with him in east-central Kansas. These days, he does a little pheasant shooting in central Kansas and a spot of bass fishing here and there, to recover from the wear and tear of the golf tour. When he is in Kansas City (he and Linda make their home in a charming but not palatial French Provincial house in a prosperous residential area called Mission Hills), he is a full-throated supporter of the local sports teams. He has season tickets for the home games of the Chiefs, the city's entry in the National Football League, and he is a devoted fan of the Royals, its baseball team, which went all the way to the World Series last year. There is a strong strain of the burgher in Watson, and his friends feel that he is never more himself than when he is at the ballpark talking it up and tossing down a few beers. Last autumn, when the Royals met the Yankees in the American League Championship playoff, Watson was accorded the honor of throwing out the first ball in the opening game, in Kansas City. "I went to the mound and threw the ball twelve feet over the catcher's head," he recalled recently. "Embarrassing. They gave me a mulligan, and I threw the second pitch high again—this time right at the catcher's head. I probably should have warmed up." Watson is an extremely popular figure in Kansas City, where the sports crowd follows his fortunes closely and refers to him as the city's "fourth franchise." (The third is the professional basketball team, the Kings.) Last year, he held a two-hour golf clinic, ostensibly for boys and girls, in Swope Park, a public park, and six hundred people, mainly adults, turned out. This year, he put on another such clinic, and it drew more than two thousand people, of all ages. Three weeks after the 1980 clinic, he and Nicklaus played an exhibition match that raised two hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars for the local Children's Mercy Hospital. The receipts from this year's exhibition were even higher, because Trevino joined Watson and Nicklaus. Such activities prompted Bill Althaus, of the *Kansan*, to write, "Watson doesn't just call Kansas City home—he works at making it a better place."

WATSON is a member of families that have long roots in Missouri and Kansas, although in his case the surname Watson, it should be explained, goes back only to Isaac Newton Watson (1859–1945), who married Watson's great-grandmother after the death of her first husband. At seventy-eight, when he was winding down a notable legal career, I. N. Watson felt that something had to be done about the notorious Pendergast political machine, which had taken over control of Kansas City and much of the state of Missouri by the mid-nineteen-thirties. As I. N. Watson saw it, if it could be proved that the machine had stolen an election this might start a movement that would topple Boss Pendergast's corrupt rule. He employed two retired Federal Bureau of Investigation agents to go into the machine-controlled wards and search out evidence of long-dead residents who had recently voted for the Pendergast slate and also search out living residents whose anti-Pendergast votes had not been counted. After two years of digging, so many substantiating documents of voting fraud had been unearthed that it took two men to carry the huge boxes of papers into the federal court. I. N. Watson succeeded in having the judge impanel a grand jury. Over two hundred indictments were obtained; convictions followed in most cases, and the damage this wrought marked the beginning of the end of the Pendergast machine. Dr. Simeon Bishop Bell is another ancestor who should be mentioned. He was Watson's paternal grandmother's father. A native of New Jersey who received his education in Ohio, Dr. Bell made the arduous trip to Kansas by covered wagon in 1857, settled there, survived the bloody guerrilla warfare that broke out along the Kansas-Missouri border before the Civil War, prospered in real-estate development, and gave the University of Kansas the money and land that enabled it to establish its medical school.



Thomas Sturges Watson—the name Sturges comes from his maternal grandmother's family, which lived in and around Sedalia, Missouri—was born in September, 1949, one of three sons of Raymond Etheridge Watson, Jr., whose father, a lawyer educated at the University of Kansas, was killed in a plane crash in Texas in 1930. Ray Watson had gone to Stanford and then to its law school, but had found he had no feeling for law. After serving in the Second World War, he became an insurance broker. Golf has played a large part in his life. A scratch golfer who won the club championship at the Kansas City Country Club several times, he was good enough to reach the fourth round of the 1950 United States Amateur Championship, where he lost his match on the fourth extra hole. Four years later, in the third round of the Amateur, he came up against Frank Stranahan, one of the reigning kingpins, and lost one down after a hard battle. Among his friends in Kansas City, who dearly love a nickname, Ray Watson has long been known as Hook, because he has a proclivity for hooking the ball from right to left with his full, Bobby Jones type of swing. Now sixty-two, he still breaks 70 a couple of times a year. Tom is the middle one of his sons. Raymond Etheridge Watson III, who is called Ridge, is three years older than Tom. A Stanford graduate, he is an oenologist, who has studied the growing of grapes and the making of wine around the world, and his ambition is to run his own winery. The third son, John, who is two years younger than Tom, is also a Stanford man and has also pursued an offbeat profession. He is an actor—currently a member of the company of the American Conservatory Theatre, in San Francisco. Ridge and John are proficient athletes, but they aren't in Tom's class. Tom started to play golf when he was six, beating the ball around the course at the country club with a cut-down spade mashie. His father prided himself on being able to slice the ball as well as hook it, and had taught Tom how to work the ball both ways by the time he was ten. In 1961, a new pro, Stan Thirsk, came to the club. A studious, intuitive man, Thirsk had tried the pro tour with some success, but he lacked the flinty temperament that competitive golf demands. He was a first-class teacher—

just what a precocious pupil like Watson needed. Watson modelled his swing on Thirsk's, which is founded on balance and a smooth, built-in rhythm. In working with Watson, Thirsk never stopped emphasizing the advantages of the upright swing. (At that period, Nicklaus, a notably upright swinger, was coming to the fore, and he exerted immense influence on golfers everywhere.) Thirsk liked Watson's ability to move the ball both from right to left and from left to right, and on their many rounds together he taught him how to refine his hook into a draw, his slice into a fade. “The best teachers, like Stan, are those who can teach you the feel of the golf swing either with words or by putting you into certain positions,” Watson said a short time ago. “They can make you understand what your swing should feel like at its various stages. You *have* to have the feel of the club. One of my troubles is that I'm inclined to think too much in terms of executing the mechanics of the swing, mechanics being a certain way of taking the club back and being in the right position each step of the way. When I'm playing my best, interestingly, I play ninety per cent by feel. When I'm not going so well, it's the reverse—I'm ninety per cent mechanics. There's no sense in being that aware of what you're trying to do. Your swing becomes too contrived.” Watson's happy relationship with Thirsk over the past twenty years has played a key part in his development as a golfer. Whenever he has won a tournament of consequence, he has taken pains to remark early in his acceptance speech, “I want to thank my friends Stan Thirsk and Byron Nelson.”

COKE
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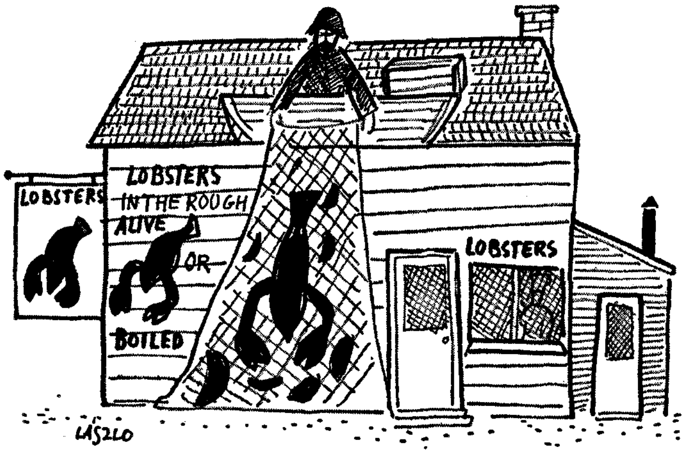
As Watson moved into his teens, he loomed as a prodigy. At thirteen, he shot a 67—three under par—at the Kansas City Country Club, which is a 6,745-yard layout with narrow, twisting fairways, a lot of trees, and small greens. At fourteen, he won the Kansas City Match-Play Championship, open to all comers except professionals. In 1964, when he was fifteen, he played in an exhibition match with Arnold Palmer. Though he could hit the ball outlandishly far for a kid his age and size, his drives were not as long as Palmer's and in any case he was emphatically outscored. (Conveniently for historians, Palmer is twenty years older than Watson, and Nicklaus ten years older.) Three years later, at eighteen, largely because he had won the Missouri high-school championship the previous season, Watson was selected to play an early-spring exhibition match with Nicklaus at the Topeka Country Club. On a cold, windy afternoon, he played creditable golf, taking only two more strokes than Nicklaus. At Pembroke-Country Day, besides being the mainstay of the golf team (he won the state high-school championship twice), he was on the football and basketball teams. Until his senior year, he didn't get much playing time in the football games. He thought of himself as a glue-fingered, pass-catching end, but when the coaching staff used him at all they sent him into the games for short periods as a defensive back. Everything changed in his senior year, because the old offense, a single wing that required brawn, was replaced by an option offense that depended on speed and some deception in the execution of four basic plays and all sorts of variations on them—handoffs, rushes off tackle or around end, pitchouts, a few traps, and a number of pass plays. Watson won the job of first-string quarterback. Under the strain of golf tournaments, Watson's sense of humor is muffled, but in a relaxed moment recently he tossed off a neat retrospective evaluation of his abilities as a quarterback: “I was a lousy passer. I couldn't throw it far or accurately. I could run, though. I was medium fast, with, I thought, real good moves. A close-to-three-hundred-pound center and two terribly mean guards sometimes made the quarterback seem almost unstoppable.” On the basketball team, he was a regular at guard—a sturdy all-around player, who could shoot and set up plays. Looking back at his high-school days, Watson is of the opinion that taking part in other sports is one reason he matured as a golfer later than those of his contemporaries who grew up in warm-weather states and played golf the year round. However, he believes that football and basketball helped him to develop his hand-and-eye reflexes and his general coördination besides strengthening his legs, his main source of power.

Watson followed the family pattern and, after high school, went on to Stanford. He majored first in economics but later switched to psychology. During his last three years (he graduated in 1971), he played No. 1 on the golf team, but the fact is that between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two—the period when most young golfers who go on to become champions give definite indications that they have a certain something extra—Watson, the high-school hot shot, was hardly more than just another capable college golfer. Stanford is a member of what was then the Pacific Eight Conference (now the Pacific Ten), but Watson never came close to winning the Pac-8 individual title. In the National Collegiate Athletic Association Championship, he finished fifth in his junior year and sixth in his senior year. In his four appearances in the Western Amateur, he never got past the quarter-finals. He played in the United States Amateur every year from 1967 on but attracted attention only once—in 1969, when he tied for fifth. What did he win during this span of years? Well, the Fresno State Classic and the Stanford Invitational, once each. Also four Missouri Amateurs—the first of them the summer before he entered Stanford. Not a bad record, but nothing that would suggest that a dazzling future in professional golf awaited him. Most college golfers of Watson's mild attainments sooner or later end up in some business that allows them to shine in sectional amateur events and to play glittering “customer golf.” Watson, with his ready frankness, is quick to admit that he wasn't an accomplished golfer at this stage of his career. “I was wild,” he said when we talked. “I could hit the ball a long way, and I could chip and putt, but I didn't have a sound swing. I recognized this, but the December of my senior year at Stanford I still made the decision to turn pro after graduation. My golf game was the only tangible talent I felt I had. I wasn't any great shakes as a student. You see, I had gone from Kansas City, a community where discipline is ingrained, to Stanford, where an individual had total freedom. During college, I was searching, always, to improve myself, but finding the right directions to move in wasn't easy."

CONSIDERING that he had led a relatively sheltered life, Watson made a stunning adjustment to the world of professional golf. Right at the outset, he scored well enough in the 1971 P.G.A. Tour Qualifying School, held at what was then the East Course of the P.G.A. National Golf Club, in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, to gain his Approved Tournament Player's card, which entitled him to try to qualify for the weekly P.G.A. Tour events. Qualifying rounds of all kinds are the most nerve-racking tests a golfer has to face, and Watson had never before experienced the sustained tension he had to cope with during the six rounds that the candidates played at the P.G.A. National. Previously, during five practice rounds, he had reached the conclusion that the wisest approach was to play prudently and avoid any costly mistakes, such as hitting a ball out of bounds or into a water hazard, which would result in double bogeys. In 1972, his first full year on the tour, when he had to qualify on Monday for a spot in the tournament beginning on Thursday, he adhered to this approach, and it served him well. During his rookie year, Watson learned the ropes of the nomadic life—for example, the advisability of making motel reservations a week ahead instead of taking three or four hours to hunt down a place to stay after he arrived at the next stop. He liked several aspects of the tour. He hadn't seen much of the country before, and enjoyed discovering America as he drove from tournament to tournament. (Travel by automobile is now a thing of the past. Today, everyone flies.) Then, too, as a single man, he was able to devote as much time as he wished to practice and to learning about golf from all angles. His game improved conspicuously. He had been told that a good way to learn was to try to play practice rounds with the top players, but this was easier said than done. The next-best thing, he decided, was to go out and watch the stars, and this he did regularly. Sam Snead, with his wonderful rhythm and his lubricated action, impressed him most. That first year, Watson won a total of $31,081 in prize money, which included $11,400 for coming in second in the Quad Cities Open, in Bettendorf, Iowa; his last two rounds were a 69 and a 66. At night, though, he found it mighty lonesome out on the tour. "I had a standard practice," Watson told me. "I never stayed on the tour longer than six weeks. Even if I was hitting the ball solidly, I found I missed the cut more often than not in the sixth tournament. Subconsciously, I knew I needed a change. I'd go home, and after two weeks, I was ready to pick up the tour again." Midway through the 1973 season, his second as a touring pro, he made life infinitely more pleasant for himself by marrying Linda Rubin, who had turned him down twice earlier. After their marriage, she went out on the tour with him, and she continues to do so, missing few tournaments he plays. A bundle of energy and a natural organizer, Linda handles all the motel and travel arrangements, takes care of the meals, keeps the books, answers the mail, walks most of Watson's rounds with him, and acts as a buffer when things crowd in on him. In short, she makes it possible for Watson to concentrate almost entirely on his golf.



In 1973, the year he married Linda, Watson's earnings on the tour rose to $74,973. This put him in thirty-fifth place on the year's money-winning list—an important point, since the top sixty players are exempt from having to qualify for any tour tournaments for the coming year. In 1974, he moved all the way up to tenth place, with earnings of more than a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. This was the year he led the U.S. Open going into the last round, only to end up with a 79. Two weeks later, however, he won his first professional tournament, the Western Open, overtaking and passing the leaders with a closing 69. This was a big step forward. The next one came the following summer, when he won his first major championship, the 1975 British Open. The tournament took place at Carnoustie, on the east coast of Scotland, a rough, grisly links that is at its meanest when an east or northeast wind is blowing off the North Sea. Watson likens Carnoustie to an ugly old woman who at least is honest with you: when you add up your score after your round, she tells you what she thinks of you. At Carnoustie, since he was making his début in the British Open, he did not expect to be a serious challenger. Nonetheless, at the end of the third round he stood a stroke behind Johnny Miller, two strokes behind Jack Newton, of Australia, and three behind Bobby Cole, a long-hitting young South African, who was in the lead. On the last day, he played an up-and-down sort of round on which he three-putted three greens. "After nine holes, I was still three or four strokes back of the leaders," he recalled not long ago. "It wasn't till I got to the last hole that I realized I had a shot at winning. I said to myself on the eighteenth tee, 'I'm two strokes out now. If I can birdie this hole, in order to beat me Cole and Miller and Newton will have to par the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth—three tough holes.' A west wind was behind us on the eighteenth, and my tee shot must have been out there three hundred yards. That hole is four hundred and forty-eight yards long, and all I had left was a 9-iron. My approach ended up twenty feet from the pin, and I made the birdie putt. Now, for the first time, I had put myself in a position to be a factor in the championship." The final minutes were feverish. Cole foundered near the end of his round, and Miller bogeyed the eighteenth to ruin his chances, but Newton parred the eighteenth, to equal Watson's four-round total of 279. In their playoff, the next day, Newton and Watson were tied when they came to the eighteenth. The wind had shifted, and was out of the east, blowing dead against the players on the last hole. Newton, with the honor, hit the ball near the neck of his driver and left himself with a long second. Watson's drive was better but also a little necky. Newton to play first: he pulled his second into the bunker at the left side of the entrance to the green. Watson went with a

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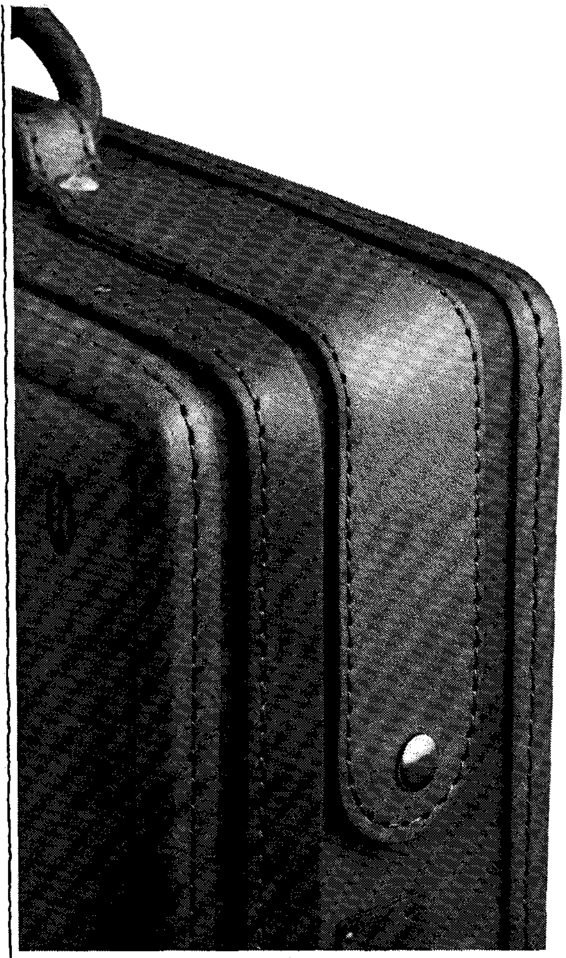
2-iron. He got the ball onto the green some forty-five feet from the pin. That was the winning shot, for Newton took three to get down from the bunker, and Watson made sure of his 4 by stopping his approach putt close to the hole.

After his triumph in the British Open, Watson's status changed: he was looked upon as a burgeoning international star. As always, he was much more critical of his play than anyone else was. He knew he had played competent golf at Carnoustie, but there were weeks when he did not have the sure control of the ball he was after. The complete golfer, as was noted earlier, must be able to hit the ball both from right to left and from left to right as the situation demands, but he has to have one strong suit he can rely on. In Watson's case, he had been fundamentally a left-to-right player from boyhood on. This was both natural and easy for him, because of his upright backswing. From time to time, however, his backswing would become too upright, and when it did he would go through erratic periods when many shots slipped far out to the right and into trouble. To cure this, in 1976 he worked on taking the club back more on the inside and flattening out his backswing. He had only a fair season. He won no tournaments and was never up close in the championships. He made a particularly weak defense of his British Open title, at Royal Birkdale: his total for the first three rounds was so high that he did not qualify to play the final round. This did not get him down. That year, for the first time, he felt that he was on his way to developing a reliable swing: "On my backswing, I could put my club into the same slot at the top every time. Technically, I was still a left-to-right player, but I was hitting my shots almost straight at the target. The ball just slid in a fraction from the left. Another thing—when I needed to draw a shot from right to left, it was simpler to do so."

THE results of Watson's persistence were spectacularly apparent the next year, 1977. It was a season filled with drama in more ways than one. He was off fast, winning two tournaments in January—the Crosby, on the Monterey Peninsula, and the Andy Williams-San Diego Open. The elements of his revised swing seemed to have fallen smoothly into place. "That was the best stretch of tournament golf I'd ever played," he said when we talked. "I knew where the ball was going to go. I knew how it would react off the club face. I expected to go on playing well." In March, in the Tournament Players Championship, held at the windswept Sawgrass course, at Ponte Vedra Beach, near Jacksonville, Watson appeared to be on his way to a third victory. Tied for the lead after three rounds, he built up a three-stroke lead on the final day when he went to the turn in 36. Then, suddenly, he began to flounder. On four of the next five holes, he played jittery, wayward shots that ended up in bunkers, and failed to par any of these holes. Shortly afterward, Mark Hayes got through those four holes with three pars and a birdie, and moved in front to stay. The following week, playing in the Heritage Classic, at the Harbour Town Links, on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, Watson, leading the field by four strokes after almost errorless rounds of 67, 67, and 66, again fell apart on the fourth day. He bogeyed four of the first seven holes, and never got going after that. This opened the door for the eventual winner—Graham Marsh, of Australia. Everyone who has played competitive golf—not excluding such wonders as Vardon, Jones, Hogan, and Nicklaus—has on occasion wavered pathetically when victory seemed certain, but Watson's two disasters, coming within the space of eight days, stirred up all kinds of speculation about his competitive hardiness. These days, the most disparaging thing you can say about an athlete is to accuse him of being a choker. This implies that when the tension mounts, his throat tightens up, and so does the rest of him, because he lacks the heart and the guts to withstand the stress and play his usual game. I cannot remember another athlete being subjected in recent times to anything like the treatment that Watson had to put up with when he arrived at the Augusta National a week after the Heritage, to begin his preparations for the Masters. Most media people are sensitive enough to know what to say and what not to say to someone who has just been through a painful experience, but at every press interview with Watson that I attended before the start of the tournament there were always a few people who had to ask in so many words, "Why do you think you choked at Sawgrass and Harbour Town?" I don't know how Watson found the supernal restraint to answer these questions politely and reasonably, but he did. When the Masters got under way, he had to suffer more of this kind of questioning, for he was a factor in the tournament from the beginning. With a round to go, he and Ben Crenshaw were tied for the lead. Seven golfers were within four strokes of them, including Nicklaus, who was three strokes back. When Watson was asked at the press interview on the eve of the final round which player he was most worried about, he gained the admiration of nearly everyone when he replied, "The person I fear most on the last two rounds is myself."

Watson's golf on the final round provided an even better answer. He was paired with Rik Massengale in the last twosome, just behind Nicklaus, who was paired with Crenshaw. After reaching the turn in 32, four under par—in a typical Watson burst, he had birdied the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth holes—he stood four strokes ahead of Nicklaus, perhaps the most redoubtable fourth-round player ever. Out in 33, Nicklaus turned it on coming in. He knocked in a short putt to birdie the tenth. Watson then missed the three-footer he had for his par on that hole. As quickly as that, his lead was down to two strokes. I should think there are few things more difficult in sports than to hold your cool on the last nine of a major championship when directly in front of you, and all too visible, is the Golden Bear playing one great shot after another, lapping up the pressure as if it were honey. On the twelfth, Nicklaus cut Watson's lead to a single stroke by holing from eighteen feet for a birdie. On the thirteenth, the first of two comparatively short par 5s on the second nine, Nicklaus reached the green in two. Back at the bend of the fairway, standing where his tee shot had finished, Watson watched as Nicklaus got down in two putts for another birdie. Then Watson, very much in control of himself, hit the heart of the green with his second shot and made *his* birdie. Nicklaus, rolling now, parred the fourteenth comfortably. Minutes later, when Watson three-putted that green, he had lost the last stroke of his once sizable lead, and was tied with Nicklaus. On the long fifteenth, where Nicklaus made still another birdie, Watson followed with a birdie of his own. On the sixteenth, a par 3, he matched Nicklaus's par, coming within a whisker of sinking his try for a birdie from fifteen feet. Nicklaus, rumbling on, made his



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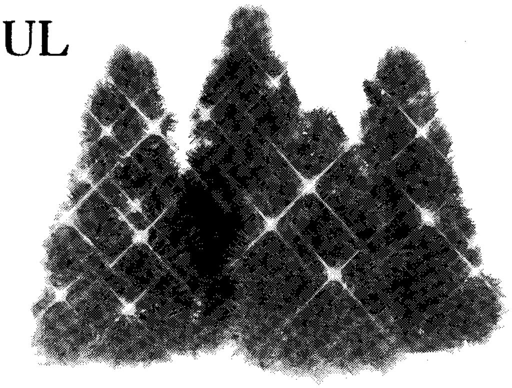

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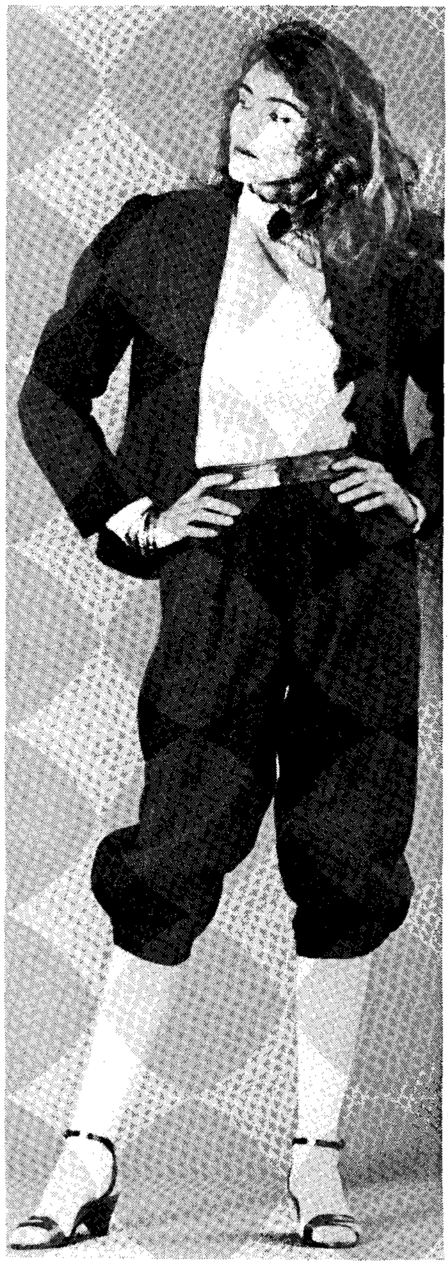

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par on the seventeenth, a medium-length par 4. After Nicklaus had moved on to the home hole, Watson hit his pitch to the seventeenth about sixteen feet from the pin and proceeded to sink a breaking right-to-left putt for a birdie. That putt not only put Watson in front again but won him the tournament. He finished with a confident par—on in two and down in two. Since the 1977 Masters, no one has ever questioned Watson's courage.

Three months later, Watson and Nicklaus met again, in their classic shoot-out on the Ailsa course at Turnberry, in Scotland, where they were paired on the last two rounds of the British Open. Now that time has rendered Prestwick obsolete, Turnberry is probably the best test of championship golf on the west coast of Scotland. It is situated about forty-five miles southwest of Glasgow, where the Clyde estuary merges with the Atlantic. Its most challenging holes are those that follow the water's edge, but the interior holes, many of them lying in the folds between high sand hills and abrupt ridges, also require patient thinking out and positive shotmaking. That summer of 1977, when the honor of being host to the Open fell to Turnberry for the first time, Britain was undergoing a third straight summer of drought, and the course did not play as it normally does. The rough was sparse, and the greens were extremely hard and fast. In addition, on all four days the sun shone down hotly, and only now and then did a light breeze blow in off the sea. Except for Nicklaus and Watson, no one in the field managed to adjust to these un-Caledonian conditions on all four rounds.

There was a sense of impending drama when Nicklaus and Watson went out in the last twosome on the third day, tied for the lead after identical opening rounds of 68 and 70. (Par for Turnberry is 70—35 out, 35 in.) On the third round, Nicklaus sprayed many of his tee shots—as he continued to do on the fourth round—but this didn't mean much. He regularly made strong recoveries from the thin rough and holed a slew of putts on the slippery greens. Scores for the round: Nicklaus 65 (31–34); Watson 65 (33–32). Watson had outplayed Nicklaus from tee to green, but golf is golf, and he had to work like the devil on the second nine to get back to even for the day.

On the fourth round, Nicklaus started off as if he meant to wrap things up in a hurry. Watson counterattacked with a string of birdies, but Nicklaus regained the lead on the ninth, and then, on the twelfth, widened his lead to two strokes by sinking another long, sliding putt. Holes were running out—there were only six to go—and Watson's chances of making up his two-stroke deficit against an opponent as formidable as Nicklaus seemed bleak. Nevertheless, he set to his task. He birdied the thirteenth, a short par 4, when he stopped his approach twelve feet from the pin and made the putt. Only one stroke back. On the fourteenth, he missed a birdie by muffing a shortish putt. On the fifteenth, a 209-yard par 3, he pulled his tee shot onto the left fringe of the green, sixty-odd feet from the pin, and rapped a Brobdingnagian putt into the cup. Back to even. Two pars on the sixteenth. On the seventeenth, a 500-yard par 5, Watson was home in two with a 3-iron and had his birdie all the way. Nicklaus had pushed his second off to the right, but it looked as if he, too, would get a birdie when he played a handsome running chip three and a half feet past the cup. He missed the putt, though, and Watson led by a stroke as they came to the eighteenth, a 431-yard par 4 that doglegs to the left and is framed near the green by a thick border of gorse. Watson played the hole perfectly: a 1-iron down the middle of the fairway, a 7-iron two feet from the pin. It still wasn't over. Nicklaus's pushed tee shot had ended up in the rough only inches from the gorse, but he somehow managed to hack his recovery onto the green, and then he somehow managed to hole a roller-coaster putt thirty-five feet long. To win, Watson had to make his two-footer. He didn't fuss over it, and tapped the ball into the center of the cup.

That evening, after a glass of champagne at a party given in his honor by the Royal & Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, which runs the Open, Watson and his wife returned to their room in the Turnberry Hotel, which sits on a hilltop overlooking the lovely links below and the blue-gray sea shimmering in the distance. A lone bagpiper suddenly appeared on the

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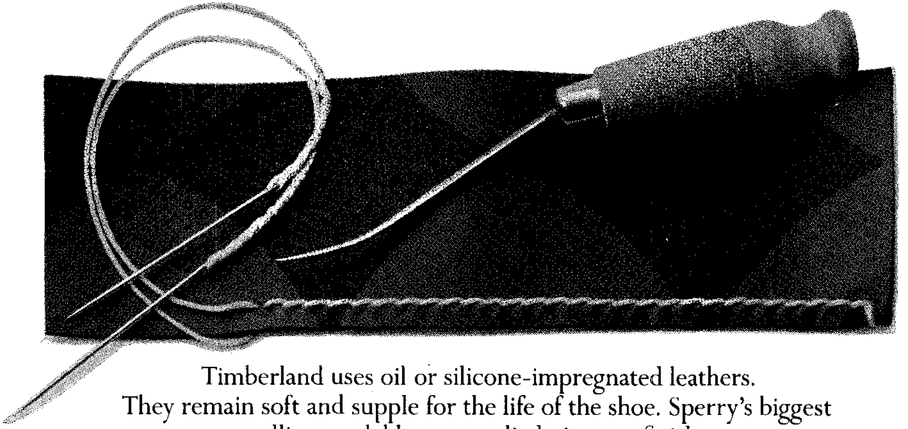

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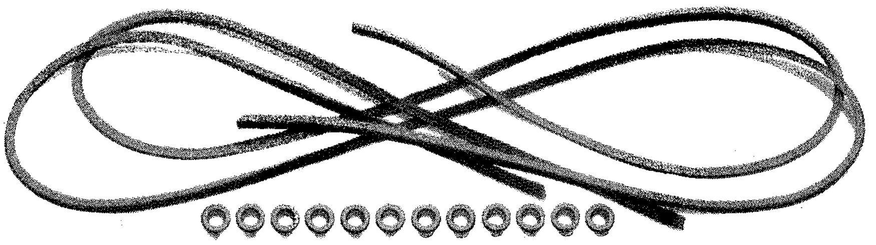

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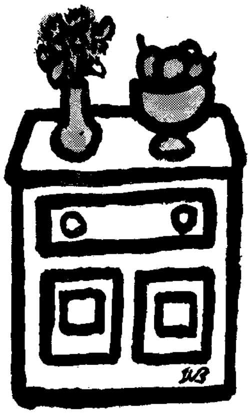
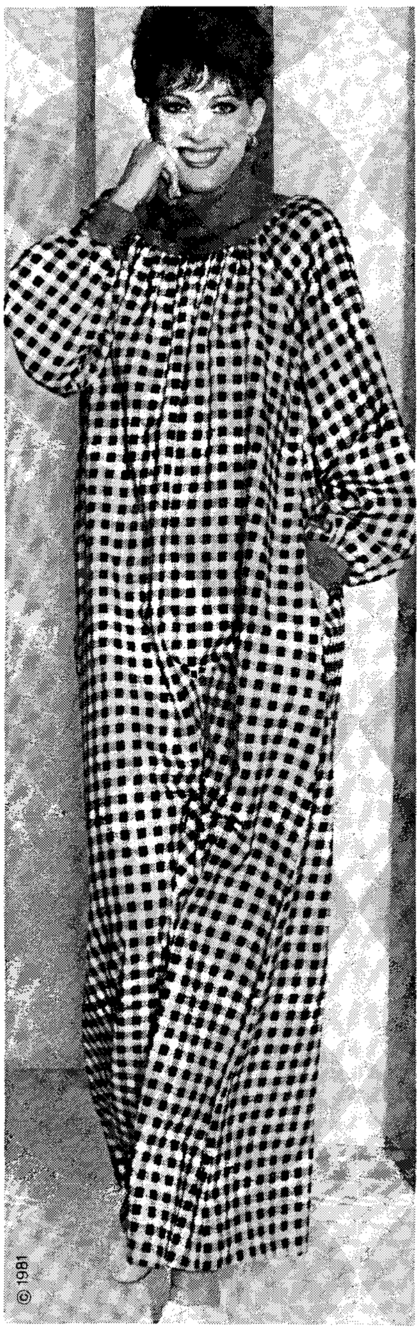
front terrace of the hotel and began to play. At the end of that long and exhausting day, the beauty of the vista and the wild, emotional skirl of the pipes were too much for Watson. His eyes filled with tears.

BETWEEN the Second World War and Watson's double triumph in 1977, only five men—Hogan, Palmer, Nicklaus, Trevino, and Jack Burke, Jr.—had succeeded in winning two major championships in the same year. (Hogan won three in 1953.) This is fast company, and when Watson joined it he was regarded as a man who had come just about as close as is humanly possible to mastering the balky game of golf. Watson did not see it that way. In 1978, he again became disenchanted with his method of hitting the golf ball. This is somewhat hard to understand, since he enjoyed an excellent season, capturing five tour tournaments and contending in all the major championships except the U.S. Open. (On the other hand, he had been in a position to win the three other big events and hadn't. In the Masters, he finished a stroke behind the winner, Player. In the British Open, he was tied for the lead going into the last round but had then faded quickly on the front nine with a string of bogeys. In the P.G.A., after letting a large lead slip away on the final round, he tied for first with Jerry Pate and John Mahaffey, only to lose the sudden-death playoff when Mahaffey birdied the second extra hole.) Depending on the type of shot he is facing, Watson still prefers to play the ball from left to right on some shots and from right to left on others, but in 1978 he decided to change from being an essentially left-to-right player to being a right-to-left player. He did this because midway through 1978 he had reached the conclusion that he could not hit the ball from left to right as consistently as he wanted to and with the authority he needed, part of the reason being that his flattening of his backswing two years before had made his old left-to-right action more difficult to execute. He is now a right-to-left golfer. When he is playing well, this is hardly noticeable: his shots travel straight toward their objective, falling in just a hair from right to left at the end of their flight.



With his intelligence, honesty, and high standards, Watson often brings Bobby Jones to mind. Certainly one of Jones' qualities that he possesses is an awareness of other people during their hard moments. An instance of this took place on the eleventh green at the Augusta National—the second extra hole of a sudden-death playoff—seconds after Fuzzy Zoeller had holed the birdie putt that enabled him to beat Watson and Ed Sneed in the 1979 Masters. In that tournament, Sneed, one of the most respected men on the tour, looked to be on his way to winning his first major championship. He kicked it away by playing the last three holes poorly. On the second extra hole, after Zoeller had made the winning putt, Watson went over and congratulated him. Then, realizing how disconsolate Sneed had to be feeling, he went over and comforted him as best he could. Another instance of Watson's class took place two months after this, during the U.S. Open. His golf had been so woeful that he didn't even survive the thirty-six-hole cut. After that performance, he was in one of those moods in which he would have much preferred to stay in his room and see nobody. However, that evening the United States Golf Association was giving a dinner in honor of Byron Nelson. Shaking off his dejection, Watson attended the dinner and delivered an admirable talk on his friend and teacher.

This is Watson's tenth full season as a touring professional. Over the last few years, he has minded the life of the touring golfer far more than he did as a younger man. Since the birth of his daughter, the long stretches away from home have become even more irksome. All things being equal, he will probably enter fewer tournaments but will continue to be an active player for another ten years. Fundamentally, he believes in his star, and it would mean a great deal to him to leave a lasting imprint on the game. It will be interesting watching his development during the next decade. Since he has never been able to avoid wobbly fourth rounds, undoubtedly he will continue to play his share of them. There is no question that he will continue his search for the infallible swing—the philoso-



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pher's stone for a golfer—but the perfectionist in him should grow more temperate.

The U.S. Open is never far from his mind, and he realizes that winning it is something that will not become easier for him with the passage of time. He explained to some friends this spring, "The Open is more important than any other tournament. That adds an intensity. People come up to you and say, 'Why don't you approach the Open like just another tournament?' You can't. You know what it means. You know the history behind it. So far, I've never gone into the Open hitting the ball as well as I can. Over the next ten years, I'd like to go into it three times really playing well."

MERION, over which the 1981 Open was held this June, is, among its other distinctions, the shortest course on which a major championship is played. This year, it measured 6,528 yards during two days of the tournament and 6,544 the two other days, depending on which tee was being used on the par-3 ninth hole. Nowadays, championship layouts average around seven thousand yards. Courses of this extended length require much longer shots than Merion does in order for golfers to reach the green in the regulation number of strokes, and such length invites error, since the golfers are forced to let out shaft on their tee shots and to go with the more difficult shallow-faced irons on their approach shots. Yet, before playing host to the recent Open Merion had put on the championship three times, and, short though it is, its subtle and original holes, which were designed by Hugh Wilson in 1911 and revised in the nineteen-twenties, had given the top golfers all they could handle. In 1934, Olin Dutra's winning total was 293—the highest in the Open in five years. In 1950, when Hogan won in a three-way playoff, his total for the four rounds of the championship proper on the par-70 course was a surprising 287. In 1971, Trevino defeated Nicklaus in a playoff after they had tied at 280—again a higher total than the experts had predicted. How has Merion, an obsolete course as far as sheer yardage is concerned, been able to survive as an authentic championship test? There are a number of interrelated reasons. To begin with, the individual holes spell out clearly where each shot should be placed. The golfer who strays from the narrow fairway off the tee finds himself in thickish

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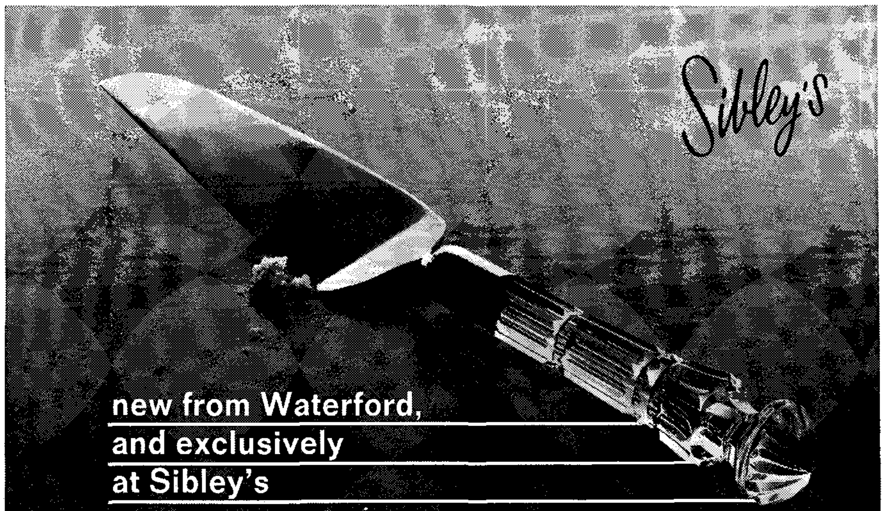

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rough. If he fails to hit and hold the green on his approach shot, he ends up more often than not in one of many deep, straight-walled bunkers. Moreover, most of the fairways swing to either the right or the left, and a golfer must be proficient enough to position his drive on the correct side of the fairway if he hopes to command the opening to the green on his approach. And this is critical: Merion's greens are hard to hold because they are not only small but firm and resilient. You may have nothing longer than a 9-iron pitch to a green, but unless you strike the ball sharply so that it carries true backspin, it will roll on over the green and into a bunker or the rough. For another thing, the surfaces of the greens are exceedingly fast, and are filled with contours. To putt them well demands careful reading, good nerves, and the touch of a cellist. One further point: Because Merion is so short, it must be as dry as a bone to test the best golfers. It can absorb a light rain, but a downpour ruins it—the delicate equipoise of the course is lost, and, with it, its fearsomeness. When Merion is wet and soggy, a golfer of Open calibre can play his pitches right for the pin and set himself up with a succession of birdie putts. Consequently, whenever the Open is scheduled for Merion everyone connected with the tournament prays for dry weather as fervently as farmers pray for rain during the crucial weeks of the growing season.

This year, Merion wasn't so lucky. Late Sunday night and early Monday morning—three days before the start of the championship—the course was soaked by two inches of rain. By Thursday, the day of the opening round, it had dried out substantially, but it was far from being in the condition that one likes Merion to be in for the Open. The main trouble was that the greens were still too soft—the ball would sit down almost immediately after landing. Though the greens also did not putt as fast as they usually do in a championship, this was of secondary importance, and so was the sponginess of the fairways, which prevented many slightly mishit drives from running on into the rough. On the first round, fifteen players broke par. The lowest score, a 66, was turned in by Jim Thorpe, who grew up on the course in Roxboro, North Carolina, at which his father is one of the greens superintendents. The second day, it was much the same story. Again, the

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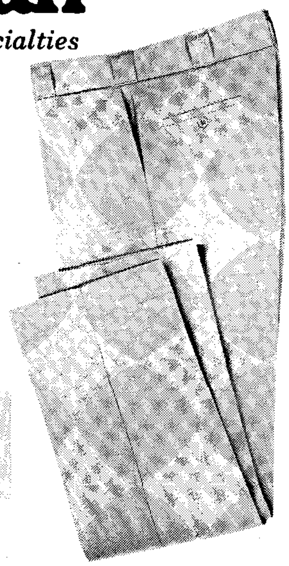

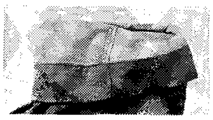

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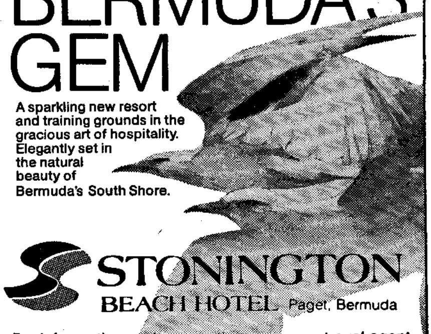

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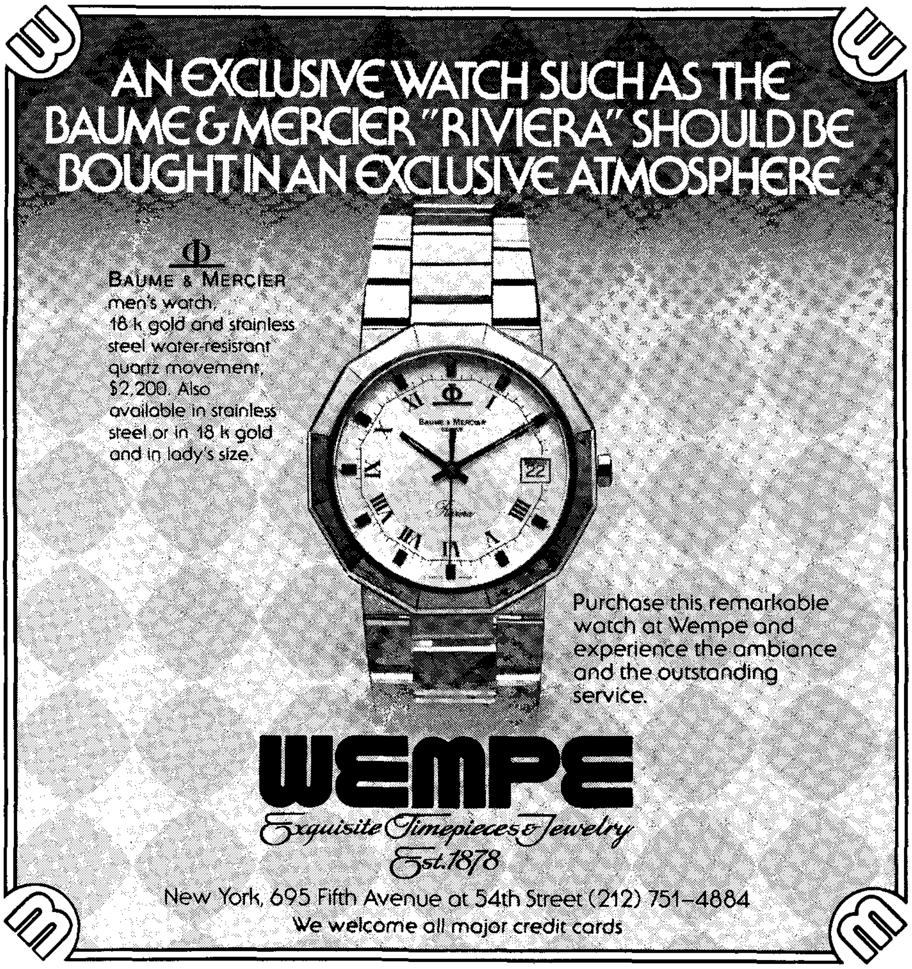
low round was a 66. It was shot by George Burns III, a tall, bulky thirty-two-year-old touring pro, who is the son of a Long Island businessman. After the first thirty-six holes, twenty players were even par or better. Nicklaus was two strokes behind Burns, the leader at 135, and Watson was another two strokes back. Watson looked to be in a good frame of mind. On the opening round, after hitting his tee shot on the first hole he walked over to the gallery ropes on the left, kissed his infant daughter, Meg, and bounced happily down the fairway. On the first nine, he had to do a lot of scrambling. The tempo of his swing was off a trifle. He also seemed to be in a hurry to make that first birdie and then settle down. After missing several holeable putts, he birdied the eleventh, went on to birdie the thirteenth, and finished with a par round of 70. There are occasions when it seems as if Watson is out to win a tournament on the first day by stampeding the field with an outlandishly low round, but he knows only too well that the sensible approach is to stay close to the lead on the first three rounds and to hope that on the final round you will be the recipient of that necessary touch of inspiration. On the second round, when Watson had a comparatively early starting time, I walked the eighteen holes with him. After turning the first nine in one under par, he birdied the tenth from seven feet and the thirteenth from twelve. At this point, three under par for the tournament, he led all the players who had completed their second round or were out on the course. On the fourteenth, an unfortunate incident took place. A spectator close to the tee clicked his camera when Watson was at the top of his backswing. This obviously distracted him, and he pulled his drive into the heavy rough to the left of the fairway. (Spectators are not permitted to carry cameras onto the course during a tournament, and officials are supposed to be on the alert to spot anyone who has broken this rule.) The result was that Watson did not make his par on the fourteenth. He later bogeyed the sixteenth. This letdown naturally displeased him, but at least his total of 139 (70–69) put him where he wanted to be at the halfway point in the Open —right at the leader's shoulder.

Early Saturday morning, a thunderstorm hit the Philadelphia area. It was just what wasn't wanted. The course was soaked again, and there was not much that Richie Valentine, Merion's renowned course superintendent, and his staff could do about it. On the third round, the greens were far too receptive. It was like throwing darts at a dart board. Two of the early starters, Tom Kite and Jim Simons, were around in 67, and two others, Raymond Floyd and Craig Stadler, had 68s. Shortly after this, Ben Crenshaw really took Merion apart with a 64, tying the course record, which had been set in 1950 by Lee Mackey, of Alabama, one of the better-known unknown Open heroes. Crenshaw, an exceptional young man in many ways, is a golf-history buff. When he was congratulated by friends after his record-equalling round, he gave them a wide smile and declared, "Today, I putted like Walter J. Travis"—a reference to an early American champion, whose victories in our Amateur in 1900, 1901, and 1903, and in the British Amateur in 1904, were directly attributable to his wizardry on the greens. "The greens are like poundcake," Crenshaw went on to say. "I'm a little afraid for Merion's sake."

All things considered, Merion got through the third round fairly well. It gave up a swarm of birdies, but, as it generally does, it exacted a good many bogeys and double bogeys. There were only sixteen scores under 70, and, except for Crenshaw's 64, none under 67. Many of the leaders started off fast, but as the afternoon wore on the pressure of the Open began to tell on them. The first of the favorites to go was Watson. He had not taken advantage of the ideal scoring conditions, but he was purring along nicely—one under par for the day, two under for the tournament—when he came to the fifteenth, a 378-yard par 4 on which the fairway breaks acutely to the right just before it climbs a gradual slope to a dramatically bunkered green. The tee shot on the fifteenth is one of the most worrisome on the course: it is hard to decide how much of the dogleg you should bite off. On one hand, you must not be too ambitious or you won't carry the rough and reach the fairway. On the other, you must not be ultraconservative, for a drive hit far to the left runs the risk of bouncing across the fairway into the rough and, sometimes, through the rough and out of bounds. The fifteenth proved to be disastrous for Watson. Driving with a 3-wood, he was quick coming into the hitting area and snap-hooked the ball across the fairway and out of bounds for a two-stroke penalty. With his second ball, he was on the left side of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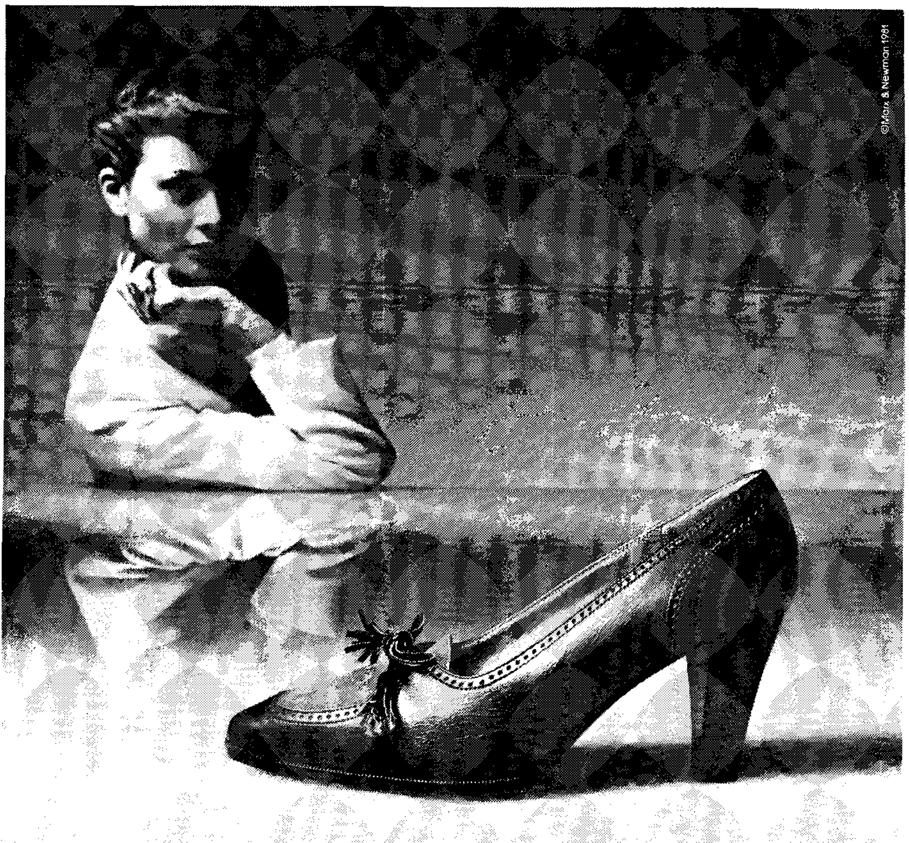
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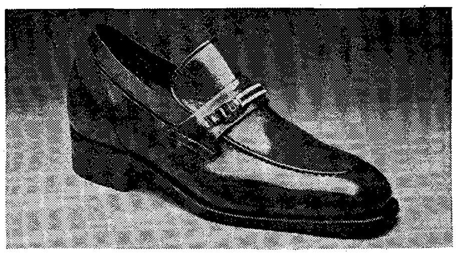

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the green in two, but since the pin was set on the right side forty uphill feet away, it took him three putts to get down. This added up to a 7—a triple bogey. He fought back and birdied the sixteenth, but then he missed his pars on the last two holes, and for all intents and purposes another Open was over for Watson. With a round to go, he trailed the leader, Burns, by a full nine strokes, and there was no way that he was going to be able to make up so huge a deficit.

Burns, on his third round, had played a 68 and had widened his lead over the closest contender—the Australian-born David Graham—to three strokes. Bill Rogers, a most agreeable young pro, from Texarkana, Texas, and a solid golfer, was a stroke behind Graham. The group of players clustered a stroke behind Rogers included Nicklaus, who, after a burst of simply elegant shotmaking midway through his round, had fallen away on the last five holes. Burns' golf had been impressive. He had taken three bogeys, but he had immediately followed each bogey with a birdie—a classic sign that a golfer is in a winning mood. Burns, a powerful hitter, is anything but a stylist. He lifts his club back outside the correct path, his right elbow flying high. At the top of his backswing, he gives his hands an extra twirl to load them up, and then hurls himself down and through the ball with a lunging movement in which he is perceptibly off balance. Nonetheless, he was keeping the ball pretty well in play from tee to green, and he holed a large number of putts. He is a very good putter.

On the final round, Burns did not play as well as he did on the first three, but he could easily have won the Open. Graham, with whom he was paired, was the only one of his challengers to make a rush at him. A thirty-five-year-old veteran of the tour, Graham had quickly moved to within a stroke of Burns with birdies on the first two holes. Burns entered the last nine holding a one-stroke lead on Graham, but lost it on the tenth, which he bogeyed after an errant tee shot. The two men were still tied as they entered the last five holes—a stretch that has long been considered one of the great finishes in golf, along with the last five holes at Hoylake, in England, and the last three holes at Carnoustie. Graham's shotmaking on those five holes was so superb that I think it is worthwhile to examine his progress hole by hole.

The fourteenth, a 414-yard par 4, is one of the most difficult holes on the course. A first-class tee shot is needed to hit the bending, pinched-in fairway and then a first-class iron to hit and hold a mean, tightly bunkered green, partially hidden from view, which is separated into two distinct sections by a trough running diagonally from the front left to the back right. On the final day, the pin was in the toughest position possible—in the back left corner, just beyond and above the trough. Burns, over the green in two, saved his par with a ten-foot putt. Graham had a birdie 3. He used his driver off the tee and hit the middle of the narrow fairway. On his approach, he went for the pin with a 7-iron—a very bold shot, because of the smallness of the target area and the danger implicit in missing it. The ball carried the trough by a couple of yards, landed seven feet to the left of the pin, took a little hop, and sat down. Graham worked hard on the putt and holed it with a confident stroke. He may have won the championship then and there. At any rate, he was now in the lead for the first time. He widened his margin to two strokes on the fifteenth—the dogleg par 4 on which Watson had driven out of bounds on the third round. Graham hit the fairway off the tee with a 1-iron, then lofted an 8-iron that spun itself out eight feet from the pin, which was set on the right, high side of the green. After Burns had missed an only slightly longer birdie putt, Graham made his—a sidehiller that broke a foot from right to left. On to the sixteenth—the famous Quarry Hole, a 430-yard par 4. From the low fairway, the second shot must carry across an old, worked-out quarry filled with trees, scrub, and sand to reach a plateau green that slopes up from front to back. Here Graham played two more wonderful shots—a 3-wood down the center of the fairway, followed by a 5-iron to the flat crown of the green, the ball stopping some ten feet from the pin. He almost made that putt, too—the ball just slipped by the rim of the cup. Burns had taken a 5 there, so Graham's lead was now three strokes. Merion's seventeenth is a 224-yard par 3 on which the golfer plays from a high tee to an undulating green hemmed in by bunkers and rough. Graham hit a crisp 2-iron that landed near the center of the green and ended up on the collar of the green, at the back and to the right, about twenty feet from the pin. Burns was away, his ball lodged in the rough to the left of the green. From there, he pulled off a miraculous shot, chopping the ball softly onto the edge of the green and watching it trickle down the slope and into the cup for a birdie. Graham digested this calmly. He then stroked his approach putt two feet from the hole and made the short one. A lead of two strokes, one hole to play. Many old Merion hands are of the opinion that the eighteenth, a 458-yard par 4, may well be the hardest hole on the course. The drive is blind —over the end of the quarry to an elevated fairway hidden by bushes and trees. From the championship tee, it takes a carry of two hundred and ten yards to reach the fairway, which tilts to the left toward the rough and a long line of out-of-bounds stakes. More often than not, the second shot must be played from a downhill lie, and this makes it a bit more difficult to stop it on a green that is perched at the crest of a mild slope. Burns finished with a 5 when he missed a putt of tap-in length. This gave him a 73 and a four-round total of 276. Graham was down the left side of the fairway with his drive and on the green, eighteen feet from the pin, with his 4-iron approach. He almost holed his putt for a birdie; the ball lipped out of the cup. He was down in 4 for his par, a 67 for his round, and a total of 273—a stroke above the Open record, which Nicklaus set last year at Baltusrol.

On his last round, Graham missed only one fairway off the tee—the first. He hit every green in the regulation stroke except the seventh, eighth, and seventeenth, and on those holes his approach finished on the trimmed collar of the green. The only time he faltered all day was on the fifth green, which he three-putted from fifteen feet. However, Graham's golf on the taxing and precarious last five holes is what will be especially remembered in the years to come. It had been a long time since we last saw a golfer play such brilliant, forceful, technically pure shots on the final holes of the Open. Burns did not lose the championship. Graham had the courage to try to win it, and he did so by hitting the kind of iron shots that one associates with Hogan: they were struck decisively; they travelled in the right

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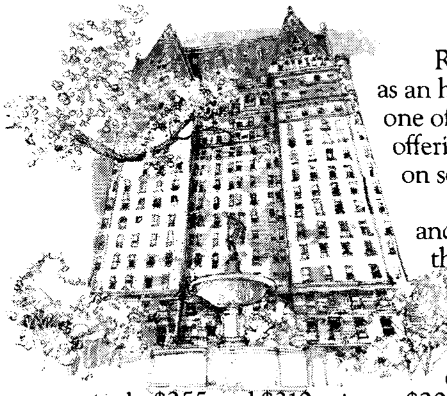

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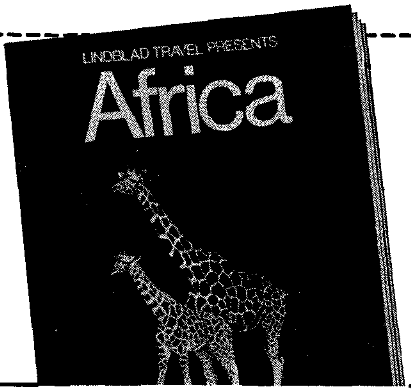

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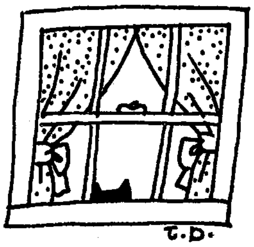
trajectory; they covered the flag; and they pulled up abruptly when they touched down on the green. It was a genuinely memorable performance.

Graham, the first Australian to win our Open, is a purposeful, realistic man, who appreciates the long distance he has come in golf and the good life that the game has given him and his family. He has had to work his way up the ladder. A native of Victoria, when he was fourteen he became the assistant to the pro at a club outside Melbourne, where he ran the shop and handled other unglamorous duties. He did this for four years, then switched to a club in Tasmania, then worked as a clubmaker in a factory in Sydney. What he wanted was to be a player, though, and he went out on the Australian circuit, which is a lot less golden than ours. His first tour victory, in the 1970 Tasmanian Open, was worth only eleven hundred dollars. That year, he made his mark in international golf, when he teamed with his friend Bruce Devlin to win the World Cup for Australia at the Jockey Club in Buenos Aires. He came to the United States shortly after that and has remained here. Today, he and his family live in Dallas. In 1972, he won his first American tournament, the Cleveland Open. He has made it a practice to play in events held all around the world, and his record includes victories in the 1976 World Match-Play Championship, at Wentworth, in England; the 1977 Australian Open; the 1977 South African P.G.A. Championship; and the 1979 New Zealand Open. In 1979, he won his first major tournament—our P.G.A. Championship, at Oakland Hills. After almost throwing it away with a double bogey on the last hole, which enabled Crenshaw to tie him and sent them into a sudden-death playoff, he stayed alive by holing from twelve feet to halve the first extra hole and by holing from ten feet to halve the second, and then played the winning stroke on the third, a seven-foot birdie putt. A man of medium size with the leathery look that many Australians have, Graham has a sound, orthodox swing. You would never guess this from his stance at address: there is hardly any flex to his knees, and his back is as stiff as a poker. However, when he starts his backswing—he takes the club back a shade more on the inside than most golfers do today—the various elements of his swing begin to fuse smoothly, and from then on he is a pleasure to watch. Golf fans have known for some time that Graham is a player of talent, but until those last five holes at Merion few of us realized what a sturdy competitor and accomplished shotmaker he can be under the spur of a big occasion.

AND what about Watson? His last round was an unsparkling 73, for a total of 285 and a tie for twenty-third place. He was, of course, disappointed by his play, and didn't feel much like talking. "I simply didn't hit many good shots," he said. "The last two days, I didn't think at all."

Just about a month later, Watson defended his British Open title at the Royal St. George's Golf Club in the town of Sandwich, near Canterbury. The top favorite, he began with a 73, three over par, but not a bad score on a day when a brisk wind was blowing over the exotic duneland on which St. George's is laid out. When he followed this with a 69, he was in fine shape—four shots behind the leader, Bill Rogers, who, you will remember, had tied for second in our Open. At Merion, the third round had been Watson's undoing, and it proved to be again at St. George's. Standing at even par for the round coming to the eleventh tee, right in the thick of things, he went five strokes over par on the last eight holes. Off the tee, he couldn't keep the ball in the fairway. On the thirteenth, he drove into the rough on the right. On the fourteenth, he pushed his first drive out of bounds. He drove into the rough on the right on the fifteenth and into the rough on the left on the seventeenth and eighteenth. It all added up to an inglorious 75. A final round of 73 put him back in the pack with a total of 290, fourteen strokes more than the winner—Rogers—took in capturing his first major championship. The key to victory for Rogers was his accurate driving. The fairways at St. George's are not particularly narrow in width, but they play narrow, since their terrain resembles a wind-whipped sea. On anything less than a drive hit down the middle of the fairway, there is always the possibility that the ball will kick unpredictably off a humpy mound or a sharp bank and bound into the rough.



Over the four rounds, Rogers kept the ball on the fairway more regularly than any other player. He took advantage of this by playing some beautiful pitch shots to the greens, and his putting held up strongly throughout the championship. His winning margin over the second man, Bernhard Langer, of West Germany, was four strokes.

On the morning of the last round, I happened to be in the locker room at St. George's when Graham was explaining to Watson how he had worked with a weighted driver, which he made himself, to improve his swing. Moving the weighted driver slowly, he demonstrated how it had helped him to learn how to bring the club back with a full body turn and with his arms fully extended, and, from that position, how to come into and through the ball correctly on the downswing. "After working with this weighted club, I became a much better striker of the ball," he told Watson, who was listening intently. "I found that I had little or no trouble repeating those movements when I went out and started to hit balls with my regular driver."

"Could you make me a weighted driver like that?" Watson asked. Graham said that would be no trouble at all.

Watson, as you see, is only too aware that he must become a much more reliable driver. I would imagine that, at the back of his mind, he is already looking forward to next year's U.S. Open—it is scheduled for Pebble Beach, in California—and trying to figure out how he can prepare himself so that during that championship, for all its pressures, he can be at his best and perform with the authority and verve that distinguished Graham's triumph at Merion and Rogers' at St. George's.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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EDITOR:

For hundreds of years, people have used the death penalty. It reduced crime. People did not use it for nothing! California citizens are too nice. There should be a death penalty for murder and rape in California.

Nor, should there be pleading insanity. The insane would be better off dead. Besides, institutions cost us big bucks. OK, so this letter is a little unreasonable, but that's how it is.

Have a nice day,
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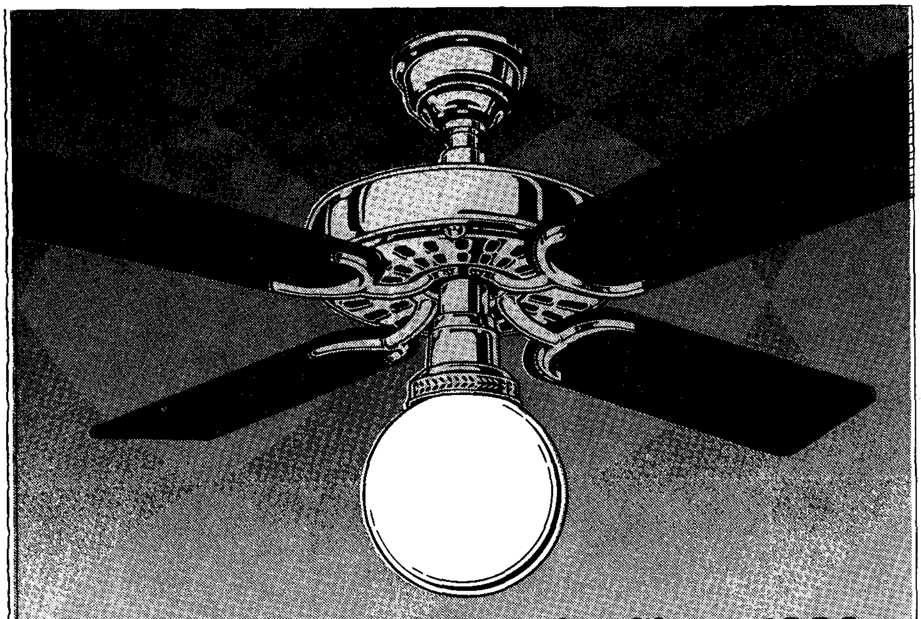
—*Folsom (Calif.) Telegraph.*

Same to you, Jennie.



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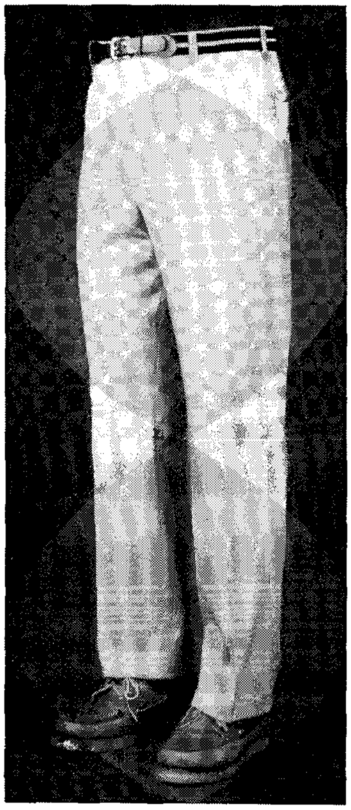

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Pacific Song

WHEN the San Francisco Symphony moved to its new home, Davies Hall, across the street from the Opera House, and the San Francisco Opera, which had hitherto drawn on Symphony players, engaged its own stable orchestra, both companies were able to give longer and overlapping seasons. This summer, while the Symphony held a Beethoven Festival in Davies Hall, the Opera embarked on a summer season, its first ever. Twenty-eight performances were given, of five operas: "Lear," "Don Giovanni," "Die Meistersinger," "Rigoletto," and "L'Incoronazione di Poppea." Earlier, Spring Opera Theatre, or SPOT, a cadet division of the company, played a season of five operas, in English, and in the smaller Curran Theatre: "Figaro," "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and, in a double bill, Monteverdi's "Il Ballo delle Ingrate" and John Eaton's "The Cry of Clytaemnestra."

San Francisco lies in an area well stocked with Baroque performers. Trained continuo players abound. The numerous campuses sound with early music. An informed public exists. But "Poppea" and "Il Ballo" were entrusted to house conductors, David Agler and Willie Anthony Waters, who are not Monteverdi stylists but beat time through what should be freely declaimed. Instead of harnessing special scholarly skills to opera-house routine—to the benefit of both—the company relied on the latter, with results that did small service to Monteverdi. Mr. Agler and his cast were saddled with Raymond Leppard's elaboration of "Poppea," a period piece (made in 1962, for Glyndebourne) that sounds expressive when Mr. Leppard himself is in charge but in other hands inhibits spontaneity. Tatiana Troyanos sang the heroine's music in a voice afflicted by a slow, heavy vibrato. The Nero, Eric Tappy, perhaps confused by differences from the Harnoncourt edition he has lately been singing, resorted often to unpitched shouting. Wolfgang Brendel, the Otho, had the best voice in the cast, but he is a baritone; Otho's music, composed at mezzo pitch, suffers most grievously of all from Mr. Leppard's transpositions. Julien Robbins delivered the Captain's few lines admirably. For "Il Ballo," Denis Stevens' straightforward and sensible edition was employed. The players were onstage, but only the harpsichordist-conductor took advantage of the fact to watch and follow the singers they accompanied. The phrasing was absurdly square. The whole was close to parody.

"Don Giovanni" was played in an open set, by Toni Businger, of tall golden lattices against a black ground. Costumes were also black and gold, Ottavio's gray duds excepted. It looked pretty but suggested ballet décor and allowed the tensions of Mozart's drama to leak out through the wings. Giovanni and Leporello were two veterans, Cesare Siepi and Giuseppe Taddei. The New Grove writes of their careers in the past tense, but there they both were, giving their familiar, accomplished performances and still far from voiceless. The women were young. Carol Vaness is a promising Anna; her words and her tone both need bringing forward for the promise to be realized. Lella Cuberli was an accomplished Elvira, accurate and steady. Pamela South's Zerlina was brightly American. Gösta Winbergh's Ottavio was stylishly sung; he is among the best Mozart tenors around now. August Everding, the director, had not formed these diverse elements into any dramatic whole. I've never known a "Don Giovanni" so little gripping. The new young Hungarian conductor Ádám Fischer left an odd impression—as if he had some ideas about the opera deep inside him but were unwilling to communicate them to cast or orchestra. The production of "Figaro," by Virginia Davis Irwin, exemplified modish practices noted by Desmond Shawe-Taylor in a review of Covent Garden's new "Giovanni": "to overdo everything, to invent a vast amount of unnecessary and frequently harmful stage activity, and to override the intentions and scorn the dramatic skills of librettist and composer." A Laurel and Hardy pair of comic servants, bringing on a bed, held the limelight during Susanna and Figaro's first duet and again, up on a ladder and adjusting chandeliers, during the Count's scena at the start of Act III. Mr. Agler conducted with a cool elegance so unfeeling, so unresponsive to the moves of Mozart's score that one began to wonder how musical he was.

"Rigoletto," the revival of a Jean-Pierre Ponnelle production, of 1973, was worse. It became "Rigoletto's Dream"—perhaps the whole opera, for during the prelude the jester stared out into space; perhaps just what happened after the quartet. Rigoletto was onstage for Gilda's murder. During the tender final duet, he resumed his initial pose, not looking at or touching his daughter. (She had to open her own sack.) Instead of hearing the live Duke's voice ring out—a chilling moment in every other production—he saw the Duke and Gilda waltzing together. Earlier, the courtiers were a grimacing putty-nosed, lipsticked crew of caricatures, who bounced up and down on their toes in time to "Questa o quella." Sparafucile was a second hunchback—"Pari siamo" indeed! Act II was dominated by a large curtained bed, with Gilda and the Duke on it while Rigoletto sang "Cortigiani." At his "Miei signori, perdono, pietate . . . tutto al mondo ell'è per me," the courtiers shook with laughter. Garbis Boyagian was a lightweight Rigoletto, Patricia Wise a pallid Gilda, and Peter Dvorský a crude Duke. But they were permitted no chance to be moving. From the director who also gave us the "Dutchman" as "The Steersman's Dream," what next? "Tosca" as the Sacristan's dream? "Norma" as Clotilde's?

"The Grand Duchess" was plebeian rather than elegant, broad rather than witty in its humors, and not very pretty to look at, but Randall Behr conducted with spirit and David Eisler was a clean, lively Fritz. In the title role, Sheila Smith lacked presence; she was no Hortense Schneider—or Régine Crespin. I never hear "Romeo" without thinking what an excellent piece it is—tender melodies, exquisite scoring, refined craftsmanship in all its workings. Soon, all but general impressions (and some numbers already familiar from famous recordings) fade; detailed admiration wakes anew at the next encounter. SPOT's version of the five-act *grand opêra* was scaled down: no magnificent décors, sumptuous ballet, or massed choruses. The Romeo, William Pell, was handsome but dull. The Juliet, Deborah Longwith, phrased attractively. Mark Flint conducted ably. Something came through. It did, too, in the even smaller presentation (which I saw in a far larger theatre, Sacramento's Community

Theatre) toured by Western Opera Theatre, or WOT. This is another cadet branch of Kurt Herbert Adler's operatic family, and this year it made an extensive tour, taking "Romeo" and "L'Elisir d'Amore" through sixteen Western and Midwestern states. Roughly speaking, WOT's young principals sing subaltern roles for SPOT, and SPOT principals take subaltern roles in the international seasons. Yet another cadet branch, Brown Bag Opera, in May gave eight performances of Henry Mollicone's latest "portable" opera, "Emperor Norton," for four singers and three players.

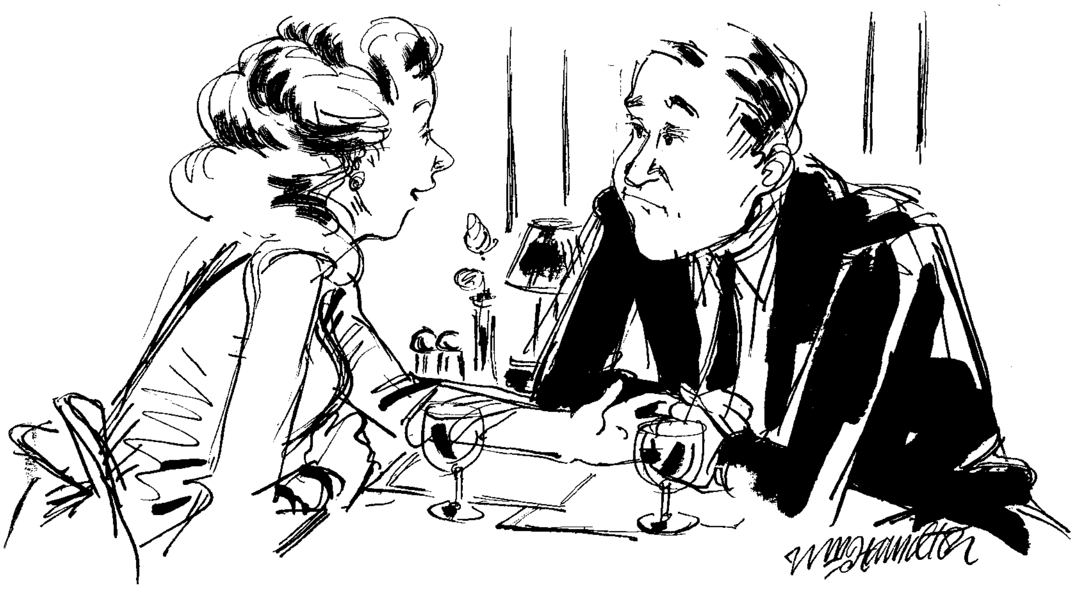
There is concern because Mr. Adler's successor, Terry McEwen (he takes over next year), has wiped out SPOT, at least for a year. It has been going for twenty years. In 1961, six operas were given each a single performance in the big house (Marilyn Horne and James King sang in "Carmen"). Over the years, the pattern shifted to a repertory season of several operas in a smaller theatre. One of them was usually contemporary ("Death in Venice," Thea Musgrave's "Mary, Queen of Scots," operas by Carlisle Floyd, Douglas Moore, Robert Ward, Conrad Susa), one an eighteenth-century revival ("Clemenza di Tito," "Giulio Cesare"), one a rarish later work ("La Rondine," "Les Pêcheurs de Perles"). It is a good formula, which enlarges the Bay repertory, gives Americans a chance to enjoy opera as Europeans enjoy it, in a house of less than monster size, and brings forward new singers: Norman Treigle, Frederica von Stade, Brent Ellis, Maria Ewing, Carol Vaness are names in the SPOT annals. Summer opera for 1982 is, however, assured: "Giulio Cesare," in English, and "The Rake's Progress" are among the works announced. There is talk for the future—nothing definite so far—of collaboration with the Symphony in a Mozart summer festival (making San Francisco a "Salzburg West") and of a new "Ring" ("Seattle South"?).

"Die Meistersinger" was the hit of the summer season. Mr. Adler conducted it himself, with a breadth, a warmth, a rightness to show that Reginald Goodall is not the only conductor left who remembers how moving Wagner can be when he is handled with love and lyricism. Sachs was Karl Ridderbusch, expert in the role. In personality, he may not seem as noble, lovable, and poetic as Hans Hotter or Paul Schöffler was, but he sings the notes so steadily and so surely that Wagner does most of the rest. Eva was Hannelore Bode, a peaky, glassy vocalist but a captivating interpreter and actress. Walther was William Johns; his looks and acting were awful, but he sang the role amply and lyrically. A first-rate Beckmesser, Gottfried Hornik, rightly strove to sing his serenade and prize song as beautifully as Beckmesser could, and left it to Wagner to make the jokes. His characterization was complete; the Act III exchanges with Sachs were oddly affecting. Roberto Oswald's décor is a shade flimsy and fancy but not perverse. Peter Brenner's staging encouraged overreaction (the apprentices needed a stiff dose of bromide) but was not eccentric. Much was wrong. But then much is wrong with most "Meistersinger"s. There was enough right in this one to make it deeply moving—indeed, overwhelming. There were cuts, including some of David's recital of modes and verses of Beckmesser's serenade, of the cobbler's song, and of the prize-song composition. But the final scene was complete, for once. And it was joy to be rapt again in the kind of "Meistersinger," wonderful even though imperfect, that I knew in Bayreuth, Munich, and London. Neither New York house in the last decade has come so close to the heart of the great opera.

And so to modern times. I wrote about "Lear" last week and about "Clytaemnestra" after its Bloomington première, last year. Four of the Bloomington principals—notably Nelda Nelson in the title role and Timothy Noble as Agamemnon—came to San Francisco, but the performance, brilliantly conducted by Richard Bradshaw, was quite different: warmer, freer, more lyrical, more passionate. The merits of Eaton's opera seem to increase on every hearing. Whereas "Lear" sounded contrived, uninspired, noisy, hollow, "Clytaemnestra" is filled with richly expressive, eloquent music.

I SPENT the first half of this year in Berkeley. All around, there was much music worth hearing, and next week I hope to write about some of what happened in concert halls. Here is a brief report on some of the operatic activity outside San Francisco itself. On the Berkeley campus, Alan Curtis led the American première of Stefano Landi's "Sant'Alessio," with Judith Nelson in the title role. Semi-staged, on the platform of Hertz Hall, it served as a tryout for the full production that Mr. Curtis has now conducted in Rome. This 1631 opera, with a libretto by the future Clement IX, taxes a modern listener's sympathies, for the saint's virtue consists in concealing his identity from wife, mother, father, and friends. On his wedding night, he fled the family palace; now he lives, unrecognized, as a beggar beneath its staircase. The music is often moving, especially in keen plaints that one humane word from Alexius could have ended.

On the Davis campus, it was interesting to see a "Freischütz" staged in



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décor based on nineteenth-century designs and techniques: painted flats, mechanical special effects, no follow spots. Very romantic it looked. The costumes resembled those of the 1821 première, corrected in accord with Weber's own objections to some aspects of them. Singing, acting, and orchestral playing were poor, but the enterprise pointed a way toward making the opera seem less silly than on the modern stage it often does. A Wolf's Glen true to the libretto—complete with toy owl, eyes agleam and wings flapping—was oddly exciting.

On the Mills campus, Robert Ashley's "Perfect Lives (Private Parts)," put on in the Pompidou Center, in Paris, last year, was given. Subtitled "An Opera in Seven Episodes," it apparently deals with the drabness of life in the Midwest. Mr. Ashley himself stood centerstage, declaiming interminable monologues into a microphone; his words were inaudible. On his left, "Blue" Gene Tyranny, in a spangled blue outfit, bashed out non-stop—well, something a bit harder than cocktail-lounge music, but along those lines. On the right, a young woman and man sometimes added commentary. A rhythm accompaniment thundered from loudspeakers, while a few small television screens showed Midwest landscapes and closeups of Mr. Tyranny's be-ringed and bleeding hands. The sound was amplified to a level that I feared might prove permanently deafening, and after three long, long episodes I fled.

The Berkeley Symphony gave a concert performance of Janáček's "Mr. Brouček's Adventures," in a Berkeley church—another American première. It was a bit rough and unready, and Kent Nagano, a conductor too cool and unromantic for my taste, had his work cut out keeping things more or less together. Quade Winter sang agreeably in the title role. There was a deft new English translation, by Ross Helper. For next season, the orchestra has announced Hans Pfitzner's noble opera "Palestrina."

AN excursion northward led to the Seattle Opera's new "Tristan" and another evening of rapt enjoyment. As with the San Francisco "Meistersinger," although much was wrong, enough was right to inspire surrender to the work. Above all, Johanna Meier (who is now singing Isolde in Bayreuth) was in radiant, soaring, unforced, and beautiful voice.

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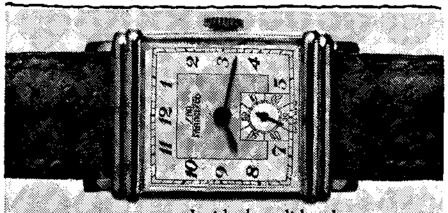

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Edward Sooter, the Tristan, was reliable but unromantic. Richard Clark, the Kurwenal, is someone to note; his baritone is exciting in timbre. Siegwulf Turek's décor, achieved largely by light, produced beautiful effects of sea and sky. Lincoln Clark's staging had its awkward moments—Isolde sat on the deck; Tristan, after declaring that it would be unsafe for him to leave the helm, put the vessel on autopilot; in Act II, lovemaking on bare boards looked more uncomfortable than rapturous—but basically things were more or less all right. Henry Holt's conducting was both urgent and supple, and after six years of "Ring"s the Seattle players had become fine Wagnerians.

In the south, San Diego's Verdi Festival offered Verdi's second and third operas: "Un Giorno di Regno," the composer's first and worst failure, withdrawn from the Scala stage after a single performance; and "Nabucco," his first and in some ways greatest triumph, performed at La Scala more often in a single season than any other work in its two-century history. "Un Giorno" was done in my English translation, and so I'll say no more about it. And say little about "Nabucco," since the production, differently cast, comes to the City Opera next month. Cristina Deutekom can flash out exciting notes in cabalettas, but in cantabile her tones were unsteady, and her impersonation of the spirited, spitfire heroine was tame. Kari Nurmela's baritone is sonorous, monochrome, strongly projected, and admirably steady—so steady that some out-of-tune singing became painful. Maurizio Arena's conducting did not encourage the free, abundant rubato and portamento by which singers of or close to Verdi's own day once made his music expressive. —ANDREW PORTER

•

"Why are you making life more difficult for me?" Secretary Regan was reported to have asked the President jokingly. After Mr. Reagan responded that he was simply repeating what his secretary had been saying, Secretary Regan quipped, "I can't go back to Wall Street again."—*The Times.*

Sure is good to hear laughter coming from the Oval Office once more.

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BOOKS

Readers and Writers

It takes great vitality to break through the intense self-consciousness of the contemporary European novel. Italo Calvino, in his "If on a Winter's Night a Traveler" (translated from the Italian by William Weaver; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95), manages to charm and entertain the reader in the teeth of a scheme designed to frustrate all reasonable readerly expectations, whereas Günter Grass, in "The Meeting at Telgte" (translated from the German by Ralph Manheim; Harcourt again; a mere $9.95), giving an account of an imaginary literary conference in 1647, delivers a thoroughly muffled punch. Both these estimable authors, who began as postwar naturalists with a touch of fantasy, have lately, while their impending Nobel Prizes ripen on the frosty northern vine, been indulging certain philosophical hobbies: Grass, in autobiographical rambles like "Local Anaesthetic" and "From the Diary of a Snail" and in the massive novel "The Flounder," has occupied himself, in a way so specifically German as to make translation difficult, with political questions that take him deep into history; and Calvino, in such necklaces of ingenuity as "Invisible Cities" and "The Castle of Crossed Destinies," has explored the metaphysics of narration, of communication, of being social creatures.

His new, awkwardly titled novel is about, in a sense, the act of reading, often discussed and at one point described as (the reader being female) "the current that brings the sentences to graze the filter of her attention, to stop for a moment before being absorbed by the circuits of her mind and disappearing, transformed into her interior ghosts, into what in her is most personal and incommunicable." For this same reader, who is the heroine of the book and has a name, Ludmilla, "reading means stripping herself of every purpose, every foregone conclusion, to be ready to catch a voice that makes itself heard when you least expect it, a voice that comes from an unknown source, from somewhere beyond the book, beyond the author, beyond the conventions of writing: from the unsaid, from what the world has not yet said of itself and does not yet have the words to say." The hero, who is "you," the Reader, meets Ludmilla in the bookshop where he (you) has (have) bought this very book, which begins, "You are about to begin reading Italo Calvino's new novel, *If on a winter's night a traveler.* Relax. Concentrate. Dispel every other thought. Let the world around you fade. Best to close the door; the TV is always on in the next room. Tell the others right away, 'No, I don't want to watch TV!'" The first chapter of what appears to be the narrative plays upon our awakened consciousness of being readers perpetually caught in the act. We are in the shadowy café of a railway station, on a mysterious errand involving a swap of suitcases. A woman at the bar attracts our attention, and we are told:

> Your attention, as reader, is now completely concentrated on the woman, already for several pages you have been circling around her, I have—no, the author has—been circling around the feminine presence, for several pages you have been expecting this female shadow to take shape the way female shadows take shape on the written page, and it is your expectation, reader, that drives the author toward her . . .

The novel cannot sustain for its length so intricate an interplay of reader, author, and hero upon this Möbius strip of a new twist on literary self-consciousness. It breaks down into an alternation of (1) a running essay on the reading experience mixed with an ultra-fabulous plot concerning the multiple textual deceptions of the mysterious translator Ermes Marana, whose "head is oblong horizontally, like a dirigible," and who, infuriated by the sight of Ludmilla happily reading, wants to "flood the world with apocrypha," and also concerning the developing relationship, not uncarnal, between "you," the Reader, and not only Ludmilla but her feminist, structuralist sister Lotaria, and (2) the opening chapters of ten different novels, all (perhaps) perpetrated by the protean Ermes Marana and all breaking off at just the point where they become suspenseful. Such a welter sounds impossible, but in fact Calvino keeps it moving quite brightly along, with infinite good humor and wit. The pseudo novels as well as the frame narrative treat, in varying ways, of the abstruse reader/writer, artifice/reality interrelations, sometimes in the accents of those philosophers of the book Barthes and Borges, sometimes in the more playful tone of that great promulgator of mimetic illusion Nabokov, and sometimes in display of obsessions that are peculiarly Calvino's, such as the notion—developed with great elegance in "Invisible Cities"—that things themselves can be read as a language, expressing "the world's intentions toward me," or the idea that a virtue can be made of piling stories one upon another, "without trying to impose a philosophy of life on you, simply allowing you to observe its own growth, like a tree, an entangling, as if of branches and leaves."

Of the books-within-the-book, the most immediately amusing and, in their odd truncated way, involving are the more distinctly parodic—of Japanese exquisitism and eroticism, of South American violence and enigma à la Borges, of *samizdat* desolation. Long an editor at Giulio Einaudi Editore, Calvino has handled a lot of manuscripts, and knows as well as any living writer "the world of books." Yet parody never becomes the point of the pseudo fictions, which obliquely hew to a central tone; hints of crime figure in most of them, and the presiding spirit is that of the thriller. Now, all novels aspire to be thrillers in some sense, but to an American it may seem a diminishment that so convoluted a meditation upon primal literary concerns should ground itself in a genre that in the United States, since Hammett and Chandler and Cain were praised for their slit-eyed naturalism, has been beneath serious critical notice. Yet in Europe the thriller's qualities of overt contrivance and sinister disenchantment perhaps make it a paradigm of what the novel, in these tired times, can be. Certainly first-rate sensibilities—Simenon, Graham Greene—have enlisted among its practitioners. The *nouveau roman* began with a detective story, Robbe-Grillet's "Les Gommes" (1953). The specimen author among the characters in "If on a Winter's Night a Traveler," through whom Calvino expresses many of what must be his own subtle sensations of authorship, is an Irish writer called Silas Flannery, whose name harmonizes with that of Sean Connery, and whose international wealth and fame suggest the author of the James Bond tales—a far cry from Mann's august author-as-hero, Gustav von Aschenbach. The postwar European literary scene, dominated in Paris, at least, by critics rather than by creative writers, does seem, in a word, bookish; that is, artistic exploration has taken place along a frontier lined with other books instead of exerting any very hungry pressure, in the manner of the prewar giants, against the world itself. Amid all the charms and expert entertainments and quizzical truths of "If on a Winter's Night a Traveler," there is little that sticks in the mind as involuntarily real, as having been other than intellectually achieved. The book is cool, with few warm spots where the shape of the author's life rubs. One such spot is the section where the Reader, who thinks with the voice of the author, admits himself to Ludmilla's little house when she is not there, and from the—in Barthesian terms—"code" of her furnishings tries to deduce her personality and his own chances:

> Among the utensils a certain aesthetic tendency is noticeable (a panoply of half-moon choppers, in decreasing sizes, when one would be enough), but in general the decorative elements are also serviceable objects, with few concessions to prettiness. The provisions can tell us something about you: an assortment of herbs, some naturally in regular use, others that seem to be there to complete a collection; the same can be said of the mustards; but it is especially the ropes of garlic hung within reach that suggest a relationship with food not careless or generic.

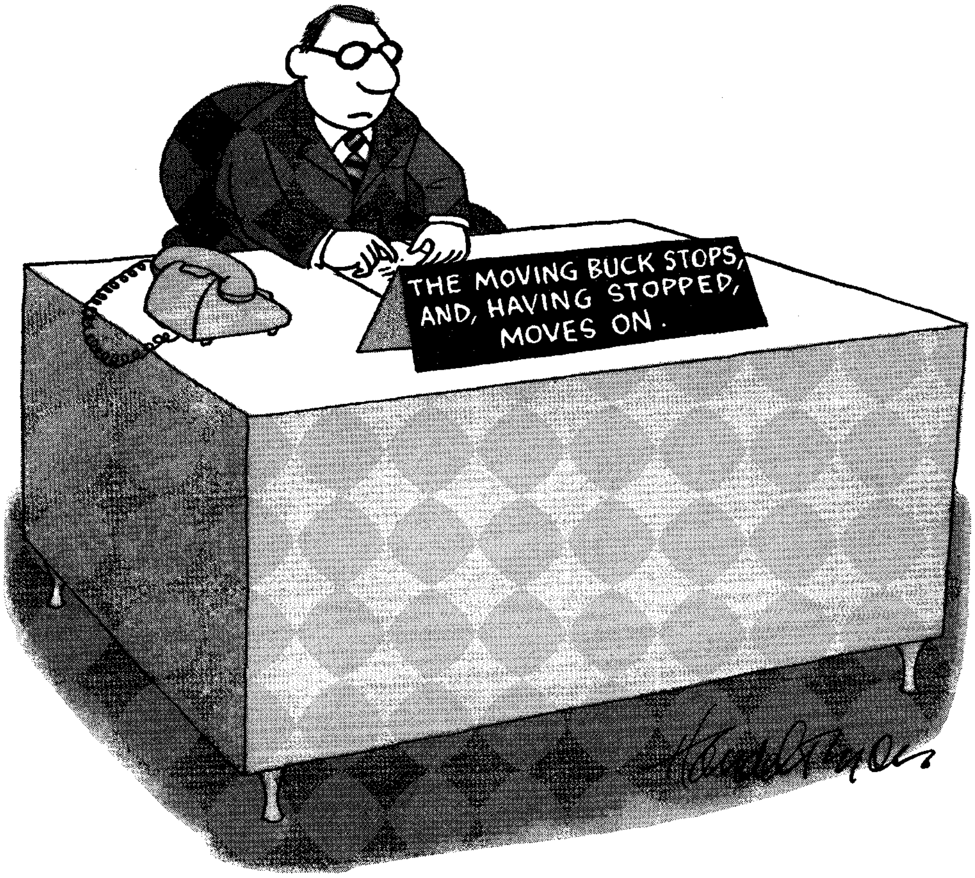
Not only do these pages of description bristle with more specificity than the book's usual texture but the held breath of the investigation is felt, the inventory and the action are one, and a human motive—the wish to achieve a seduction—bulges the details toward us. In another warm spot, the comical figure of an editor, Cavedagna, immersed in the confusion and scriptural wealth of a publishing house, confesses a dream:

> I was in my village, in the chicken coop of our house, I was looking, looking for something in the chicken coop, in the basket where the hens lay their eggs, and what did I find? A book, one of the books I read when I was a boy, a cheap edition, the pages tattered, the black-and-white engravings all colored, by me, with crayons . . . You know? As a boy, in order to read, I would hide in the chicken coop.

And we are told, "For many years Cavedagna has followed books as they are made, bit by bit, he sees books be born and die every day, and yet the true books for him remain others, those of the time when for him they were like messages from other worlds. . . . The true authors remain those who for him were only a name on a jacket, a word that was part of the title, authors who had the same reality as their characters, as the places mentioned in the books, who existed and didn't exist at the same time, like those characters and those countries." Such an evocation of the lost paradise of childhood reading carries effortlessly the moral of Calvino's mannered outpouring: a plea for innocent reading, a "dream of rediscovering a condition of natural reading, innocent, primitive," a readership distinct from that of "those who use books to produce other books." It is a double paradox that such a plea for freedom from self-consciousness should be raised by a fictionist so intricately self-conscious, and that his book is apt to be chiefly read and enjoyed by just those (among whom the present reader must count himself) "who use books to produce other books."

If Calvino's book is something of a butterfly, at least it does fly, flicking itself this way and that; whereas Günter Grass's new offering, slight as it is, sits there like a paperweight. The main trouble with "The Meeting at Telgte" is that it was written not for the general reader but as homage to Grass's fellow-writer Hans Werner Richter on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. In 1947, Richter founded a loose association of authors, critics, and publishers which came to be called Group 47, and for twenty years had a considerable role in shaping and strengthening the literature of West Germany. Grass himself first attended one of its sessions in 1955, and in 1958 was awarded the group's prize, for "The Tin Drum." Now, in a prolonged demonstration of affection and historical awareness, he has imagined and bodied forth in suitably baroque language an entirely fictional parallel to Group 47, a group of authors and publishers meeting in 1647, as the holocaust of the Thirty Years' War was winding down. But the tour de force never develops a point beyond its affectionate occasion; it functions partly but in each part lamely as fiction, reconstruction, dialogue, farce, and tract.

The trouble is not so much that the average American reader is quite unacquainted with the likes of the poet Simon Dach (1605-59), the satirist Johann Michael Moscherosch (1601-1669), and the translator and publisher Georg Greflinger (c. 1620-1667); the British scholar Leonard Forster has provided an excellent brief sketch of the background and a thorough biographical glossary, and one of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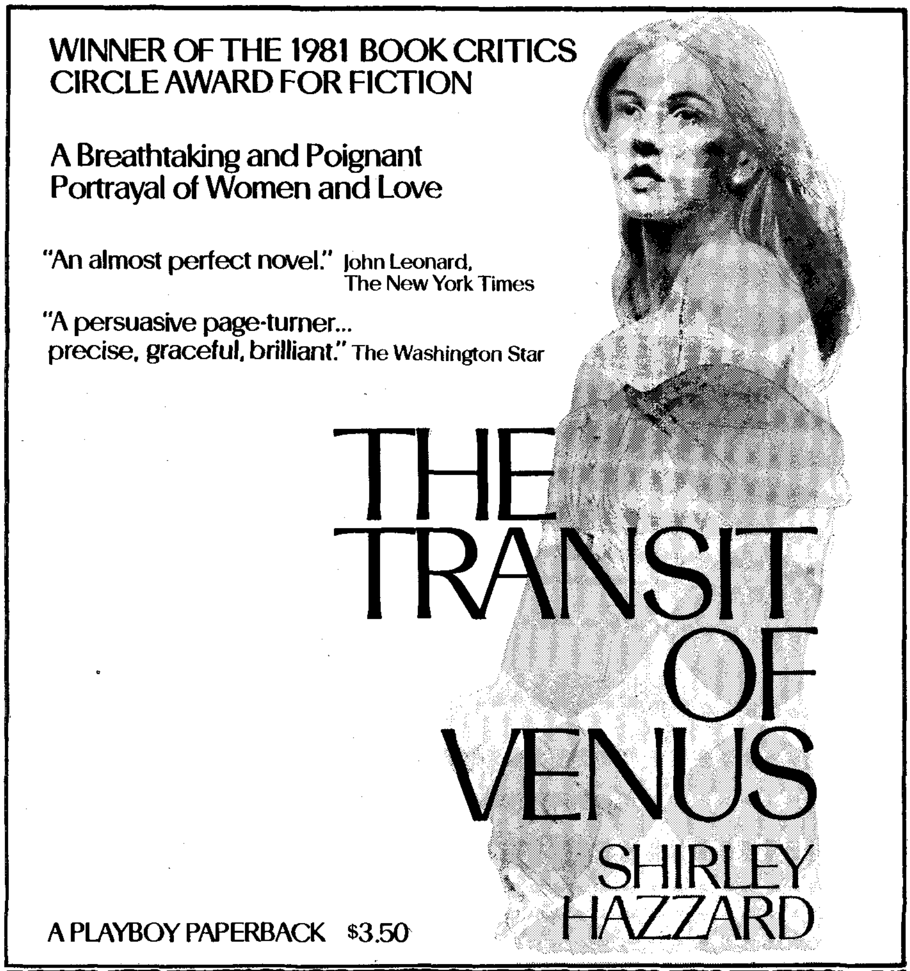

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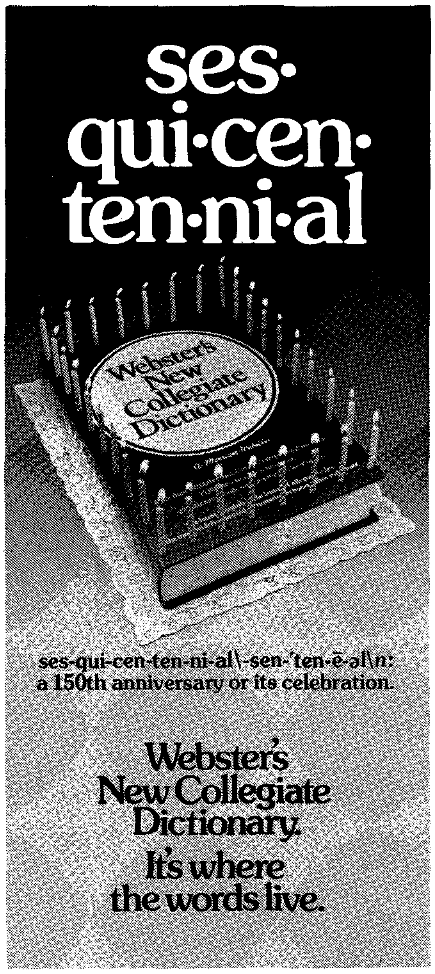

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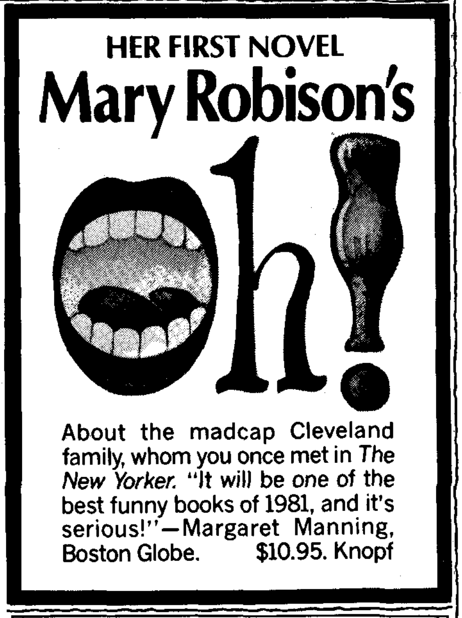

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the many genial miracles of reading that Calvino touches upon is how quickly and willingly a reader can *become* acquainted. I for one would as happily settle into a literary gathering in war-torn Westphalia three centuries ago as into a whaling expedition or a Napoleonic campaign. But Grass, in his mind addressing Richter (who presumably needs no introduction to the classic figures of early German literature) and intending some metaphor of post-Second World War German revival and flawed coalescence, indifferently helps us to become acquainted. "The Meeting at Telgte" is less a novella than an extended pleasantry. It has few actualizing paragraphs like these, from "The Flounder," concerning two major poets of the period, Martin Opitz (1597-1639) and Andreas Gryphius (1616-64):

> Opitz and Gryphius talked until the sky darkened. Outside the windows the Baltic Indian summer lingered on. Occasional ringing of vespers bells. The kitchenmaid came and went, barefooted on green-and-yellow-glazed tiles. Both spoke with a slight Silesian accent that cannot be put into writing. And sometimes they spoke like printed matter. That can be quoted.
>
> Gryphius had a round, boyish face that could suddenly darken and sink as though devoured from within, and then the voice that spoke from it was that of an angry archangel. His prophet's mouth. His horror-stricken eyes. Despite his rosy look, the young poet was of an atrabilious nature. As for the older man, who sat stiffly in the Spanish-Flemish fashion, his gaze was curtained by his eyelids, and whenever he spoke, more to himself than to his guest, he peered into every corner of the room like a beaten dog, or seemed at all events to be looking for a way out. Evidently Opitz was sensitive to noise. Outside the house barrels were being fitted with iron hoops.

"The Flounder" was heavy going, but it catered to the reader with solid fare, where "The Meeting at Telgte" serves up a thin mess of names. By the time we have learned to differentiate among the two dozen or so participants in the meeting, the last debate has been held, and the inn that has housed them has burned down, consuming in its ruin the joint declaration the literary men labored to promulgate. Their primary purpose in gathering—and thus it is ever with literary conferences—has been to gossip, to drink, and (the maids of the inn proving amiable) to fornicate.

Grass supplies a few droll touches, and attempts to make a bawdy hero out of the major novelist of the period, Johann Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen (1621-76), author of "Simplicissimus." He figures here as a soldier, who has found his less worldly

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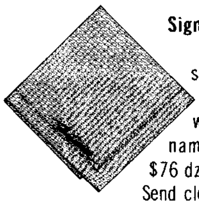

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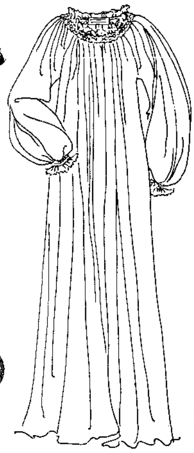

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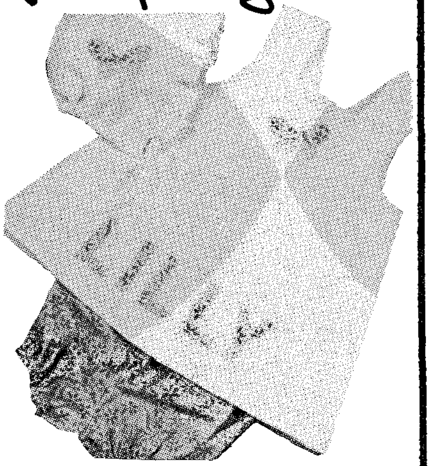
colleagues shelter and provender, and as a Brechtian cad, scoffer, scoundrel, and survivor. He is even, the dust jacket cozily assures us, "a transparent counterpart of Grass himself." But the portrait is a cursory one, from an author who likes a big canvas, and the little book is crabbed with its narrow Germanness. The word "fatherland" leaps out with a more than rhetorical heat: "The empire was so threatened by dismemberment that no one could recognize in it what had once been his German fatherland." The book's excuse for being emerges in the assertion "The poets alone . . . still knew what deserved the name of German. With many 'ardent sighs and tears' they had knitted the German language as the last bond; they were the other, the true Germany." Casting little light upon either the Thirty Years' War or the German literature of the seventeenth century (indeed, blithely falsifying facts to maintain its fantasy of a meeting that never was), "The Meeting at Telgte" functions primarily as a handclasp Grass extends to his compatriot word-wielders living and dead, an embrace from which the mere reader is excluded. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LOST AND FOUND, by Julian Gloag (Linden Press; $10.95). Mr. Gloag's new novel is a tragedy, a horror story, a moving biography—the life, empty and yet fulfilled, of Paul Molphey, a schoolteacher in a small French provincial village. Molphey lost both of his parents in the Second World War and was raised by his paternal grandfather, he has a limp from a boyhood attack of poliomyelitis, he marries a peasant beauty who bears him twin girls and decamps with half his bank account, the twins grow up and leave him (one for a convent, the other for Paris), he enjoys his cooking and his wine, and he tries, daily and in vain, to rewrite a novel he wrote in his twenties and lost in manuscript in the checkroom at the Gare de Lyon. He is a tragic figure, but he does not see himself as such. There is no self-pity here, no fashionably contemporary irony—only a strong and resilient man living his life up to, and through, a shattering dénouement, which gives the book its title.

CUSTOMS, by Lisa Zeidner (Knopf; $11.95). A twenty-three-year-old



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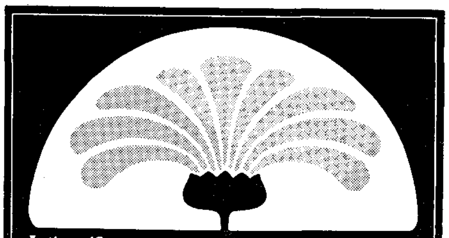

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New Yorker named Jennifer, on her way from a two-timing boyfriend to a dreary job, stops in Grand Central Terminal for breakfast and is joined by a woman whose ratty clothes date from around 1962; who smells alternately of honeysuckle in a summer rain and of mothballs and sour milk; whose skin and hair seem to be those of a young beauty but whose driver's license puts her age at eighty; and who, upon ordering one rare English muffin, declares that she has one rare story to tell. The story, which begins in 1880 and peters out in the early nineteen-sixties, is part comedy of errors and part fairy tale—a hidden kingdom, two sets of impassioned twins, countless moments of confusion over the whereabouts (the Alps? Paris? Atlantic City? Detroit?) of lovers, thieves, murderers, benefactors, siblings, and sires—but its rough edges and loose ends link up with similar edges and ends in Jennifer's troubled past, and she comes to believe that the old lady is not her fairy godmother but her half aunt, and that she herself is heir to several million dollars' worth of cash and treasures, at least until the I.R.S. begins to do some research of its own. A merry confection by a young writer (about Jennifer's age) with an accomplished storyteller's dash and bravado.

GENERAL

DOROTHY L. SAYERS: A BIOGRAPHY, by James Brabazon, with a foreword by P. D. James (Scribners; $14.95). Dorothy Sayers (1893-1957) is most widely known as the creator of the unfailing, unflappable detective Lord Peter Wimsey, whose popularity shows no sign of waning, although he last appeared in "Busman's Honeymoon," published in 1937. Miss Sayers also published poetry, drama, religious apology, criticism, and parody; her last work was a translation of Dante. This biography explains how such a diverse œuvre could stem from a single personality, and shows Miss Sayers as an interesting compound of intelligence, verbal inventiveness, imagination, enthusiasm, and assertiveness, with a temperament that zigzagged between fantasy and order. She was a pugnacious and frequently victorious controversialist, but in life, as apart from letters and arguments, she was a victim: she had two unhappy love affairs; bore an illegitimate child, whom she supported, but whose existence she concealed; and was miserable in her marriage. Because of her public role as a champion of orthodox Christianity, these afflictions, which she thought of as sins, made her uneasy, with the result that for much of her adult life she was wary, or guarded, and had fewer intimates than, perhaps, her warmth merited. Mr. Brabazon's style, discretion, and critical sense are excellent; though fond and sympathetic (he knew her), he delineates Miss Sayers' errors and limitations, and, bit by bit, unobtrusively outlines a paradox: a conventional woman who lived an unconventional life, and a gregarious personality who punished herself by loneliness.

THE WORLD CHALLENGE, by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). The author of "The American Challenge" has changed his mind about us, and no longer sees us as the model for the entire world. Much of the first part of this book is a history of what M. Servan-Schreiber regards as our errors, particularly in dealing with the OPEC nations and other suppliers of raw materials. His apocalyptic disillusionment with the United States is even less credible than his earlier idolatry. Then he settles down to tell us about his new love, Japan, and what the Japanese are good at: microchips and the development and use of computers; the spread of information and learning. This section is sensible and valuable, suggesting a world future enhanced by new techniques to make human intelligence effectual.

JOHN MUIR AND HIS LEGACY: THE AMERICAN CONSERVATION MOVEMENT, by Stephen Fox (Little, Brown; $17.50). This absorbing history opens with the story of an inspired and inspiring man, John Muir (1838-1914), who found his life's mission in 1869, when he first glimpsed the Yosemite Valley. Crank or prophet, depending, Muir became the apostle of wilderness preservation to a nation that had been taming or destroying everything wild for two centuries. He began writing at a time when hunters and fishermen were noticing the disappearance of wildlife and the pollution of waters. Another part of the conservation movement was represented by Gifford Pinchot, who, having studied forestry in Europe, thought in terms of managing and

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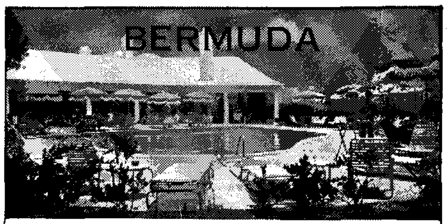

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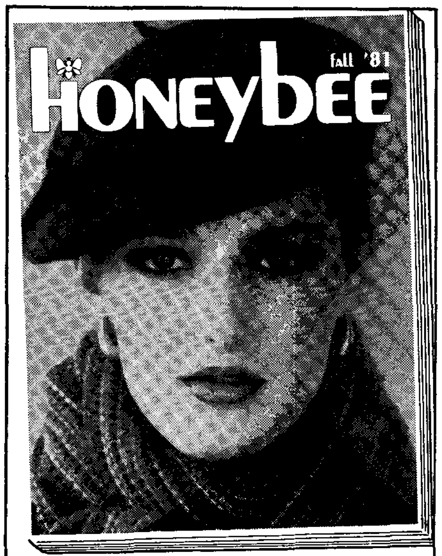

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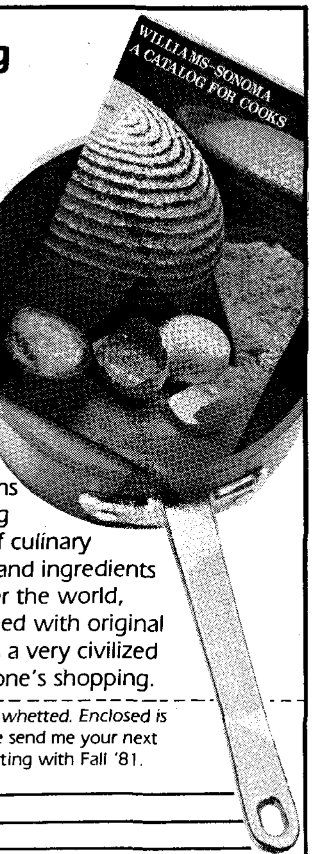

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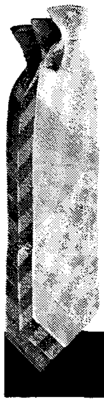

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renewing resources rather than gobbling them up. Mr. Fox points to the continuing friction between the followers of Muir, who wish to preserve nature intact for its moral or spiritual values, and conservationists in the Pinchot tradition, who are concerned primarily with the wise use of nature for the benefit of humanity. He keeps the stories of several organizations and government bureaus marching along while he describes the increasingly acute threats to the ecology which have appeared during this century and discusses the role of conservation in politics, including conservationists as amateur lobbyists. He has a welcome ability to expound divergent viewpoints fairly.

CLASS, by Jilly Cooper, with drawings by Timothy Jaques (Knopf; $12.95). A young English humorist (who claims to belong to the middle middle class) examines the diverse styles of today's British classes: the aristocracy; the upper, middle, and lower middle class; the working class; the nouveaux riches. Mrs. Cooper writes with no intention of reforming anyone, and her accounts of the ways that different kinds of people dress, speak, marry, garden, and so on might be considered sociological observations except that her remarks are not buttressed by statistics and are often very funny.

•

LONDON (UPI)—The U.S. dollar was mixed at the opening of European foreign exchanges today in the wake of overnight weakness. God opened slightly lower.
—*Hagerstown* (*Md.*) *Daily Mail.*

And then waxed wroth.

•

WOMEN'S POETRY FESTIVAL, Sunday July 27, 3pm at the Hideaway, 2241 N. Clybourn, Chicago. Six poets will have read their own selections.—*Chicago Reader.*

No wonder there's general rejoicing.

•

Smith, a professor of entomology at the University of Nevada-Reno who works with the school's agricultural extension service, said malathion is a safe compound that has become controversial because of uninformed environmentalists.

"The environmental groups are the ones raising all the cane without scientific proof to back them up," he said.—*Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Tribune.*

And what's more, they're doing it without malathion.

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